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A "Cheer" by the Rough Riders

# THE ROUGH RIDERS' FIGHT AT GUASIMAS

## BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE first accounts of the fight of the Rough Riders at Guasimas came from correspondents three miles away at Siboney, who received their information from the wounded when they were carried to the rear, and from an officer who stampeded before the fight had fairly begun. These men declared they had been entrapped in an ambush, that Colonel Wood was dead, and that their comrades were being shot to pieces. When the newspapers came into camp this week, it was evident that the version these wounded men gave of the fight had been generally accepted in the States as the true account of what had occurred, and Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, while praised for their courage, were condemned editorially, for having advanced into the enemy's country without proper military precautions, for rushing blindly into an ambuscade, and through their "recklessness" and "foolhardiness" sacrificing the lives of their men.

Indeed, one Congressman, who from the marble rotunda of the Capitol was able

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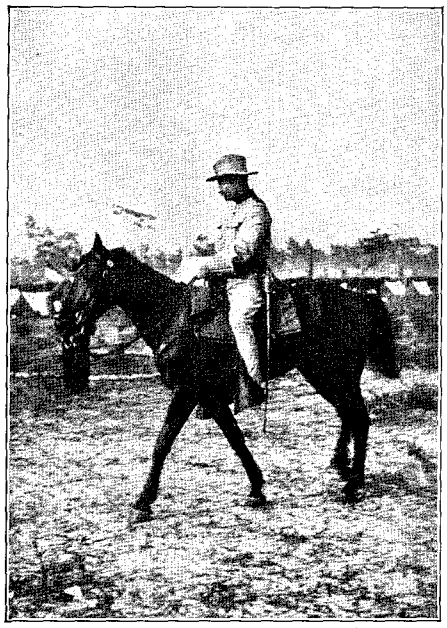
to master a military problem in a Cuban swamp two thousand miles away, declared that Roosevelt ought to be court-martialed.

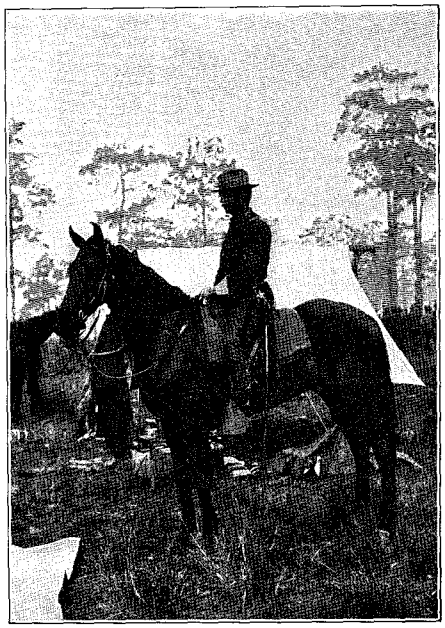
It is quite true that the fight was a fight against an enemy in ambush; in a country with such advantages for ambush as this, the Spaniards would be fools to fight us in any other way, but there is a vast difference between blundering into an ambuscade and setting out with a full knowledge that you will find the enemy in ambush, and finding him, there and then driving him out of his ambush and before you for a mile and a half into a full retreat. This is what Major-General Joseph Wheeler planned that General Young and Colonel Wood should do; so if the conduct of these officers was reckless, it was recklessness due to their following out the carefully prepared orders of a veteran general.



Colonel Roosevelt.

At the time of this fight General Wheeler was in command of all troops on shore, and so continued as long as General Shafter remained on board the flag-ship. What orders he gave then were in consequence final, but in starting General Young and Colonel Wood to the front when he did, he disarranged the original order in which the troops were to move forward as it had been laid down by General Shafter before the transports arrived at Baiquiri. According to this original plan, General Lawton's division of infantry should have been in the van, and in pushing forward regiments from his own division of dismounted cavalry General Wheeler possibly exceeded his authority. That, however, is entirely a question between the two major-generals and does not concern either General Young or Colonel Wood, who merely obeyed the orders of their superior officer. The fact that the Rough Riders, in their anxiety to be well forward, had reached Siboney by making a forced march at night, does not alter the fact that their next forward movement on Guasimas was not made in a spirit of independence but by order of the commanding general.

On the afternoon of July 23d a Cuban officer informed General Wheeler that the enemy were intrenched at Guasimas, blocking the way to Santiago. Guasimas is not a village, nor even a collection of houses; it is the meeting-place of two trails which join at the apex of a V, three miles from the seaport town of Siboney, and continue merged in a single trail to Santiago.



Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders, also Mayor of Prescott, Ariz. Killed at Santiago.

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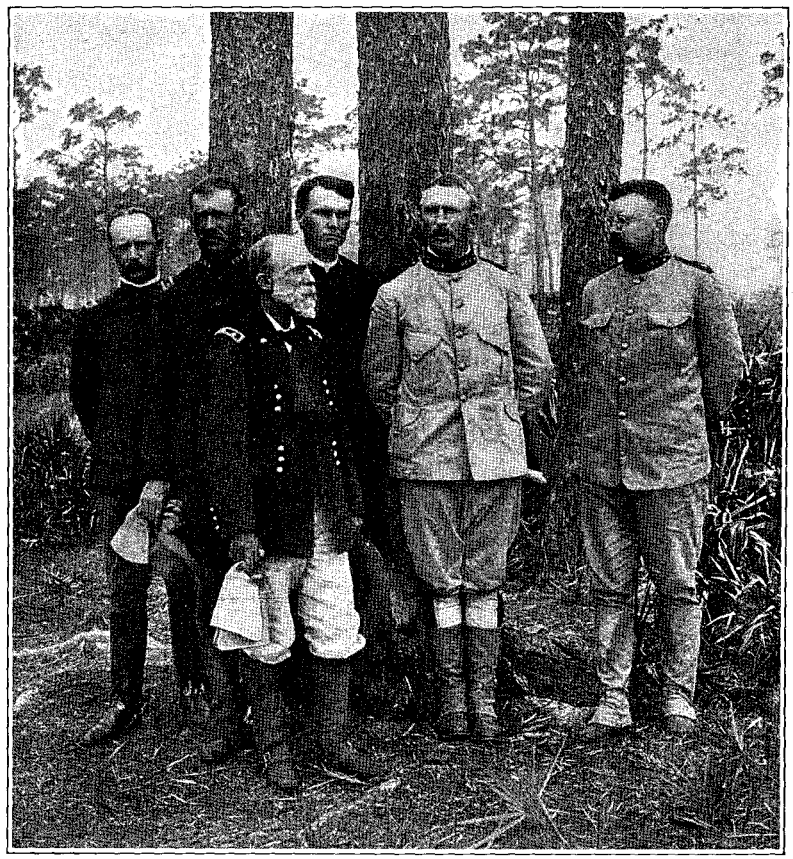

Major Dunn. Major Brodie. Major-Gen. Jos. Wheeler. Chaplain H. A. Brown. Colonel Leonard Wood. Lieut.-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

General Wheeler, accompanied by Cubans, reconnoitred this trail on the afternoon of the 23d, and with the position of the enemy fully explained to him, returned to Siboney and informed General Young and Colonel Wood that he would attack the place on the following morning. The plan was discussed while I was present, so I know that so far from anyone's running into an ambush unaware, everyone of the officers concerned had a full knowledge of where he was to go to find the enemy, and what he was to do when he got there. No one slept that night, for until two o'clock in the morning troops were still being disembarked in the surf, and two ships of war had their searchlights turned on the landing-place, and made Siboney as light as a ball-room. Back of the searchlights was an ocean white with moonlight, and on the shore red camp-fires, at which the half-drowned troops were drying their uniforms, and the Rough Riders, who had just marched in from Baiquiri, were cooking their coffee and bacon. Below the former home of the Spanish comandante, which General Wheeler had made his head-quarters, lay the camp of the Rough Riders, and through it Cuban officers were riding their half-starved ponies, scattering the ashes of the camp-fires, and galloping over the tired bodies of the men with that courtly grace and consideration for Americans which invariably marks the Cuban gentleman. Below them was the beach, and the roaring surf, in which a thousand or so naked men were assisting and impeding the progress shoreward of their comrades, in pontoons and shore-boats, which were being hurled at the beach like sleds down a water-chute.

It was one of the most weird and remarkable scenes of the war, probably of any war. An army was being landed on an enemy's coast at the dead of night,



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Sergeant Tiffany. Lt. Woodbury Kane. Major Dunn. Captain Jenkins. Lt. H. K. Devereux.

A Group of Rough Riders.

but with somewhat more of cheers and shrieks and laughter than rise from the bathers in the surf at Coney Island on a hot Sunday. It was a pandemonium of noises. The men still to be landed from the "prison hulks," as they called the transports, were singing in chorus, the men already on shore were dancing naked around the camp-fires on the beach, or shouting with delight as they plunged into the first bath that had offered in seven days, and those in the launches as they were pitched headfirst at the soil of Cuba, signalized their arrival by howls of triumph. On either side rose black overhanging ridges, in the lowland between were white tents and burning fires, and from the ocean came the blazing, dazzling eyes of the searchlights shaming the quiet moonlight.

The Rough Riders left camp after three hours' troubled sleep at five in the morning. With the exception of half a dozen officers they were dismounted, and carried their blanket-rolls, haversacks, ammunition, and carbines. General Young had already started toward Guasimas with the First and Tenth dismounted cavalry, and according to the agreement of the night before had taken the eastern trail to our right, while the Rough Riders climbed the steep ridge above Siboney and started toward the rendezvous along the trail to the west, which was on high ground and a half mile to a mile distant from the trail along which General Young was marching. There was a valley between us, and the bushes were so thick on both sides of our trail that it was not possible at any time, until we met at Guasimas, to distinguish his column.

As soon as the Rough Riders had reached the top of the ridge not twenty minutes after they had left camp, which was the first opportunity that presented itself, Colonel Wood took the precautions he was said to have neglected. He ordered Captain Capron to proceed with his troop in front of the column as an advance guard, and to choose a "point" of five men skilled as scouts and trailers. Still in advance of these he placed two Cuban scouts. The column then continued along the trail in single file. The Cubans were



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just at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards; the "point" of five picked men under Sergeant Byrne and duty-Sergeant Fish followed them at a distance of a hundred yards, and then came Capron's troop of sixty men strung out in single file. No flankers were placed for the reason that the dense undergrowth and the tangle of vines that stretched from the branches of the trees to the bushes below made it a physical impossibility for man or beast to move forward except along the beaten trail.

Colonel Wood rode at the head of the column, followed by two regular army officers who were members of General Wheeler's staff, a Cuban officer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. They rode slowly in consideration of the troopers on foot, who carried heavy burdens under a cruelly hot sun. To those who did not have to walk it was not unlike a hunting excursion in our West; the scenery was beautiful and the view down the valley one of luxuriant peace. Roosevelt had never been in the tropics and Captain McCormick and I were talking back at him over our shoulders and at each other, pointing out unfamiliar trees and birds. Roosevelt thought it looked like a good deer country, as it once was; it reminded McCormick of southern California; it looked to me like the trail across Honduras. They advanced, talking in that fashion and in high spirits, and congratulating themselves in being shut of the transport and on breathing fine mountain air again, and on the fact that they were on horseback. They agreed it was impossible to appreciate that we were really at war—that we were in the enemy's country. We had been riding in this pleasant fashion for an hour and a half with brief halts for rest, when Wood stopped the head of the column, and rode down the trail to meet Capron, who was coming back. Wood returned immediately, leading his horse, and said to Roosevelt:

"Pass the word back to keep silence in the ranks."

The place at which we had halted was where the trail narrowed, and proceeded sharply downward. There was on one side of it a stout barbed-wire fence of five strands. By some fortunate accident this fence had been cut just where the head of the column halted. On the left of the trail it shut off fields of high grass blocked at every fifty yards with great barricades of undergrowth and tangled trees and chapparal. On the other side of the trail there was not a foot of free ground; the bushes seemed absolutely impenetrable, as indeed they were later found to be.

Colonel Roosevelt and Richard Harding Davis.

When we halted the men sat down beside the trail and chewed the long blades of grass, or fanned the air with their hats. They had no knowledge of the situation such as their leaders possessed, and their only emotion was one of satisfaction at the chance the halt gave them to rest and to shift their packs. Wood again walked down the trail with Capron and disappeared, and one of the officers informed us that the scouts had seen the outposts of the enemy. It did not seem reasonable that the Spaniards, who had failed to attack us when we landed at Baiquiri, would oppose us until they could do so in force, so, personally, I doubted that there were any Spaniards nearer than Santiago. But we tied our horses to the wire fence, and Capron's troop knelt with carbines at the

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"ready," peering into the bushes. We must have waited there, while Wood reconnoitred, for over ten minutes. Then he returned, and began deploying his troops out at either side of the trail. Capron he sent on down the trail itself. G troop was ordered to beat into the bushes on the right, and K and A were sent over the ridge on which we stood down into the hollow to connect with General Young's column on the opposite side of the valley. F and E troops were deployed out in skirmish-line on the other side of the wire fence. Wood had discovered the enemy a few hundred yards from where he expected to find him, and so far from being "surprised," he had time, as I have just described, to get five of his troops into position before a shot was fired. The firing, when it came, started suddenly on our right. It sounded so close that—still believing we were acting on a false alarm, and that there were no Spaniards ahead of us—I guessed it was Capron's men firing at random to disclose the enemy's position. I ran after G troop under Captain Llewellyn, and found them fighting their way through the bushes in the direction from which the volleys came. It was like breaking through the walls of a maze. If each trooper had not kept in touch with the man on either hand he would have been lost in the thicket. At one moment the underbrush seemed swarming with troopers, and the next, except that you heard the twigs breaking, and the heavy breathing of the men, or a crash as a vine pulled someone down, there was not a sign of a human being anywhere. In a few minutes they all broke through into a little open place in front of a dark curtain of vines, and the men fell on one knee and began returning the fire that came from it.

The enemy's fire was exceedingly heavy, and the aim was low. Whether the Spaniards saw us or not we could not tell; we certainly saw nothing of the Spaniards, except a few on the ridge across the valley. The fire against us was not more than fifty to eighty yards away, and so hot that our men could only lie flat in the grass and fire in that position. It was at this moment that the men believed they were being fired on by Capron's troop, which they imagined must have swung to the right, and having lost its bearings and hearing them advancing through the underbrush, had mistaken them for the enemy. They accordingly ceased firing and began shouting in order to warn Capron that he was firing on his friends. This is the foundation for the statement which was frequently made that the Rough Riders had fired on each other, which they did not do then or at any other time. Later we examined the relative position of the trail which Capron held, and the position of G troop, and they were at right angles to one another. Capron could not possibly have fired into us at any time, unless he had turned directly around in his tracks and aimed up the very trail he had just descended. Advancing, he could no more have hit us than he could have seen us out of the back of his head. When we found many hundred spent cartridges of the Spaniards a hundred yards in front of G troop's position, the question as to who did the firing was answered.

It was an exceedingly hot corner. The whole troop was gathered in the little open place blocked by the network of grapevines and tangled bushes before it. They could not see twenty feet on three sides of them, but on the right hand lay the valley, and across it came the sound of Young's brigade, who were apparently heavily engaged. The enemy's fire was so close that the men could not hear the word of command, and Captain Llewellyn, by word of voice, and Lieutenant Janeway, unable to get their attention, ran among them, batting them with their sombreros to make them cease firing. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt ran up just then, bringing with him Lieutenant Woodbury Kane and ten troopers from K troop. Roosevelt lay down in the grass beside Llewellyn and consulted with him eagerly. Kane was smiling with the charming content of a perfectly happy man, exactly as though it were a polo match and his side had scored. When Captain Llewellyn told him his men were not needed, and to rejoin his troop, he led his detail over the edge of the hill on which we lay, although the bullets were passing three feet high. As he disappeared below the crest, walking quite erect, he was still smiling. Roosevelt pointed out that it was impossible to advance farther on account of the net-

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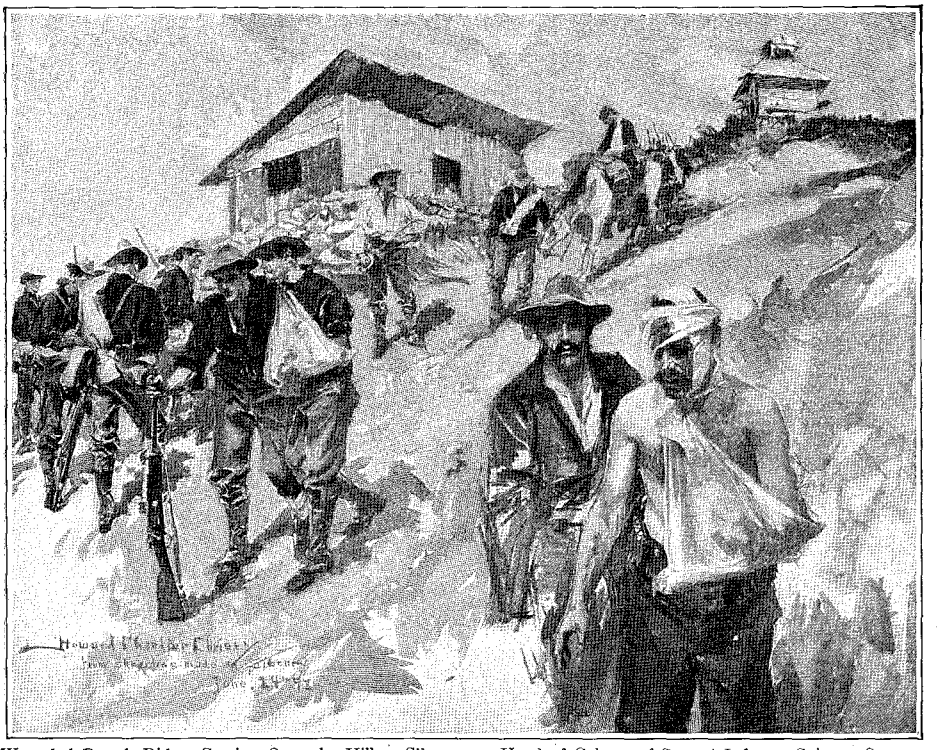

Wounded Rough Riders Coming Over the Hill at Siboney. Head of Column of Second Infantry Going to Support the Rough Riders, June 24.

work of wild grape-vines that masked the Spaniards from us, and that we must cross the trail and make to the left. The shouts the men had raised to warn Capron had established our position to the enemy, and the firing was now fearfully accurate. Sergeant Russell, who in his day had been a colonel on a governor's staff, was killed, and the other sergeant was shot through the wrist. In the space of three minutes nine men were lying on their backs helpless. The men drew off slowly to the left, dragging the wounded with them. Owing to the low aim of the enemy, they were forced to move on their knees and crawl on their stomachs. Even then they were hit. One man near me was shot through the head. Returning two hours later to locate the body, I found that the buzzards had torn off his lips and his eyes. This mutilation by these hideous birds is, no doubt, what Admiral Sampson mistook for the work of the Spaniards, when the bodies of the marines at Guantanamo were found disfigured in the same fashion. K troop had meantime deployed into the valley under the fire from the enemy on the ridge. It had been ordered to establish communication with General Young's column, and while advancing and firing on the ridge, Captain Jenkins sent the guidon-bearer back to climb the hill and wave his red and white banner where Young's men could see it. The guidon-bearer had once run for Congress on the gold ticket in Arizona, and, as someone said, was naturally the man who should have been selected for a forlorn hope. His flag brought him instantly under a heavy fire, but he continued waving it until the Tenth Cavalry on the other side of the valley answered, and the two columns were connected by a skirmish-line composed of K troop and A, under Captain "Bucky" O'Neill.

G troop meanwhile had hurried over to the left, and passing through the opening in the wire-fence had spread out into open order. It followed down after Captain Luna's troop and D and E troops, which were well already in advance. Roosevelt ran forward and took command of the extreme left of this line. Wood was walking up and down along it, leading his horse, which he



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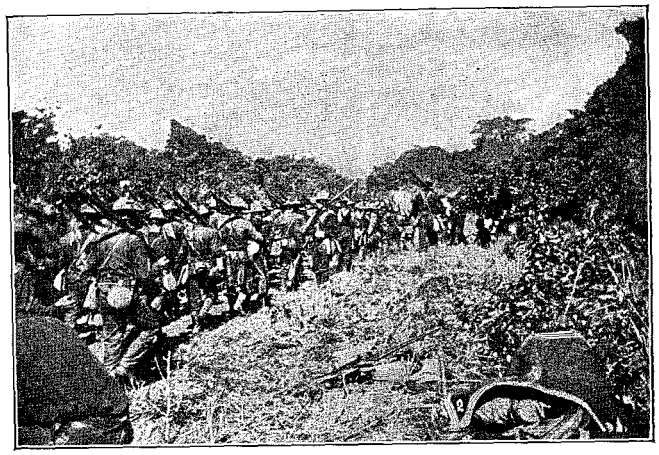
Gun No. 1 of Grimes's Battery, the First Gun Fired at San Juan Block House, July 1st. —Page 283.

thought might be of use in case he had to move quickly to alter his original formation—at present his plan was to spread out his men so that they would join Young on the right, and on the left swing around until they flanked the enemy. K and A troops had already succeeded in joining hands with Young's column across the valley, and, as they were capable of taking care of themselves, Wood was bending his efforts to keep his remaining four companies in a straight line and revolving them around the enemy's "end." It was in no way an easy thing to do. The men were at times wholly hidden from each other, and from him; probably at no one time did he see more than two of his troops together. It was only by the firing that he could tell where his men lay, and that they were always steadily advancing. The advances were made in quick, desperate rushes — sometimes the ground gained was no more than a man covers in sliding for a base. At other times half a troop would rise and race forward and then burrow deep in the hot grass and fire. On this side of the line there was an occasional glimpse of the enemy. But for a great part of the time the men shot at the places from where the enemy's fire seemed to come, aiming low and answering in steady volleys. The fire discipline was excellent. The prophets of evil of the Tampa Bay Hotel had foretold that the cowboys would shoot as they chose, and, in the field, would act independently of their officers. As it turned out, the cowboys were the very men who waited most patiently for the officers to give the word of command. At all times the movement was without rest, breathless and fierce, like a cane-rush, or a street-fight. After the first three minutes every man had stripped as though for a wrestling-match, throwing off all his impedimenta but his cartridge-belt and canteen. Even then the sun handicapped their strength cruelly. The enemy were hidden in the shade of the jungle, while they had to fight in the open for every thicket they gained, crawling through grass which was as hot as a steam bath, and with their flesh and clothing torn by thorns and the sword-like blade of the Spanish "bayonet." The glare of the sun was full in their eyes and as fierce as a limelight.

When G troop passed on across the trail to the left I stopped at the place where the



The Massachusetts Regiment which Fought at Caney Going to the Front at San Juan, July 2d.—Page 283.

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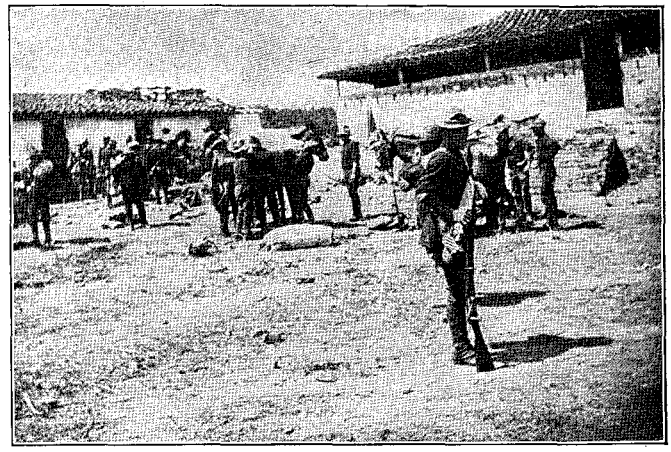
column had first halted—it had been converted into a dressing station and the wounded of G troop were left there in the care of the hospital stewards. A tall, gaunt young man with a cross on his arm was just coming back up the trail. His head was bent, and by some surgeon's trick he was advancing rapidly with great strides, and at the same time carrying a wounded man much heavier than himself across his shoulders. As I stepped out of the trail he raised his head, and smiled and nodded, and left me wondering where I had seen him before smiling in the same cheery, confident way and moving in that same position. I knew it could not have been under the same conditions, and yet he was certainly associated with another time of excitement and rush and heat, and then I remembered him. He had been covered with blood and dirt and perspiration as he was now, only then he wore a canvas jacket and the man he carried on his shoulders was trying to hold him back from a white-washed line. And I recognized the young doctor with the blood bathing his breeches as "Bob" Church, of Princeton. That was only one of four badly wounded men he carried on his shoulders that day over a half-mile of trail that stretched from the firing-line back to the dressing station under an unceasing fire. And as the senior surgeon was absent he had chief responsibility that day for all the wounded, and that so few of them died is greatly due to this young man who went down into the firing-line and pulled them from it, and bore them out of danger. Some of the comic paragraphers who wrote of the Knickerbocker Club dudes and the college swells of the Rough Riders organization, and of their imaginary valets and golf clubs, ought, in decency, since the fight at Guasimas, to go out and hang themselves with remorse. For the same spirit that once sent these men down a white-washed field against their opponents' rush-line was the spirit that sent Church, Channing, Devereux, Ronalds, Wrenn, Cash, Dudley Dean, and a dozen others through the high hot grass at Guasimas, not shouting, as their friends the cowboys did, but each with his mouth tightly shut, with his eyes on the ball, and moving in obedience to the captain's signals. Judging from the sound, our firing-line now seemed to be half a mile in advance of the place where the head of the column had first halted. This showed that the Spaniards had been driven back at least three hundred yards from their original position. It was impossible to see any of our men in the field, so I ran down the trail with the idea that it would lead me back to the troop I had left when I had stopped at the dressing station. The walk down that trail presented one of the most grewsome and saddest pictures of the war. It narrowed as it descended; it was for that reason the enemy had selected that part of it for the attack, and the vines and bushes interlaced so closely above it that the sun could not come through.



El Poso, Immediately After the Spanish Fire Ceased. A shell entered, killing Cubans inside.—Page 283.

The rocks on either side were spattered with blood and the rank grass was matted with it. Blanket-rolls, haversacks, carbines, and canteens had been abandoned all along its length, so that the trail looked as though a retreating army had fled along it, rather than that one company had fought its way through it to the front. Except for the clatter of the land-crabs, those hideous orchid-colored monsters that

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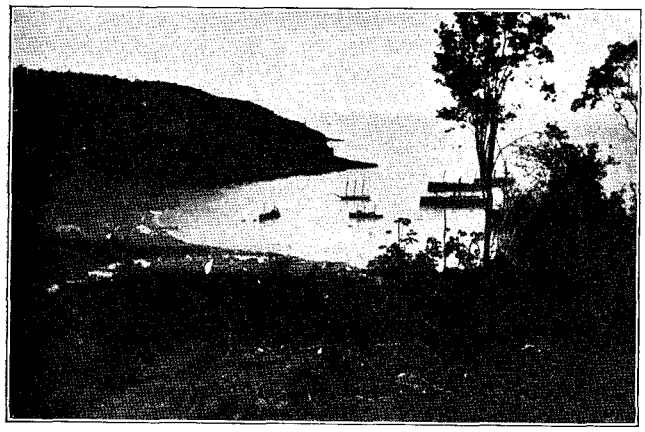

Siboney, from the Hill Over which the Wounded Rough Riders Retired After the Fight.

haunt the places of the dead, and the whistling of the bullets in the trees, the place was as silent as a grave. For the wounded lying along its length were as still as the dead beside them. The noise of the loose stones rolling under my feet brought a hospital steward out of the brush, and he called after me:

"Lieutenant Thomas is badly wounded in here, and we can't move him. We want to carry him out of the sun some place, where there is shade and a breeze." Thomas was the first lieutenant of Capron's troop. He is a young man, large and powerfully built. He was shot through the leg just below the trunk, and I found him lying on a blanket half naked and covered with blood, and with his leg bound in tourniquets made of twigs and pocket-handkerchiefs. It gave one a thrill of awe and wonder to see how these cowboy-surgeons, with a stick that one would use to light a pipe and with the gaudy 'kerchiefs they had taken from their necks, were holding death at bay. The young officer was in great pain and tossing and raving wildly. When we gathered up the corners of his blanket and lifted him, he tried to sit upright, and cried out, "You're taking me to the front, aren't you? You said you would. They've killed my captain—do you understand? They've killed Captain Capron. The — — — Mexicans! They've killed my captain."

The troopers assured him they were carrying him to the firing-line, but he was not satisfied. We stumbled over the stones and vines, bumping his wounded body against the ground and leaving a black streak in the grass behind us, but it seemed to hurt us, more than it did him, for he sat up again seizing the men by the wrists imploringly with his bloody hands.

"For God's sake, take me to the front," he begged. "Do you hear me, I order you; damn you, I order— We must give them hell; do you hear? we must give them hell. They've killed Capron. They've killed my captain."

The loss of blood and the heat at last mercifully silenced him, and when we had reached the trail he had fainted and I left them kneeling around him, their grave boyish faces filled with sympathy and concern.

Only fifty feet from him and farther down the trail I passed his captain, with his body propped against Church's knee

San Juan Block-house, Showing Marks of Shot.

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and with his head fallen on the surgeon's shoulder. Capron was always a handsome, soldierly looking man—some said that he was the most soldierly looking of any of the young officers in the army—and as I saw him then death had given him a great dignity and nobleness. He was only twenty-eight years old, the age when life has just begun, but he rested his head on the surgeon's shoulder like a man who knew he was already through with it and that, though they might peck and mend at the body, he had received his final orders. His breast and shoulders were bare, and as the surgeon cut the tunic from him the sight of his great chest and the skin, as white as a girl's, and the black open wound against it made the yellow stripes and the brass insignia of rank seem strangely mean and tawdry.

Fifty yards farther on, around a turn in the trail, behind a rock, a boy was lying with a bullet-wound between his eyes. His chest was heaving with short, hoarse noises which I guessed were due to some muscular action entirely, and that he was virtually dead. I lifted him and gave him some water, but it would not pass through his fixed teeth. In the pocket of his blouse was a New Testament with the name *Fielder Dawson, Mo.*, scribbled in it in pencil. While I was writing it down for identification, a boy as young as himself came from behind me down the trail.

"It is no use," he said, "the surgeon has seen him; he says he is just the same as dead. He is my bunkie; we only met two weeks ago at San Antonio; but he and me had got to be such good friends—But there's nothing I can do now." He threw himself down on the rock beside his bunkie, who was still breathing with that hoarse inhuman rattle, and I left them, the one who had been spared looking down helplessly with the tears creeping across his cheeks.

The firing was quite close now, and as I continued the trail was no longer filled with blanket-rolls and haversacks, nor did pitiful, prostrate figures lie in wait behind each rock. I guessed this must mean that I was now well in advance of the farthest point to which Capron's troop had moved before it had deployed to the left, and I was running forward feeling confident that I must be close on our men when I saw far in advance the body of a sergeant blocking the trail and stretched at full length across it. Its position was a hundred yards in advance of that of any of the others—it was apparently the body of the first man killed. After death the bodies of some men seem to shrink almost instantly within themselves; they become limp and shapeless, and their uniforms hang upon them strangely. But this man, who was a giant in life, remained a giant in death—his very attitude was one of attack; his fists were clinched, his jaw set and his eyes, which were still human, seemed fixed with resolve. He was dead, but he was not defeated. And so Sergeant Fish died as he had lived—defiantly, running into the very face of the enemy, standing squarely upright on his legs instead of crouching, as the others called to him to do, until he fell like a column across the trail. "God gives," was the motto on the watch I took from his blouse, and God could not have given him a nobler end; to die, in the forefront of the first fight of the war, quickly, painlessly, with a bullet through the heart, with his regiment behind him, and facing the enemies of his country.

The line at this time was divided by the trail into two wings. The right wing, composed of K and A troops, was advancing through the valley, returning the fire from the ridge as it did so, and the left wing, which was much the longer of the two, was swinging around on the enemies' right flank, with its own right resting on the barbed-wire fence. I borrowed a carbine and joined the remnant of L troop which was close to the trail.

This troop was then commanded by Second Lieutenant Day, who on account of his conduct that morning and at the battle of San Juan later, when he was shot through the arm, was promoted to be captain of L troop, or, as it is now officially designated, Capron's troop. He was walking up and down the line as unconcernedly as though we were at target-practice, and an English sergeant, Byrne, was assisting him by keeping up a continuous flow of comments and criticisms that showed the keenest enjoyment of the situation. Byrne was the only man I noticed who seemed to regard the fight as in any way humorous. I suspect Byrne was



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Irish. I saw no one who was in the least alarmed, which could not be said of one of the regiments at the battle of the 1st of July; but at Guasimas no one had time to pose, or to be flippant, or to exhibit any signs of braggadocio. It was for all of them, from the moment it started, through the hot, exhausting hour and a half that it lasted, a most serious proposition. The conditions were exceptional. The men had made a night march the evening before, had been given but three hours troubled sleep on the wet ground, and had then been marched in full equipment up hill and under a cruelly hot sun, right into action. Not one man in that regiment had ever fired a Krag-Jorgensen carbine until he fired it at a Spaniard, for their arms had been issued to them so soon before sailing that they had only drilled with them without using cartridges, and perhaps eighty per cent. of them had never been under fire before. To this handicap was also added the nature of the ground and the fact that our men could not see their opponents. Their own men fell or rolled over on every side, shot down by an invisible enemy, with no one to retaliate upon in return, with no sign that the attack might not go on indefinitely. Yet they never once took a step backward, but advanced grimly, cleaning a bush or thicket of its occupants before charging it, and securing its cover for themselves, and answering each volley with one that sounded like an echo of the first. The men were panting for breath; the sweat ran so readily into their eyes that they could not see the sights of their guns; then limbs unused to such exertion after seven days of cramped idleness on the troop-ship trembled with weakness and the sun blinded and dazzled them; but time after time they rose and staggered forward through the high grass, or beat their way with their carbines against the tangle of vines and creepers. A mile and a half of territory was gained foot by foot in this brave fashion, the three Spanish positions carried in that distance being marked by the thousands of Mauser cartridges that lay shining and glittering in the grass and behind the barricades of bushes. But this distance had not been gained without many losses, for everyone in the regiment was engaged. Even those who, on account of the heat, had dropped out along the trail, as soon as the sound of the fight reached them, came limping to the front —and plunged into the firing-line. It was the only place they could go—there was no other line. With the exception of Church's dressing station and its wounded, there were no reserves.

Among the first to be wounded was the correspondent, Edward Marshall, of New York, who was on the firing-line to the left. He was shot through the body near the spine, and when I saw him he was suffering the most terrible agonies, and passing through a succession of convulsions. He nevertheless, in his brief moments of comparative peace, bore himself with the utmost calm, and was so much a soldier to duty that he continued writing his account of the fight until the fight itself was ended. His courage was the admiration of all the troopers, and he was highly commended by Colonel Wood in the official account of the engagement.

Nothing so well illustrated how desperately each man was needed, and how little was his desire to withdraw, as the fact that the wounded lay where they fell until the hospital stewards found them. Their comrades did not seek that excuse to go to the rear.

The fight had now lasted an hour, and the line had reached a more open country, with a slight incline upward toward a wood, on the edge of which was a ruined house. This house was a former distillery for *arguardienti*, and was now occupied in force by the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt on the far left was moving up his men with the intention of taking this house on the flank; Wood, who was all over the line, had the same objective point in his mind. The troop commanders had a general idea that the distillery was the key to the enemy's position, and were all working in that direction. It was extremely difficult for Wood and Roosevelt to communicate with the captains, and after the first general orders had been given them they relied upon the latter's intelligence to pull them through. I do not suppose Wood saw more than thirty of his men out of the five hundred engaged at any one time. When he had passed one troop, except for the noise of its volley firing, it was immediately lost to him in

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the brush, and it was so with the next. Still, so excellent was the intelligence of the officers, and so ready the spirit of the men, that they kept an almost perfect alignment, as was shown when the final order came to charge in the open fields. The advance upon the ruined building was made in stubborn, short rushes, sometimes in silence, and sometimes firing as we ran. The order to fire at will was seldom given, the men waiting patiently for the officers' signal, and then answering in volleys. Some of the men who were twice Day's age, begged him to let them take the enemy's impromptu fort on the run, but he answered them tolerantly like spoiled children, and held them down until there was a lull in the enemy's fire, when he would lead them forward, always taking the advance himself. It was easy to tell which men were used to hunting big game in the West and which were not, by the way they made these rushes. The Eastern men broke at the word, and ran for the cover they were directed to take like men trying to get out of the rain, and fell panting on their faces, while the Western trappers and hunters slipped and wriggled through the grass like Indians; dodging from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, and from one bush to another. They always fell into line at the same time with the others, but they had not exposed themselves once while doing so. Some of the escapes were little short of miraculous. The man on my right, Champneys Marshall, of Washington, had one bullet pass through his sleeve, and another pass through his shirt, where it was pulled close to his spine. The holes where the ball entered and went out again were clearly cut. Another man's skin was slightly burned by three bullets in three distinct lines, as though it had been touched for an instant by the lighted end of a cigar. Janeway was shot through his shirt across the breast, and Roosevelt was so close to one bullet, when it struck a tree, that it filled his eyes and ears with tiny splinters. Major Brodie and Lieutenant Thomas were both wounded within a few feet of Colonel Wood, and his color-sergeant, Wright, who followed close at his heels, was clipped three times in the head and neck, and four bullets passed through the folds of the flag he carried. One trooper, Rowland, of Deming, was shot through the lower ribs; he was ordered by Roosevelt to fall back to the dressing station, but there Church told him there was nothing he could do for him then, and directed him to sit down until he could be taken to the hospital at Siboney. Rowland sat still for a short time, and then remarked, restlessly, "I don't seem to be doing much good here," and picking up his carbine, returned to the front. There Roosevelt found him.

"I thought I ordered you to the rear," he demanded.

"Yes, sir, you did," Rowland said, "but there didn't seem to be much doing back there."

He was sent to Siboney with the rest of the wounded, and two days later he appeared in camp. He had marched from Siboney, a distance of six miles, and up hill all the way, carrying his carbine, canteen, and cartridge-belt.

"I thought you were in hospital," Wood said.

"I was," Rowland answered, sheepishly, "but I didn't seem to be doing any good there."

They gave him up as hopeless after that, and he continued his duties and went into the fight of the San Juan hills with the hole still through his ribs. Another cowboy named Heffner, when shot through the body, asked to be propped up against a tree with his canteen and cartridge-belt beside him, and the last his troop saw of him he was seated alone grimly firing over their heads in the direction of the enemy. Church told of another young man shot through the chest. The entrance to his wound was so small that Church could not insert enough of the gauze-packing to stop the flow of blood.

"I'm afraid I'll have to make this hole larger," he said to the boy, "or you'll bleed to death."

"All right," the trooper answered, "I guess you know best, only you'd better hurry." The boy stretched out on his back and lay perfectly quiet while Church, with a pair of curved scissors, cut away the edges of the wound. His patient neither whimpered nor swore, but stared up at the sun in silence. The bullets were falling on every side of them, and the operation was a hasty one, but the trooper made no com-

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ment until Church said, "We'd better get out of this; can you stand being carried?"

"Do you think you can carry me?" the trooper asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I guess you know," the boy answered, holding up his arms.

Another of the Rough Riders was brought to the dressing-station with a shattered ankle, and Church, after bandaging it, gave him his choice of riding down to Siboney on a mule, or of being carried a day later, on a litter.

"If you think you can manage to ride the mule with that broken foot," he said, "you can start at once, but if you wait until to-morrow, when I can spare the men, you can be carried all the way."

The cowboy preferred to start at once, so six hospital stewards lifted him up and dropped him on the mule, and into a huge Mexican saddle. He stuck his wounded ankle into one stirrup, and his untouched one into the other, and gathered up the reins.

"Does it pain you? Do you think you can stand it?" Church asked, anxiously. The cowboy turned and smiled down upon him with supreme disdain.

"What, stand this?" he cried. "Why, this is just like getting money from home."

Toward the last, the firing from the enemy sounded less near, and the bullets passed much higher. Roosevelt, who had picked up a carbine and was firing occasionally to give the direction to the others, determined upon a charge. Wood, at the other end of the line, decided at the same time upon the same manœuvre. It was called "Wood's bluff" afterward, for he had nothing to back it with; while to the enemy it looked as though his whole force was but the skirmish-line in advance of a regiment. The Spaniards naturally did not believe that this thin blue line which suddenly broke out of the bushes and from behind trees and came cheering out into the hot sunlight in full view, was the entire fighting force against it. They supposed the regiment was coming close on its heels, and as they hate being rushed as a cat hates water, they fired a few parting volleys and broke and ran. The cheering had the same invigorating effect on our own side as a cold shower; it was what first told half the men where the other half were, and it made every individual man feel better. As we knew it was only a bluff, the first cheer was wavering, but the sound of our own voices was so comforting that the second cheer was a howl of triumph. As it was, the Spaniards thought the Rough Riders had already disregarded all rules of war.

"When we fired a volley," one of the prisoners said later, "instead of falling back they came forward. That is not the way to fight, to come closer at every volley." And so, when instead of retreating on each volley, the Rough Riders rushed at them cheering and filling the hot air with wild cowboy yells, the dismayed enemy retreated upon Santiago, where he announced he had been attacked by the entire American army. One of the residents of Santiago asked one of the soldiers if those Americans fought well.

"Well," he replied, "they tried to catch us with their hands."

I have not attempted to give any account of General Young's fight on our right, which was equally desperate, and, owing to the courage of the colored troops of the Tenth in storming a ridge, equally worthy of praise. But it has seemed better not to try and tell of anything I did not see, but to limit the article to the work of the Rough Riders, to whom, after all, the victory was due, as it was owing to Colonel Wood's charge, which took the Spaniards in flank, that General Wheeler and General Young were able to advance, their own stubborn attack in front having failed to dislodge the enemy from his rifle-pits.

According to the statement of the enemy, who had every reason not to exaggerate the size of his own force, 4,000 Spaniards were engaged in this action. The Rough Riders numbered 534, of whom eight were killed and thirty-four wounded, and General Young's force numbered 464, of which there were eight killed and eighteen wounded. The American troops accordingly attacked a force over four times their own number intrenched behind rifle-pits and bushes in a mountain-pass. In spite of the smokeless powder used by the Spaniards, which hid their position, the Rough Riders routed them out of it, and drove them back from three different barricades until they made their last stand in the ruined distillery, whence they finally

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drove them by assault. The eager spirit in which all this was done is best described in the Spanish soldier's answer to the inquiring civilian, "They tried to catch us with their hands." It should be the Rough Riders' motto.

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# THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN

## SOME EPISODES

## A WOUNDED CORRESPONDENT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF GUASIMAS

By Edward Marshall

THIS cannot be an accurate and complete account of the first serious engagement between our military forces and those of Spain on Cuban soil, for before the engagement was over I was shot. So I saw only a part of it, and shall content myself with describing a few of my experiences on the field and among the wounded.

Colonel Wood ordered a halt of the First Volunteer Cavalry, better known as the Rough Riders, about six o'clock in the morning of June 24th. The men thought it one of the frequent pauses for rest which had been allowed them during the hard march. The group surrounding the colonel, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Captain O'Neill, Adjutant Tom Hall, Richard Harding Davis and myself, knew that the stop had been caused by a message softly whispered in the Colonel's ear by a Cuban scout from the small body which preceded us. The Colonel quickly detailed a few men to go forward with the scout. Then he began to crack jokes.

We had stopped near the end of a beautiful lane, carpeted with grass almost as soft as the turf in the garden of an old English country house. The tropical growth on our right shot up rank and strong for ten or fifteen feet, and then arched over until our resting-place was almost embowered. On the left was a narrow, treeless slope on which tall Cuban grass waved lazily.

We waited ten minutes. I went down the line among the men. They were unconcerned, and were not talking of war. These volunteers had been so long in preparation; so many weary days had elapsed since they first buttoned their uniforms over hearts beating with tremendous primary patriotic enthusiasm, that now they were taking things calmly, and talking about dogs, and the imperfections of army shoes. One man persistently blew paste balls at his neighbors. (Two hours later I saw him lying livid and dead in the high grass. He had been hit by a different kind of missile.) Spaniards and fighting seemed as far away to them as the cities of Asia Minor do to the school-boy studying geography, they had been carrying idle guns and ammunition so long. Indeed, it was hard for any of us to realize the actuality of the enemy.

"——! Wouldn't a glass of cold beer taste good?" said one, whereupon others threw pebbles and sand at him for suggesting such an impossible ecstasy. There was much good-humor.

I returned to the group around the Colonel. An instant later, with surprising unexpectedness, like that of the explosion of a lamp in a drawing-room, a rifle cracked, and with a long z-z-z-z-z-eu, a bullet went directly over and not far above our heads. The noise of the Mauser bullet is not impressive enough to be really terrifying until you have seen what it does when it strikes. It is a nasty, malicious little noise, like the soul of a very petty and mean person turned into sound. Its beginning and its ending are pitched a little lower than its middle. Its beginning is gradual, but its ending is instantaneous.

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There was no more gossip in the ranks. The men sprang to their feet without waiting for an order. As they did so a volley which went over our heads came through the mysterious tangle on our right. A scattering fire was heard from the direction in which the scouts had gone. Then silence.

Colonel Wood was apparently the only man not impressed. It was as if he had not heard the shots. He finished his sentence without a change in voice or position. Then he began to give orders. Colonel Roosevelt took about a third of the regiment into the forest on the right. They were preparing to go with a rush when the first wounded man came back. He had been with the Cuban scouts. His face was covered with blood. He was sobbing like a child, and the sobs had to struggle through a smooth flow of profanity. I asked him if he was badly hurt. I shall expurgate his reply.

"Hurt? Naw! I *ain't* hurt. Naw! I'm a blim-blamed fool, an' I set off one of my own cartridges while I was loading. My face and eyes are full of powder and I can't fight."

Then he sat down on the grass and the sobs got the better of the profanity. He was probably the victim of a defective cartridge. The pain of his cut and burned face must have been intense, but he didn't even know of it. His only feeling was that now he couldn't fight. It was later found that he had lost the sight of one eye.

Colonel Wood heard this man's or some other's profanity and called out, sternly:

"Stop that swearing. I don't want to hear any cursing to-day."

I heard the men pass the order down the line which stretched along the lane behind us. I don't know whether the incredible happened and the men actually did not swear after that, or whether it was wholly chance, but I am perfectly certain that I heard not another oath during that part of the fight which I witnessed.

By the time Roosevelt and his men had begun to break their way through the growth at the right Colonel Wood, with the majority of what was left of the regiment, had started down the grassy slope at the left. The z-z-z-z-z-eus of the Mausers had ceased to be novel. They were constant. I kept as near to Colonel Wood as I could.

No one seemed frightened. These men who had scarcely been able to realize the existence of real war with a real Spanish army a few moments before, waded into it when it came with an excited delight which amounted to ecstasy. I did not see one exhibition of cowardice that day. Once I thought I had found a coward. A man was running wildly toward the rear. I stopped him and asked what he was running away from. He restrained himself with difficulty from braining me with his carbine. He had torn off the sole of one shoe, and the accident hampered his movements. He was running wildly about in a temperature of not less than one hundred and three degrees, searching for a dead man to take a shoe from. He was running so that he could get quickly back to where the firing was. I showed him the dead man and helped him take the shoe off. He was very grateful, and after he had once more gained protection for his foot he started on the double quick for the firing line.

Neither Colonel Wood nor any other officer that I saw made any effort to hide from the Spaniards, who were plainly visible and in great force across the gently beautiful little valley before us.

The setting was fitter for a *fête champêtre* than for a battle. The swaying smoothness of the rank grass was rarely broken by anything but the polished gray trunks of royal palms which held their bunches of greenery almost a hundred feet above the little men who were firing guns at the other little men across the valley, all shouting and raging and bleeding and dying.

I injured my left arm and had to hold my notebook against one of these palms as I wrote. First came z-z-z-z-z-eu-zip, and then three or four fronds from the majestic palm fluttered slowly down. A Mauser bullet had cut them off. Then came three sudden muffled "booms," each accompanied by a shuddering tremor of the splendid trunk. Mauser bullets had buried themselves somewhere in its quivering fibre.

Adjutant Hall was back of me. He stepped out into the open. The enemy marked him and the zeu, zeu, zeu of the

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bullets going over his head and the zip, zip, zip of the bullets in the grass at his feet were as frequent as rain-drops until he stepped behind one of the rare bushes. He had exposed himself recklessly but was not touched by a bullet. Meantime Colonel Wood wandered slowly about on horseback among his men with the bullets continuously shrieking their devilish song in his ears, and playing their infernal tattoo on the ground near him. He left the battle-field without a scratch. It was wonderful.

I was watching him with a fascinated interest, wondering how soon he would fall off his horse, when I heard a man wailing dolorously. I turned and saw a soldier whom I had before observed pumping cartridges into his gun and then using them for his country with a regularity like that of a machine churn. He was lying behind a little knoll and had not only his own cartridge-belt but another taken from some dead or wounded soldier. I hurried to him.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"Hurt? No;" he exclaimed, "but my leg's asleep and I can't get up, and my gun's jammed. Gi' me a gun! Gi' me a gun! Can't ye gi' me a gun?" I got him a gun and the machine churn started up again before a first-aid man had rubbed the circulation into the helpless leg.

All the time we were advancing. All the time the Spaniards were slowly retreating. One body of them became plainly panic-stricken and started to run madly, throwing away arms and other encumbrances as they went. A Captain who stood near Colonel Wood prepared his men to fire.

"Don't shoot at retreating men!" ordered the Colonel. But our soldiers wanted to kill Spaniards and had already begun to blaze away. The Colonel was forced to order the bugle call "cease firing" to be sounded before he could make them stop.

I saw many men shot. Every one went down in a lump without cries, without jumping up in the air, without throwing up hands. They just went down like clods in the grass. It seemed to me that the terrible thud with which they struck the earth was more penetrating than the sound of guns. Some were only wounded; some were dead.

There is much that is awe-inspiring about the death of soldiers on the battle-field. Almost all of us have seen men or women die, but they have died in their carefully arranged beds with doctors daintily hoarding the flickering spark; with loved ones clustered about. But death from disease is less awful than death from bullets. On the battle-field there are no delicate, scientific problems of strange microbes to be solved. There is no petting, no coddling —nothing, nothing, nothing but death. The man lives, he is strong, he is vital, every muscle in him is at its fullest tension when, suddenly, "chug" he is dead. That "chug" of the bullets striking flesh is nearly always plainly audible. But bullets which are billeted, so far as I know, do not sing on their way. They go silently, grimly to their mark, and the man is lacerated and torn or dead. I did not hear the bullet shriek that killed Hamilton Fish; I did not hear the bullets shriek which struck the many others who were wounded while I was near them; I did not hear the bullet shriek which struck me.

This bit of steel came diagonally from the left. I was standing in the open, and, from watching our men in the front, had partially turned to see Roosevelt and his men on the right. The troops about me were full of tales of Roosevelt's bravery and the splendid conduct of his soldiers. But I did not see Roosevelt. "Chug" came the bullet and I fell into the long grass, as much like a lump as had the other fellows whom I had seen go down. There was no pain, no surprise. The tremendous shock so dulled my sensibilities that it did not occur to me that anything extraordinary had happened—that there was the least reason to be worried. I merely lay perfectly satisfied and entirely comfortable in the long grass. It was a long time before anyone came near me. The fighting passed away from me rapidly. There were only left in the neighborhood of my little episode the dead (I could see a dead man not far away if I looked through the grass near the ground level), other wounded, and a few first-aid-for-the-injured men who were searching for us. I heard two of these men go by calling out to the wounded to make their whereabouts known, but it did not occur to me to answer them. The sun was very hot and I had some vague thoughts of sunstroke, but they were not

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specially interesting thoughts and I gave them up. It seemed a good notion to go to sleep, but I didn't do it.

Finally three soldiers found me, and, putting half a shelter-tent under me, carried me to the shade.

There were several wounded men there before me. The first-aid men came along, learned that my wound was at the side of and had shattered the spine, and, shaking their heads gravely, gave me a weak solution of ammonia as a stimulant. I heard one of them say he would run for the surgeon. He came in a few moments and I was surprised because he examined me first. He told me I was about to die. The news was not pleasant, but it did not interest me particularly.

"Don't you want to send any messages home?" he asked. "If you do, you'd better write 'em—be quick."

I decided to take his advice.

Not far away was a young man shot through both knees. I had plainly heard the words "His wound is mortal" passed around among the other wounded in hoarse whispers, and, as I turned my head, I could see them all looking at me sorrowfully, and one or two had tears in their eyes. The surgeon had done what he could for all of us, and had gone away on a keen run to some other group. The young man who had been shot through both knees painfully worked his way across to me.

"I'm a stenographer at home," he said, grasping my hand and smoothing it gently. "Let me take your messages for you."

He searched my pockets, got pencil and paper, and I stupidly and slowly dictated three letters. I am sure I had no real conception of anything that had happened since the bullet struck me until, as he finished the last letter, he rolled over in a faint with upturned eyes. Then I understood my dreadful but unintentional cruelty and tried to help him. I couldn't move. For the first time I knew that I was paralyzed.

The next I knew, Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis were bending over me. They found men to carry me on the tent-cloth to the field hospital.

Another of the thousand instances of unselfishness which I saw on the battlefield gave me almost as great a shock at the field hospital as the incident of the stenographer had under the tree. Trumpeter Cassa, who had uncomplainingly helped to carry me in that tent-cloth, had lost two fingers near the middle joint, and must have grasped the canvas with the bloody stumps.

From the field hospital to Siboney was a rough march of over six miles. It was quite dark when we reached Siboney and joined the group of wounded to be transferred to the hospital-ship Olivette.

There is one incident of the day which shines out in my memory above all others now as I lie in a New York hospital writing. It occurred at the field hospital. About a dozen of us were lying there. A continual chorus of moans rose through the tree-branches overhead. The surgeons, with hands and bared arms dripping, and clothes literally saturated, with blood, were straining every nerve to prepare the wounded for the journey down to Siboney. Behind me lay Captain McClintock, with his lower leg-bones literally ground to powder. He bore his pain as gallantly as he had led his men, and that is saying much. I think Major Brodie was also there. It was a doleful group. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces.

Suddenly a voice started softly,

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

Other voices took it up:

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride——

The quivering, quavering chorus, punctuated by groans and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude—the pluckiest, most heartfelt song that human beings ever sang.

There was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It was so weak that I did not hear it until all the rest had finished with the line,

Let Freedom ring.

Then, halting, struggling, faint, it repeated, slowly,

Land—of—the—Pilgrims'—pride,
Let Freedom ——

The last word was a woful cry. One more son had died as died the fathers.

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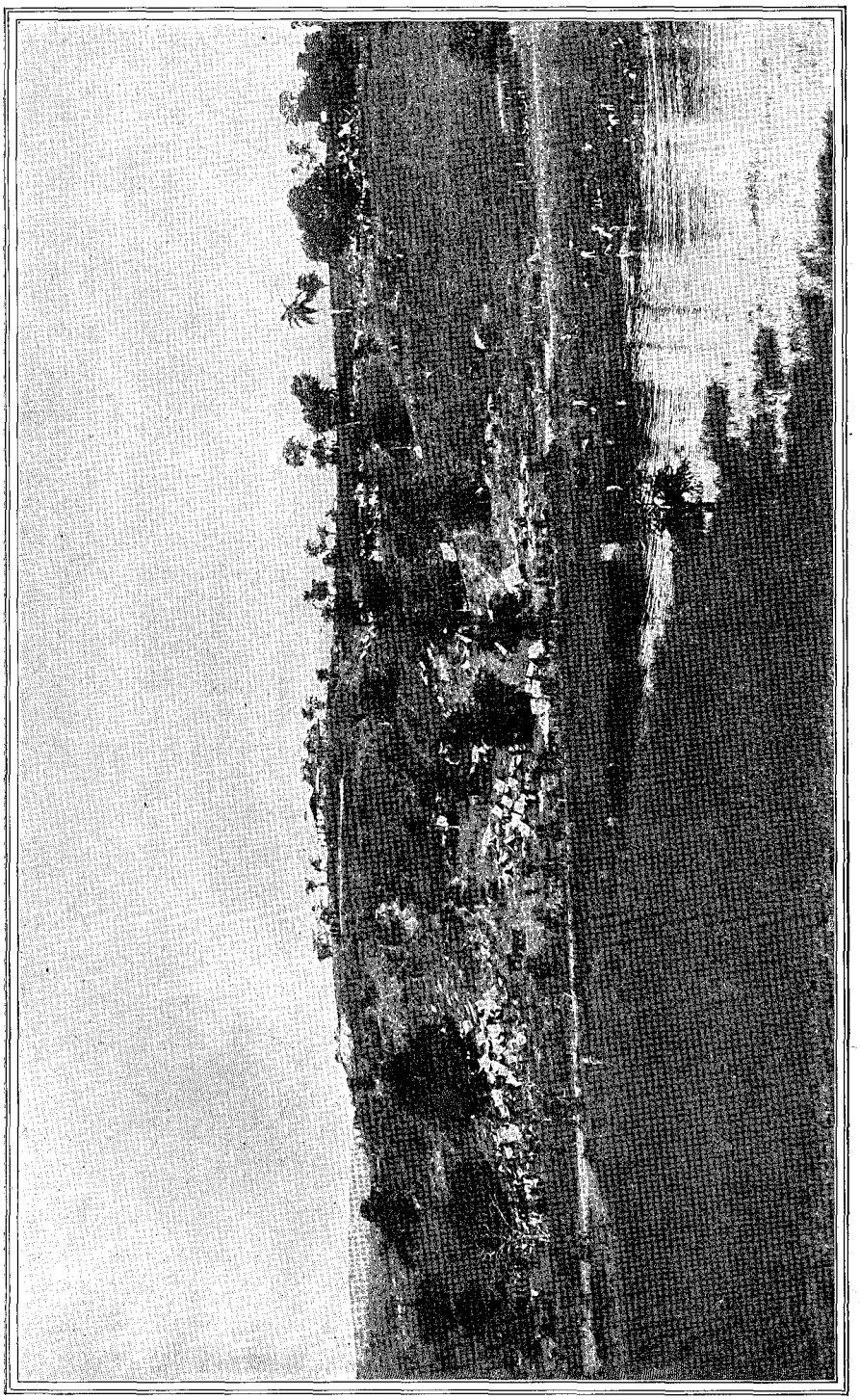

The San Juan Hill, Showing General Wheeler's Camp.



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# HOW THE SPANIARDS FOUGHT AT CANEY

## By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin

IT is a kind of sorrow to me that the finest, most desperate, most brilliant battle of the Santiago campaign should represent itself to me forever now as a fight that the Spaniards made against us—as one of which they were in an especial way the heroes, in spite of noble, unfailing, distinguished bravery on the part of our soldiers. I shall never cease to see, when the word Caney is spoken, a line of some fifty or sixty light-blue-clad men standing in a trench, the line bent in the middle at right angles by the square turning of the ditch; at the bending of this line some blue-jacketed young officer standing, always exposed to the belt, and sometimes, as he stood up on the level ground, exposed to the feet; the men rising at the word of this officer's command for hours and hours, delivering volley after volley full in our faces; standing, as they did so, exposed to the waist, confronting 3,000 men, grimly and coolly facing death, drawing their dead up out of the trench as they fell to make standing room for living men, holding thus their trench immovably from morning until evening—this is what Caney will always mean to me first of all, by virtue of an impression as vivid as the light of day and as ineffaceable as the image of death.

I say it is a sorrow, because I should like to have my picture of the first great fight I was ever in centre around some such deed of my own countrymen. But the trench-fighting of the Spaniards with their Mausers was in very fact the heart and centre of that day's work; and as for that, the heroism of our men appears none the less in the light of the heroism of their antagonists.

These figures of Spaniards in the shallow ditch were really very uncouth. Their jackets of poor, thin blue cotton were merely loose tunics, too short and coarse to have any dignity, and the trousers were baggy and ill-fitting. On their heads, as long as they wore them, the men had great straw hats, almost black with use, with brims turned up behind and down before. Sometimes the hats came off; and with my glass I watched along the trench the shaggy black heads of Castilian youths—which looked better.

Once it might be said that no one ever saw a battle, but since smokeless powder came in one may at least see a good part of one, especially in such an open country as the bit of land around Caney. (In the reports they call it "El Caney;" but no Cuban or Spaniard has ever spoken of it to me otherwise than as Caney simply.) A little town built on a low oblong hill; a town of low houses, some roofed with thatch, some with good red tiles; a town with a towered church, and, across the ravine at the south of it, made by a running stream, a citadel on a sharper, higher hill. This citadel was an old stone fort, made after the principles of Vauban; formidable once, but a little breached by time. But around it was a trench, too—not the one I have told of, which was down on the eastern edge of the town, but like it, and filled with men with Mausers.

We came upon the town at eight o'clock in the morning, after a long march the evening before, up through the mountains to the eastward, after a bivouac up in there until daybreak, and then a long march again. We were Chaffee's brigade of Lawton's division, and we were the extreme right of the attack. When the Seventeenth Infantry, with which I marched, came down over the hills, we saw the Spaniards apparently running out of the town under the fire of the Seventh and Twelfth Regiments, which had got in ahead of us. Bah! the fight won before we got to it! But almost at the same moment the Spaniards went running back. Apparently they had gone out to take a position which now they found it was too late to take.

Then we found them in their trenches. There is a preparation for a modern battle which is like the old sanding of the decks of the man-of-war to drink up the blood; it is the removal of the pack or blanket-roll which the infantryman carries. We advanced along the line made

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Capron's Battery in Action at Caney.—Page 283.

by a barbed-wire fence overgrown with bushes. Beyond and below we heard the fierce crackling of musketry-fire and the occasional boom of larger guns. Suddenly we heard another sound close by, which was like the pattering of heavy hail-stones coming from a great height, among the leaves of the little trees by our side. This sound was made by the bullets of the Mausers, coming up on the ridge, and clipping the leaves off the trees with a kind of spatting sound. Our Colonel, Haskell, marched well in advance of the regiment. "Remove your packs, and leave one man to each company to guard property," he commanded. So, we all took off our packs and put them down on the ground, and, except for the one man from each company, went into the fight.

Then on up over a ridge, where the Seventh Regiment had been before us, and where we found four of their dead under our feet, and also Captain Jackson, of that regiment, with a bullet through his nose. The fortunes of war are grotesquely horrible. Here I first felt, in the keen interest in the fight, that indifference to the sight of death which is, perhaps, the most terrible thing about a battle. I found here an admirable view. I could watch the artillery firing on the stone fort—vain firing, with every shot missing now, but interesting. With dead men at my feet I saw, completely absorbed in the sight, the Seventh Regiment charging up on a hill still nearer the fort, creeping, rushing, rushing, creeping, now flat on their faces, now running with bent knees—every moment nearer the crest, and every moment a man falling, for a withering fire came all over the hill from somewhere—who could tell? It was a fine sight, that advance of the Seventh. I knew the regiment was half made up of recruits, and I trembled lest they should flinch. But not one of them did.

With my field-glass at my eyes I watched this fine sight a moment, and then, realizing that my regiment had passed, I rushed across an open space at the foot of the hill after it. Then for the music of buzzing rifle-balls, and the sight of death! On the ground lay our Colonel, Haskell. Like all the old '61 men who knew not the magazine rifle nor the flat trajectory, he had scorned a crouching position. He went into the fight well in advance of his men, and advanced, with drawn sabre, at the full height of his manhood; and he went down like a log, with three Mauser



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*Drawn by H. C. Christy.*

The Fight at the San Juan Block-house, July 1st.—Page 284.

(The artist was an eye-witness.)

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bullets through some part of his body—one at the breast, one at the knee, one through the heel. Did not those three bullets, measured along the height of a man, tell the story well of what the fire-swept zone of the Mauser rifle is?

Two episodes here worthy of telling. One was this: the regiment was on its face directly after the Colonel went down, in a little lane that offered some shelter, and two lieutenants, Hardaway and Roberts, called for volunteers from the men to go out and take the Colonel to this lane. They could have had all the regiment, but they took five men—and three of these were shot before they got back and laid the Colonel in the shade.

The other episode was this: the quartermaster of the regiment, Lieutenant Walter M. Dickinson, having no company command, had asked and been granted the privilege of going by the Colonel's side. I had seen that there was a strong affection between the older and the younger man. Very much at the same moment that the Colonel fell, a ball shattered Dickinson's arm. He could not help to lift his commander, and came running back for aid; then he returned bravely to the Colonel, and received a wound through his body from which he died before sunset.

On a battle-field it is as good to be a fool as to be brave. I went over this trebly-swept hollow of death alone, upright, at an easy walk. Being alone, it seemed clearly to me that there was not much danger. Bullets that would hit a regiment would be likely to miss one small man. I am told that my logic was bad; but the bullets missed me.

Now, in the lane, we were ordered to lie down, and kept there rigidly by the brigade commander to hold it. Here we did what we could for poor Haskell and Dickinson; and here we found just what sort of fight the Spaniards were making. Down our lane came, from the southwest, the fire from the stone fort, just in a line with us; straight across the lane came a fire which presently we located; it was from that trench that I first told you of, with its fifty or sixty light-blue men in the big straw hats. Straight from the eastward came still another fire, raking down from the other direction; it came from a Spanish block-house up on a hill there. We had bullets from three sources. Hold the lane! Now and then it was the fashion of our men to sing out, with a cool rising inflection, "I've got it!" It was their way of telling that they were shot. Eight of them died in and about the lane. Some of these did not call out "I've got it," but sent up a wild despairing cry to their God. For them the surgeon's bandages were a vain attention.

But a thing that fascinated me, as I have said, was the sight of the Spaniards in this trench at the right of the town—exactly facing us as we looked at the eastern end of the place. Between some rude houses in the edge of the town was a space of ground sloping down to a meadow, and across this space, and turning at right angles, a trench had been dug, apparently quite freshly. From any point on our long lane we looked down on the men in this trench. My glass revealed every movement they made—even the cool turning of the head that was in one big straw hat to make some observation to another. Though our regiment had no orders to fire, the strain that these cool fighters in the ditch put on our men was more than flesh and blood could bear; soon the Krag-Jorgensens were roaring along the lane in the ears of our wounded and dying. In the very midst of the ripping, crashing detonations of these guns we could clearly see the Spaniards rising to deliver their volley fire; no smoke obscured our vision, nor did the pour of our bullets in upon their trench restrain them from coolly answering our fire. As often as the roar ceased with us, we heard the cracking of their rifles. Very soon the ear learned to distinguish the difference between the reports of the Mauser and the Krag-Jorgensen. We heard the Mausers in strange quarters, almost as if above us; but it was not until night that we learned that we had been under the fire of sharpshooters in the tower of the church in the town, and that some of the havoc among us had been done by these. Poor Dickinson, lying there on his litter, was shot again through the leg, and still a fourth bullet grazed his elbow. How we need the image of a relentless Fate to account for all the bullets finding out one man!

So all day long the fight went on. In



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due time the artillery got the range of the stone fort, but it did little harm. No shell fell, visibly to us, in the town. To right and left the terrible recruits of our Seventh Regiment deployed, pouring in a hot fire on the Spaniards in the ditch. Still these Spaniards rose as if they were part of a machine, and delivered their deadly fire.

At three o'clock the flag went down on the fort; no American officer had supposed that it could possibly remain there after eleven. The Spaniards still clung to the fort, and had to be cleared out, and their small residue captured, by a charge of the Twenty-fourth Infantry — brave black men who ran up the rough hill like goats.

The citadel gone, the town would surely surrender. So everybody supposed. But we who were watching the trench at the eastern end of the town saw the straw hats and black heads rising mechanically still, to deliver volleys across the meadow straight at us.

Gradually the American lines on the other side closed in on these men. They and their commander, who now stood erect on the level ground above the trench, appeared to take no heed of the situation of their comrades. They seemed to assume that they had been placed there to defend the ditch, and they had no other thought than to defend it. I have heard that at about this time a body of Spanish troops left Caney and made their escape. But I can declare that none deserted this trench, and though I could clearly see the meadows to the northward of the town, practically the only direction now from which they were not menaced by the Americans, I saw no Spaniards escape. As a matter of fact the men in this trench kept up their fire from it until after everything else in and about the town had surrendered. Then the defenders of the trench, which the soldiers had called the Hornet's Nest, put down their guns, walked empty-handed through the town and up to the fort, and gave themselves up there —reverently taking up the tools which the officers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment gave them with which to bury, in the very trench they had defended so long, their comrades who had been killed. How many Spaniards had thus defended this town all day against a division of Americans? The estimates have varied; but the best possible give no more than seven hundred at any time.

Even then the battle of Caney was unfinished. Away off to our right was the block-house on the hill which had given us an occasional raking shot all day. Chaffee's brigade marched on to San Juan that night, but the block-house remained, a thorn in the flesh of the American position. It was not until next day that a force went up, and, at a considerable sacrifice, captured it. They found three men in it! I was at General Shafter's headquarters when these three Spaniards were brought in. They had made a long march in the hot sun, and a friend of mine who stood by offered them water from his canteen.

"Why should we drink," said the non-commissioned officer who had commanded the block-house, "when we are about to die?"

"I think you are not to die," said Lieutenant Noble, smiling; "we are civilized men, and you are brave ones!"

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# AN ARTIST AT EL POSO

## By Howard Chandler Christy

ON July 1st réveillé was sounded at 6 A.M. in the camp of the Second Infantry, Regulars, and instantly the camp was astir, for on that day the advance upon Santiago was to be made. Men crawled out from under blankets heavy with dew and began preparations for the morning's meal, for soldiers know it is not well to go into a fight on an empty stomach. Later the officers of the head-quarters' mess gathered quietly around the camp-fire where breakfast was served. Scarcely a word was spoken. Suddenly off to the right and ahead a deep *boom!* and we knew Capron's battery had opened fire on the Spanish works in front of Caney. Along the road which leads to El Poso the narrow roads were crowded with troops marching silently to the front through the morning mist; only the voices of command, the rattling of tin cups, and the tread of marching feet were heard.

After crossing a little creek we came in sight of a little knoll to the left, where Grimes's battery was planted. At the foot of the hill is the artistic old Spanish building called El Poso, and in the yard and the adjoining open space were crowded the Rough Riders, artillery horses, officers, and some Cubans, while on the knoll beside the battery were the foreign military attachés and some correspondents who were eager to see all. Directly in front was a dense Cuban forest into which regiment after regiment was marching, and somewhere in that thick undergrowth was forming a line of battle.

In front or beyond is a steep hill on which stands the San Juan Block House, and to the right and left along the crest of the hill are the Spanish intrenchments. Beyond these the military barracks and some houses of Santiago could be seen.

It must have been 9.30 or 10 A.M., and the sun was pouring down an intense heat, when the Captain of the battery ordered everyone to one side and gave the command to load.

"*Number one, ready! Fire!*" The gun fairly leaped into the air, and a shell went whizzing toward San Juan. Instantly a dozen field-glasses were levelled and the gunners peered through the dense smoke.

"Too far. Lower your sights one hundred and fifty yards."

"*Number two, ready! Fire!*" and No. 2 covered itself and gunners in white smoke—again too far! No. 3 came in for its share and a cloud of yellow smoke arose in front of the Block House. Something went wrong with No. 4, and only the report of her primer was heard.

Again, "*Number one, Ready! Fire!*" A cheer went up from the attachés and correspondents, for a shell went through the roof and exploded, covering itself in a reddish smoke and throwing pieces of tile and cement into the air.

It was all very beautiful standing there by the side of the battery, surrounded by friends and in apparent safety, watching the effect of the shells on the Spanish works, but suddenly a voice down in front called out, "Here it comes!" and instantly everyone, excepting the men of the battery, ducked or threw themselves flat on the ground, and the first Spanish shell came screaming directly over our heads, and BOOM! it went just back of us, throwing the shrapnel among our men. Instantly another shell came, which burst in front of the building and in the ranks of the troops gathered there. Several men were wounded; one poor fellow had his leg torn off. Another shell penetrated the roof and exploded inside, where several Cubans were hiding. They were literally blown through the windows and door. One shell tore up the ground in front of gun No. 1, and others exploded just back of the building, killing men who were already badly wounded.

When the direction of the shots was ascertained, the attachés and two or three correspondents made a rush to the left to get at least a few yards out of range. One man clutched at the arm of Richard Hard-

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ing Davis and excitedly cried, "Isn't this awful?"

Davis quietly replied, "Very disturbing; very disturbing."

On a slight elevation still farther to the left stood Captain Paget of the English Navy and with him Count von Goetzen and the Japanese attaché. Far in front the balloon was slowly moving down, trying to keep pace with the firing line. Crash! came a volley from the Spanish rifle-pits, and pop-pop-pop went the Krag-Jorgensens. Volley after volley followed, and the great battle of Santiago had begun.

So dense were the woods it was impossible to locate the American troops, excepting by the balloon, which was soon shot to pieces, and it gradually sank out of sight among the trees.

Just then someone called out, "Look over to the right! See those men rushing across that field! Now they are hid by the trees—look! Wheeler's brigade is charging that hill. There are the Stars and Stripes!"

Up that hill, right into the face of the Spanish Mausers, rushed hundreds of men, and on the crest they stopped to form in line of battle. Wounded men dropped from the ranks and sank into the tall grass. At this point the Spanish artillery caught sight of them, and sent shell after shell tearing through their ranks. Men were seen to be thrown into the air and lie bleeding where they fell. Did these brave fellows falter? Not one bit of it! The line spread out and the vacant places filled in, and there, under that terrific fire, they formed in line of battle.

At this point Captain Paget cried out, "Boys, do you know—I have located the Spanish artillery!" (They were using smokeless powder, and up to this time no one knew where they were.) "Look where I point, at the foot of that tall palm. Do you see? There is the flash of the gun!"

All eyes were now turned toward the troops at the foot of San Juan, for they were advancing straight up that hill. There were twelve or fifteen men ahead of the others. They rushed up to within fifty feet of the Spaniards. Just at this point, by some inexcusable mistake, one of our own shells exploded directly in the midst of this brave little company and another burst over their heads. Captain Paget spoke up again: "I believe they are going ahead without waiting for the main line."

Up over that hill they go with a wild rush—with the others right at their heels. The Spaniards leave their trenches, but from the Block House and other intrenchments a deadly fire is poured into them. Now they reach the crest of the hill and the color-sergeant turns and waves the flag to those in the rear. Then he turns his face toward the enemy and away he goes with the others—at a dead run straight to the Block House.

They swarm all about it. The fighting is terrific! In less than a minute it is ours!

To the right and in front Wheeler's brigade is charging the intrenchments on the crest of the hill, and as far as the eye can see our troops are advancing on the enemy and the extreme right.

Volley after volley is heard near the village of Caney, and then the distant boom of Capron's battery. The village was taken that afternoon about 3.30.

Captain Paget pulls out his note-book: "Let me see—what time is it by your watch? 1.30 P.M.? The Block House and the entire Spanish lines taken by *our* boys. If I hadn't seen it, it wouldn't have been true! Those fellows—without the immediate aid of artillery—charging an enemy armed with repeating rifles, machine guns, and field artillery, and by 1.30 in the afternoon the whole line, *Block House included*, taken!"

And he tucked his white trousers into the tops of his socks, and away he went, shouting: "*Boys, the victory is ours! The victory is ours!*"

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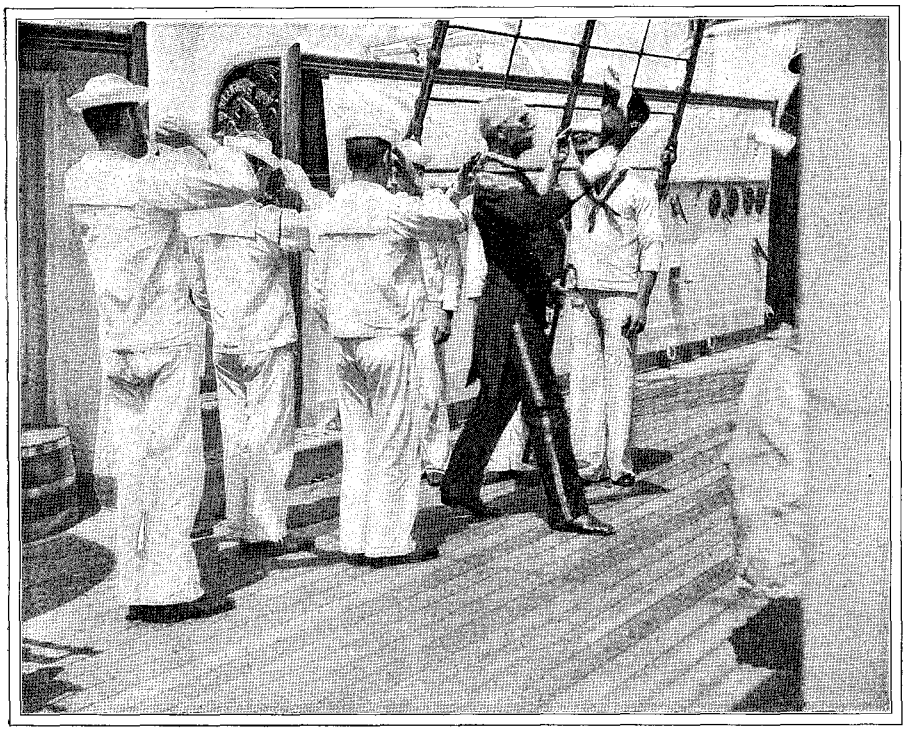

Piping the Side for Commodore Fife on Board the San Francisco.

# A WAR-SHIP COMMUNITY

## By W. J. Henderson

THE "drum and trumpet chronicles" of the time peal and throb with the fierce music of war. The mind is invited to consider the way of the battle-ship and be wise. In every imagination there dwells a picture of a huge, dun-walled fabric, moving without apparent control, conscious, as it were, of its own enormous power, smoking in huge jets of strength from its mighty breathing-pipes, and hurling sheets of devastating flame from its sides. Everyone, too, knows, that behind those triple walls of steel there are men—sailor-men—stripped to the waist, carrying powder and shell to those spurting guns, aiming and firing the weapons, and talking in uncouth English of the fearful things they will do to the "Dagoes." We know, too, that there are officers there; men who direct the movements of the half-stripped sailors and who order all things well or ill. And thus we get a constant image—a huge leviathan of the vasty deep, filled full of semi-nude Jonahs, rushing about with a mighty spouting of fire and smoke and sowing the air with hurtlings of death.

But sometimes, for all that, the ponderous battle-ship rocks on mirrored waves as gently as a babe's cradle, while the faint tinkle of a banjo comes from the secret abysses under the superstructure, and the gentle breath of song mingles with the odor of deifying tobacco. For the leviathan is not always devouring, though she may be seeking to devour. In her hours of inactivity nearly five hundred men go on living and breathing within her citadel, and there is a community whose constitution and history are as those of some sunk Atlantis of the western ocean.

Most of us have some idea of the life of the officers of a man-of-war. We know



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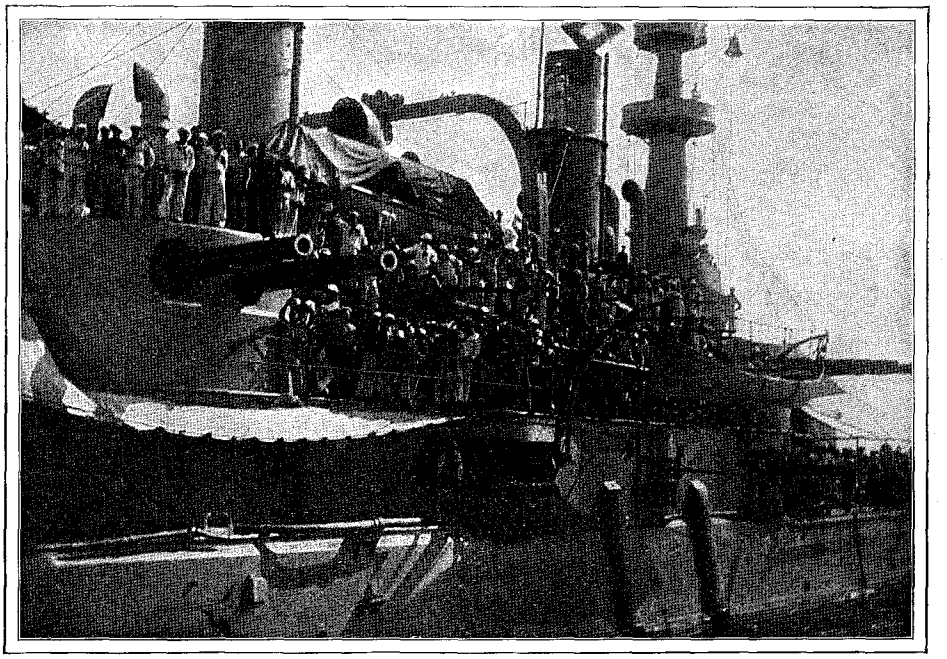

An Incident of the Blockade.

The crew of the U. S. Battle-ship Indiana watching a chase.

that they dwell in the after-part of the ship (except in the old monitors, which are crab-like), and that they have separate rooms with berths in them, like the state-rooms of a steamboat. And we know that there are seniors and juniors, commanders and commanded; but I wonder how many persons could tell how their housekeeping is conducted? Who makes the lieutenant's bed and who buys his food? Most people fancy that the parental government provides the lieutenant's food, but it does not. The lieutenant must carry his own bed-linen with him when he goes to sea, and he must arrange for the provision of his own food. The navy regulations specify how it is to be done, but they make no requisition for the amount to be expended.

The "wardroom mess" is the title of the social organization of the officers, and its *deus ex machina* is the caterer. He is one chosen from among his brothers to buy the food, and woe be to him if he does not know how to provide a good mess for $1 per day for each man. For every officer has to pay his monthly mess bill out of his salary. Uncle Sam does not make him any special allowance for edibles. Breakfast, on a man-of-war, is eggs, eggs, evermore eggs. You may have your eggs in any style, as long as they are eggs. Two poached eggs on toast and a cup of coffee the ward-room boy will serve to you at almost any time between 7.30 and 8.30 A.M. At twelve o'clock comes luncheon, which is usually called "breakfast." If ever a naval officer invites you to breakfast with him, he means luncheon, and he will give you a very substantial meal. Dinner takes place at 6 or 6.30 P.M., and on a flag-ship is accompanied by much activity on the part of the band. Once a month the caterer presents his bill. There is also a caterer for the wine and cigar mess, which is separate from the food mess. Claret, beer, ginger-ale, sherry, and soda are the chief ingredients of the wine mess. Whiskey and brandy are not allowed on board, except in the medical stores. If you need a cocktail, you must be on terms of confidence with the doctor.

The ward-room boys, who wait upon the officers, are almost invariably Japanese. Once in a while there is a Chinaman among them. These Japs are good boys, but they show a decided aversion to speak-



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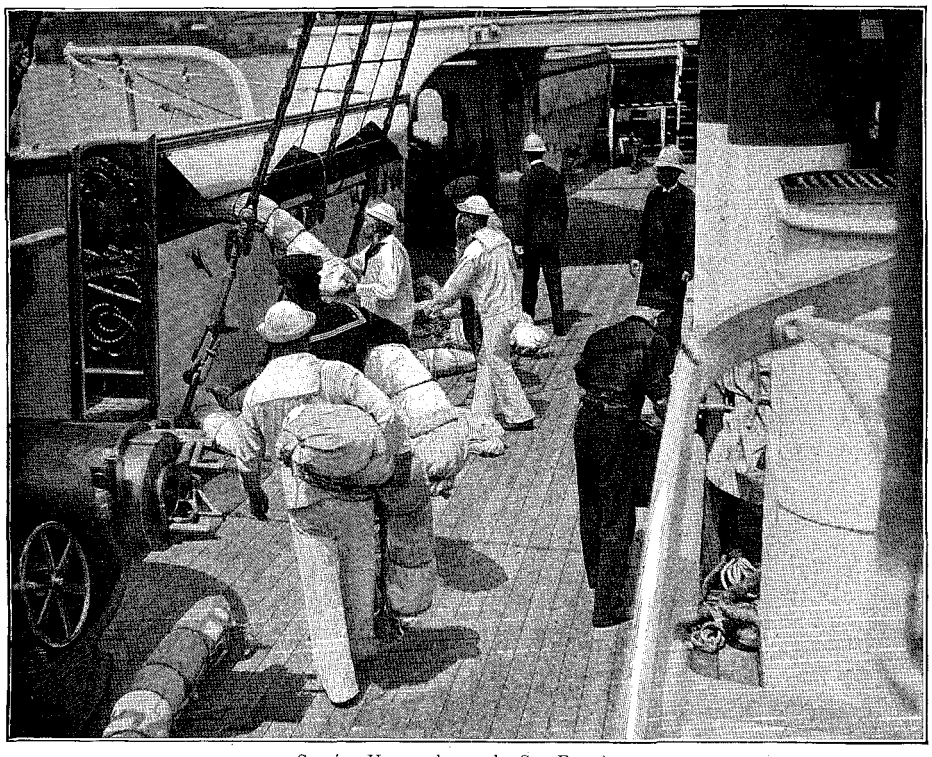
ing English, and an intolerable fondness for such names as Matsusama or Yamata. They are generally known as "William." That is easier. Now when the dun sides are vomiting flame and smoke, where is William? In the ward-room pantry, washing dishes? Not at all. The ward-room boys belong to that part of the ship's company known as "idlers." The idlers are those who do not do duty as seamen, and most of them are in the powder division. That is the portion of the crew whose business it is to get the ammunition out of the magazines and put it on the hoists which carry it up to the guns. That is the sort of work in which William is engaged in time of action, away down in the dim chambers below the water-line, where he will never know whether the ship is sinking till the water comes in upon him. And William does his work very well, too, in spite of his apparent ignorance of English, and his general aspect of mild-eyed wonder. He has his station also at "fire quarters," which is the general call for the extinction of a fire. William is then usually one of those who hold the nozzle of a hose pipe, or else he is one of those who bring hammocks to throw upon the flames and smother them. William is usually cool and courageous and goes a long way toward explaining how the Japs whipped the Chinese.

Now, "Jacky," as the sailor-man is called, does not have to provide either his own bed-linen nor his own food. He does not provide bed-linen, because it is a luxury for which he has no use, and, even if he had, he would not know where to put his linen when he was not sleeping upon it. Jacky's bed is a hammock, and it is a folding, portable bed of the most improved kind. People who swing hammocks on verandas in the summer know nothing whatever about Jacky's style of bed. His is made of an oblong piece of stout canvas, fitted with eye-holes in the ends. In the eye-holes are made fast small ropes, called "clews," and these are lashed at their outer ends to a ring. When Jacky's folding-bed is open for use, it hangs by these rings from hammock-hooks fitted to



Stowing Hammocks on the San Francisco.

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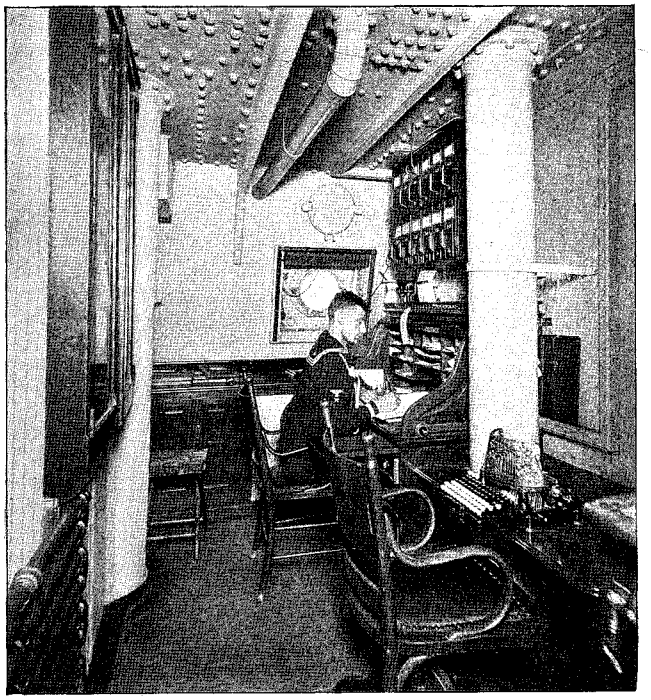

The Office of the Executive Officer, U. S. Cruiser Brooklyn.

the beams under the decks. Jacky has a mattress and a blanket in his bed, and he has to keep them there. When he "turns out," as getting up is called, he rolls his hammock up on its longest axis and lashes it with a rope provided for that purpose. There must be seven turns in the lashing, with one exactly in the middle. The clews are tucked in under the lashing. Jacky is allowed about ten minutes to turn out and lash his hammock. Then he goes up on the spar deck and hands the hammock to one of the stowers, who drops it into the nettings. The "nettings" are simply troughs in the ship's rail. A tarpaulin is hauled over the hammocks and laced down to keep the rain out, and there they stay till they are served out again at night. In the meantime, if Jacky desires to sleep, and in war times he does very often need a nap, he must perforce seek the gentle caresses of a steel battle-hatch or an oily alley-way, where cooks and marines do break in and coal-passers corrupt. But a paternal Government provides the hammock for Jacky, and also allows him the use of the deck.

The same paternal Government also supplies the fighting sailor man and the idler alike with food. It allows thirty cents a day for the rations of each man, and thus presents a cheerful problem in house-keeping. There are two persons upon whom the

The Ship's Barber at Work, Cruiser Brooklyn.

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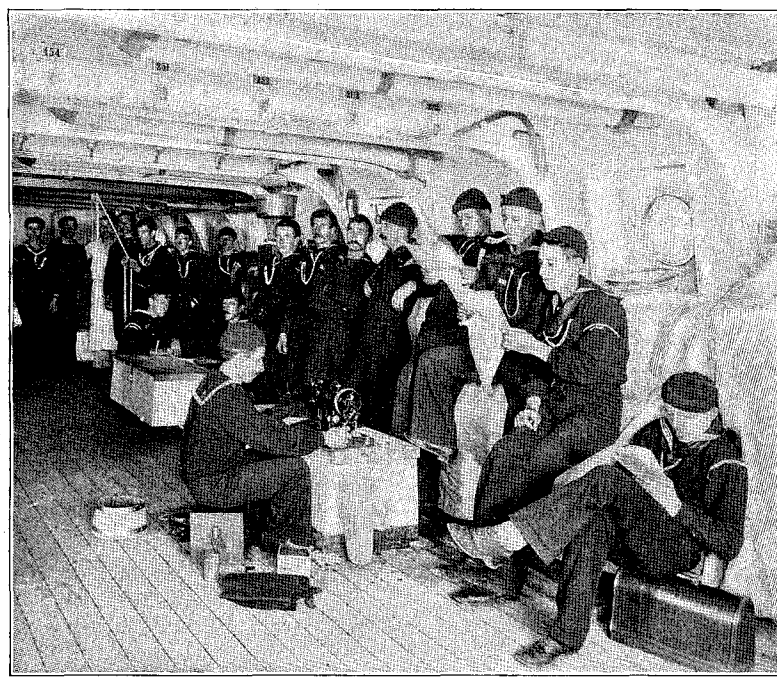
solution of this problem falls. They are the paymaster and the cook. And the greater of these is the cook, for the paymaster has only to purchase the food, whereas the cook must, in some manner, contrive to make it sustain the life of the crew. In the merchant service, where ten cents a day is allowed for the support of a seaman, cooks are fond of making a menu wholly of "dog." Now, "dog" is made chiefly of hardtack, put to soak overnight so that it becomes a sort of pulp. With the aid of molasses, which cuts a large figure in all ship's stores, this pulp is made into a mush and fried. It is not bad, but it is so frequent that you soon cease to wonder that it is called "dog." Man-o'-war Jack does not get "dog" very often, but his cook must be possessed of secrets similar to that of the process of manufacturing this curious dish.

The amount of each article of food, even to salt and pepper, allowed to each man for one day is fixed. The articles are provided by contract. For instance, the paymaster gets all the potatoes from a certain man as "per contract No. 2008." The quantity of potatoes is decided by the number of men in the crew. The paymaster's yeoman, assisted by his valuable factotum, known as the Jack-o'-the-Dust, measures out the precise amount of each article allowed to the crew. This is served out to the ship's cook. After that the storerooms are locked up. Now, on men-of-war the rations are served out for two or three days, sometimes for a week. If, therefore, the cook cannot make them last that long, the crew must go hungry. There is no possible way to get any more supplies. The paymaster is under a bond of $25,000. If he buys more supplies than his vessel is allowed, he must foot the bill himself.



The Ship's Tailor.

Berth deck of the U. S. Cruiser New York.

The ship's cook is a little king in his own domain. Uncle Sam pays him from $20 to $35 a month, according to the size of the ship, and he gets perquisites from the messes. The sailors are divided into so many messes, according to the parts of the ship in which they sling their hammocks at night. Each mess has its own cook, appointed almost invariably from among those of its own number having the least value as seamen. These cooks

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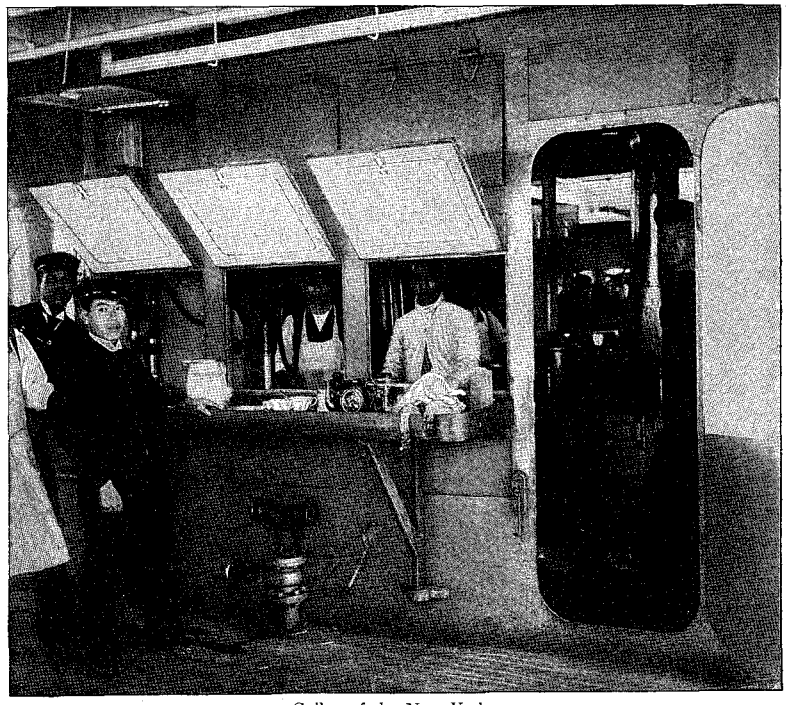
work under the general supervision of the ship's cook, and heaven only has mercy on them if their work is not well done. A berth-deck cook who does not know how to make a fine hot dish out of canned corned beef and the "slush" left over from the fried pork of the previous day—well, it were better for him that a breech block were tied around his neck and that he were cast into the sea.

Jack's table hangs under the deck-beams when it is not in use, and is at all times innocent of napery. Enamelled plates, tin cups, iron knives, forks, and spoons are the table-ware, and scant time is expended in the nicer courtesies of eating. Jack has only half an hour for his meal and his smoke, and when the bugler blows the call to mess, the sailor-man proceeds on the "get-there" principle and does not stop the business action of his jaws to chatter idle thoughts. Twenty minutes or so are enough for the process of cleaning up after meals, yet it is all done with thoroughness, and the ever-watchful master-at-arms—"Jimmy Legs," as he is known because of his ceaseless prowling—sees to it that the work is well done.

All the cooking of the ship is done on one great range in what is called the "galley." The captain, who eats in solitary state in his own cabin, the officers, who mess together in the wardroom, the junior officers, who refresh their youthful strength in the "steerage," the warrant officers and the chief petty officers, who have separate messes, all have their cooking done on the galley-range. Here, too, the steaming "early morning coffee" is prepared. Jacky has to go to work washing down decks as soon as he is up in the morning, and he has to have a bracer of coffee before he is quite fit for that. The ship's cook is called very early, sometimes as early as three o'clock, by a messenger sent by the officer of the deck. There is always an officer on deck, day and night, even in port; and he is responsible for the carrying out of the routine of the ship. So when Jacky is up and dressed he gets his coffee and then he goes to work. At 7.30 he gets his breakfast and he is thoroughly ready for it. At eight o'clock he is dressed for the day and the colors go up. If the ship is in port all hands are on duty from "colors" to sunset, but in the dog watches



Galley of the New York.
Cooks and Japanese ward-room servants.

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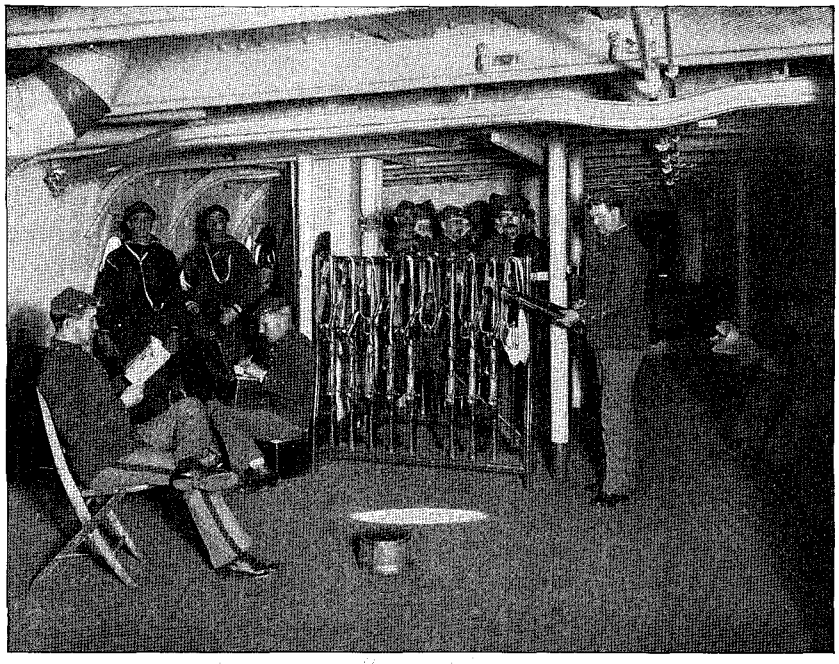

Marine Quarters.

Gun Deck, Cruiser Brooklyn.

—from 6 to 8 P.M.—Jacky is allowed considerable leeway, as he calls it.

It is then that he smokes his pipe and takes his ease and sings his songs. It is then that the marines relax their vigilance, and the corporal of the guard smiles upon a little skylarking. The marine is a being of whom most people know absolutely nothing. I have even seen in one of the most accurate New York papers a picture, labelled "Landing Marines at Forty-second Street," in which not a single marine appeared. Newspaper editors, like other landsmen, are prone to fancy that a marine must be a sailor. Usually he is so far from it that he excites in a sailor nothing but contempt. A marine is a soldier who does duty on a war-ship. His duty is chiefly that of a policeman. He stands guard, and sees that Jacky does not misbehave himself. He wears a soldier's uniform and learns a soldier's drills. He is employed sometimes at the secondary batteries when general quarters are sounded.

The marines of a ship have their own mess and their own berthing space, and they form a little community apart. Of course Jacky does not love the marines, and naturally the marines are not enamoured of Jacky. Yet there is one touch of nature which makes them kin. That is the post-office. It is a marine who acts as mail orderly—the functionary who carries the mail to the post-office and brings it back. But he must not deliver Jacky's letters to him. The mail goes to the executive officer, who assorts it. That which belongs to the men is turned over to the master-at-arms, who distributes it. When Jacky wishes to buy postage-stamps he calls at the office of the sergeant of marines. If Jacky cannot write a very good letter himself, he gets a shipmate to do it for him. He would not allow a marine to do that. Jacky's ideas of those sea-soldiers are summed up in his old saying: "A messmate before a shipmate, a shipmate before a stranger, a stranger before a dog, and a dog before a marine."

What does Jacky do when he desires a shave or a hair-cut? Well, there is the ship's barber—or barbers, if it is a large vessel. Do not conjure up a picture of a Broadway barber-shop. There is no such luxury in the iron avenues of a war-ship. A seat on a mess-bench, a tin cup of cold water, and the heavy hand of an enlisted man, who has taken up the work



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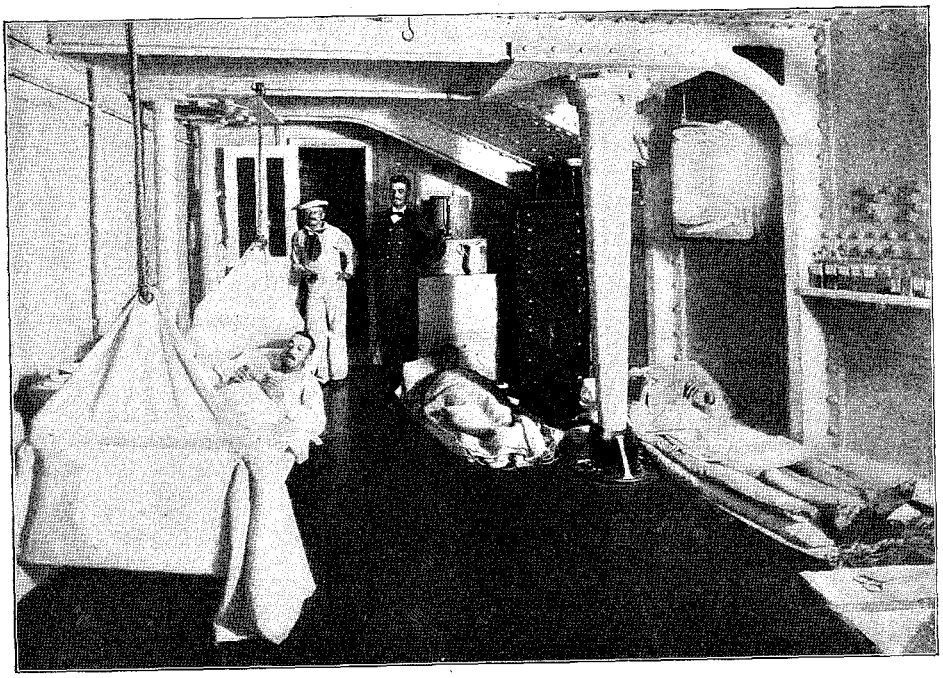

The Hospital ("Sick Bay"), U. S. Battle-ship Massachusetts.

The Crew of the Massachusetts at Mess.

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of the barber because he belongs to the inglorious army of idlers, cannot write "A. B." after his name, and is, therefore, fit for nothing else. I was once on a cruiser which carried a regular barber. I think he was in the powder division at quarters. The barber has plenty to do. You will see few beards and many clean-shaven faces in a crew of three hundred men.

There are tailors and shoemakers, and printers, too, on board men-of-war. No community can get along without these needs of the daily life of our time, and a ship's company is a community. In these stern times of war it is a community that must live within itself for long periods. Off yonder, behind the blue rim of the deep-breathing sea, are leaden-tinted cruisers scouring the waters day and night, the steel watch-dogs of our coast. They seldom come into port, and when they do, it is to catch up a hasty cargo of coal and fresh supplies, and away again. And that is no joke, either. The vessel tugs at her anchor in the swift-running tide, while her commanding officer paces the deck impatiently waiting for the coal-barges. Presently the quartermaster reports them in sight and preparations are made for getting the coal on board. The barges come alongside and are made fast. The men tumble into them and begin the hot, dusty, choking labor of filling the bags, or other receptacles, with coal. The bags are hoisted in over the side and the coal is passed to the bunkers. The air around the ship is filled with the fine black dust. The men's faces become grimed with it. Their nostrils smart with it, and their eyes run tears which plough black and white furrows down their cheeks. But the word is "Hurry," for to-day we must take aboard one hundred tons of fuel for our roaring furnaces, and to-morrow away to sea to hunt the flying Spaniard.

The coal is aboard and a short, puffy navy-yard tug comes snorting and fuming alongside. On her deck stands our paymaster's clerk with a bundle of papers—invoices of stores. The deck around him is covered with heavy boxes and barrels. Man the tackles again, lads. Here are 1,000 pounds of beef and 1,000 pounds of pork. See that you store the pork on the starboard side and the beef to port, or you'll hear from the Executive Officer. Bear a hand now, up with those fifty barrels of hard tack and in with those fifty barrels of beans. Here are bushels and bushels of potatoes, and one hundred twelve-pound cans of corned beef. Where on earth can we be going? It's a far cruise this time, boys, with blue water under the forefoot and a long roll to leeward. Strike the boxes and barrels below. Get the hose out and flush down the decks. Drive the dust and dirt down the scuppers into the sea. Call all hands. Up anchor. Four bells and ahead full speed. Turn to and clean the guns. Out to sea we go again. Put out every light on the ship. You, officers, if you wish to leave the ward-room to go on deck, see that you close one door before you open another. Not for your lives must you let a gleam of light flash out. No pipes nor cigars on deck. Some unseen enemy might spy the light. No talking; that might be heard. Through the fathomless gloom, a dim, uncertain shape, our vessel steals, watching the gloomy depths around her through a hundred restless eyes. Yonder comes the gray and yellow of a misty dawn at sea. Jaundiced lights and ashen shadows play along the water and flicker against the mouse-like skin of our ship. A man comes up from below in a hurry. He speaks to the officer of the watch. The next instant the rapid ringing of the ship's bell is heard, followed by some blasts of the bugle. It is the call to fire quarters. Is there really a fire on board or is it only a drill?

Jacky must not ask questions, but must bound to his post. Fire quarters means all hands. Officers who were up most of the night must turn out. Engineers rush to the engine-room or to the pumps. Divisional officers dash to the parts of the ship in which their divisions are situated. Every man in the ship knows his duty. The fire-station bill shows it. Some uncoil and lead out hose, while others are coupling it. Others get the nozzles and screw them on. Still others close ports and water-tight bulkheads. Some get hammocks and prepare to smother flames, and others form bucket lines. The engineer force looks after pumps and connections. The ship hums with the rapid rush of feet, but no one speaks except those who have commands to give, and all hands are alert and well-disciplined.

Was there really a fire? Yes, away



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down in a gloomy place below decks, and some dark-faced fire-room workers put it out by turning steam on it. Bugler, sound the call to secure. Coil up the hose. Restore the hammocks and the buckets. All quiet again, and an eye out on every point of the compass. What will it be next?

It is a nerve-racking life in time of war, and might be a demoralizing one in time of peace. It wears out Jacky's heart as well as his trousers and his shoes. So in days of comparative idleness he often amuses himself by printing a newspaper—the *Ocean Wave* or the *Bounding Billow*—with the latest news from the fo'k'sle, special dispatches from the boiler-rooms, and condensed rumors from that foreign land abaft the mainmast where the king and his court dwell.

When Jacky is not reading his paper, he helps the tailor to put together a white working suit of particularly natty cut, or the shoemaker to patch a hole in a shoe. Jacky's working suits are better than those for sale in the South Street stores, and Jacky has a knowing way of making a knife lanyard which is as ornamental as a lady's lace. And when Sunday morning inspection comes around, and the Captain gravely promenades the decks between the slightly swaying lines of sailor-men, some of them feel that perhaps his eagle eye has noted the special neatness of their "rig," and they are accordingly filled with the pride of their kind. For Jack, like other men, is fond of a good appearance, and it is only in the discharge of the grim duties of war or the grimy duties of coaling that he consents to give ocular proof of the fact that he, like the rest of us, is made of the dust of the earth.

Little enough does Jacky see of Sunday morning inspections in the seething days of the Havana blockade or the warlike watches off Santiago's doomed forts. Even the old familiar drill of clearing ship for action is out of practice there, for the ships lie cleared all the time. Clearing for action means removing from the decks everything that can in any possible manner impede the rapid and effective movement of the guns or be shattered by shell in such a way as to make dangerous splinters. Off Cuba the big war-ship lies cleared for action always. There are only a few things to be done when the call comes. Only a moment ago Jacky was reading his home-made paper, or watching the tailor mend his trousers. This minute the quartermaster on watch has reported the flagship's signal to go to general quarters, and the bugle has sounded the call.

The marine sergeant has bounded from his desk; the tailor has stopped his needle; the ward-room boy has dropped the half-cleaned dish; the cadet has left the unfinished letter to his mother, and the lieutenant his half-smoked pipe. The marines have dashed to their places at the secondary battery, and the seamen to theirs at the great guns. The cadet has gone to the masthead to keep the range, and the lieutenant is on the gun-platform of the after turret, between the two 13-inch guns. The ward-room boy and the rest of the powder division have gone to the magazines and shell-lockers.

"Cast loose and provide."

Training and elevating gear is loosed and tested; breech-blocks are thrown open, gas-checks are examined, implements necessary for the working of the guns are provided. In the turrets the hydraulic power is turned on, and the smoke-fans are started. But there is little to do. In these days we are ready all the time. In a moment comes the order to load. The ammunition-hoists in the turrets come clanking up with the huge projectiles and the massive cartridges. The hydraulic rammer glides forward and pushes the great 1,100-pound shell into the chamber; the powder follows, and the big breech-plug is swung into place and locked. The electric wire is attached to the primer. Jacky, stripped to the waist, the perspiration pouring off him in audible streams, falls back. The lieutenant on the gun-platform turns the brass circles on the sighting-telescopes to the correct range. He opens the hydraulic valve and elevates the breech of the gun. He whirls the little wheel in front of him and revolves the turret. Good! Now he puts his hand on the exhaust-valve. The breech of the gun comes slowly down; the muzzle goes slowly up. It reaches its level. The lieutenant touches the electric button. There is an appalling roar. The tremendous breech of the gun comes thundering back along its recoil-rail. The turret fills with whirling smoke and stifling odor. It trem-

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bles on its firm base. But Jacky has opened the big breech and is sending a hose-stream of water in to clear the gun for the next shot.

Thus in the turret. On the superstructure a dozen six-pound rapid-fire guns are yelling in short, sharp yells and hurling a hail of steel at the shore batteries. The ship moves slowly along her coarse, surrounded by a vast curtain of swirling smoke pierced with long spurts of gleaming flame. The chief quartermaster, silent and stern, keeps his eye glued upon the compass-bowl as he steers the ship. Shells shriek overhead and burst on every hand. The captain peers through the slits in the conning-tower, and issues his orders to his aides in quick words or silent gestures. The ship's company is at work, and the enemy is driven from his guns. A few hours hence, and the silence and gloom of the night-watch will settle down again, and Jacky, sleeping beside his steel thunderer, will dream of a navy-yard wharf, shore-liberty, a river of grog, and a mountain of tobacco.

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# THE CALL OF THE BUGLES

## By Richard Hovey

Bugles!
And the Great Nation thrills and leaps to arms!
Prompt, unconstrained, immediate,
Without misgiving and without debate,
Too calm, too strong for fury or alarms,
The people blossoms armies and puts forth
The splendid summer of its noiseless might;
For the old sap of fight
Mounts up in South and North,
The thrill
That tingled in our veins at Bunker Hill
And brought to bloom July of 'Seventy-six.
Pine and palmetto mix
With the sequoia of the giant West
Their ready banners, and the hosts of war,
Near and far,
Sudden as dawn,
Innumerable as forests, hear the call
Of the bugles,
The battle-birds!

For not alone the brave, the fortunate,
Who first of all
Have put their knapsacks on—
They are the valiant vanguard of the rest!
Not they alone but all our millions wait,
Hand on sword,
For the word
That bids them bid the nations know us sons of Fate!

Bugles!
And in my heart a cry,
—Like a dim echo far and mournfully
Blown back to answer them from yesterday!
A soldier's burial!
November hillsides and the falling leaves
Where the Potomac broadens to the tide;
The crisp autumnal silence and the gray
(As of a solemn ritual
Whose congregation glories as it grieves,
Widowed but still a bride);
The long hills sloping to the wave;
And the lone bugler standing by the grave!

Taps!
The lonely call over the lonely woodlands!
Rising like the soaring of wings,

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Like the flight of an eagle !
Taps !
They sound forever in my heart !

From farther still,
The echoes !—still the echoes !
The bugles of the dead
Blowing from spectral ranks an answering cry !
The ghostly roll of immaterial drums,
Beating réveillé in the camps of dream,
As from far meadows comes
Over the pathless hill,
The irremeable stream !
I hear the tread
Of the great armies of the Past go by ;
I hear
Across the wide sea-wash of years between
Concord and Valley Forge shout back from the unseen
And Vicksburg give a cheer !

Peace to the valiant, sleep and honored rest !
But we—awake !
Ours to remember them with deeds like theirs !
From sea to sea the insistent bugle blares ;
The drums will not be still for any sake ;
And as an eagle rears his crest,
Defiant, from some tall pine of the North,
And spreads his wings to fly,
The banners of America go forth
Against the clarion sky.
Veteran and volunteer,
They who were comrades of that shadow host
And the young brood whose veins renew the fires
That burned in their great sires,
Alike we hear
The summons sounding clear
From coast to coast—
The cry of the bugles,
The battle-birds !

The imperious bugles !
Still their call
Soars like an exaltation to the sky ;
They call on men to fall,
To die—
Remembered or forgotten, but a part
Of the great beating of the nation's heart !
A call to sacrifice !
A call to victory !
Hark, in the empyrean
The battle-birds !
The bugles !

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# MUTINY ON THE FLAG-SHIP

By Anna A. Rogers

THERE were mornings of hard work among the wives of the North Atlantic squadron at the rendezvous in Hampton Roads, before the fleet went South for the winter. And afternoons of gayety, laughter, music and dancing, for it must be done with a brave front, as sailors return to their ship after burying a comrade in some far strange land, their feet keeping step to a wanton jig, even if hearts lag a bit out of time. And there were long quiet evenings spent apart loverlike, by each couple, young and old alike, in those strangely happy homes in the Navy, that have no habitation, but where reigns good love and an abiding tenderness, preserved with pathetic significance, by separation and the ever-haunting element of danger.

Some of the women had a way of meeting after breakfast in Mrs. Kirk's rooms at the hotel at Old Point Comfort, as she, among other advantages, always travelled with a hand-sewing machine, and a wonderful arrangement of her own for heating an iron over gas-jets. So in face of all the bed-linen, towels, and napkins to be hemmed and marked for the sea-outfits, besides the usual ingenious beautifying of cramped state-rooms, to acknowledge Mrs. Kirk's popularity once for all had at least the merit of frankness.

"Where do you get all your ideas?" exclaimed little Miss Catherwood, who had just borrowed a pattern of the very last thing in ornamentally useless shoe-bags, and was slashing excitedly into pale green denim, sitting on the floor under Mrs. Kirk's eyes.

"My dear child, I've been 'on the road,' as Joe calls it, twenty-three years. I've fitted that man out for sea six times, counting broken cruises, you know; besides my son's two Academy cruises, to say nothing whatever of three ward-room messes; for I couldn't let those poor men —of course Joe said it was none of my business, and if he didn't give me enough trouble to keep me occupied it could be easily remedied—you know the way he goes on! Well, all the same I simply could not sit still and see them pay the scandalous prices they always do for table-cloths—ordinary checker-board trash, mind you—and china, and glass and——"

"Thanks be to what's-his-name, those days are over!" interrupted Mrs. Holster, in her rattling way. She was short and stout and purple in the face as she knelt before a flat-topped trunk eking out, by agonized pressure, the waning heat of a flat-iron, on a last pillow-case corner.

"I remember the days when it used to cost the doctor seventy-five dollars to fit out for sea-service. Now, since the Department supplies the mess things, we get off with about twenty-five," remarked pale, serious Mrs. Cleveling, who admittedly did not show for it, but who was known to have that rare form of naval happiness called "money of her own."

"As I was saying," resumed Mrs. Kirk, a little austerely at the interruption, naturally expecting a sort of grateful attention at least, in return for other more tangible liberalities.

"Come in!" screamed Mrs. Holster, who never burdened herself with points of etiquette, in response to a knock at the door.

Mrs. Kirk raised her eyebrows, deliberately took off her glasses, then arose and opened the door, the embroidered sponge-bag still in her hand.

"Mrs. Catherwood's compliments, and is Mrs. Kirk at home?" said the bell-boy, lifelessly.

"Well—er," hesitated Mrs. Kirk, turning and eying the general condition of congested confusion.

"We'd all better leave," suggested Mrs. Cleveling, calmly threading the needle of the sewing-machine.

"Just give us two seconds to scratch up our things," seconded Mrs. Holster, making a palpable feint at moving.

Miss Catherwood alone scrambled to her feet at the first word of the bell-boy,

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jumbled all her work together, and slipped out of the door.

"Oh, not at all," ventured Mrs. Kirk, watching the others attentively.

"Mrs. Catherwood's compliments, and is Mrs.——" again began the colored boy, as irritably as he dared.

"I quite understand, Robert, and you may say to Mrs. Catherwood that Mrs. Kirk is at home——"

"I declare it's too bad," ejaculated Mrs. Holster, in a greatly relieved tone, settling down comfortably beside the trunk.

"——and will see her in the ladies' reception-room," continued Mrs. Kirk, triumphantly.

An imbittered silence followed Mrs. Kirk's smiling exit.

Finally Mrs. Cleveling sighed and said:

"I think she might have let her come right in, she's only one of us after all, with all her airs—and it wouldn't have hurt anybody, that I can see."

"It's something about Molly Catherwood's engagement, you may be sure. Mrs. Kirk and Mrs. Catherwood have been at it tooth and nail, ever since Mr. Spencer proposed and was accepted. He's one of Mrs. Kirk's pets, you know. I can't get much out of her—she's as tight's an oyster—but I worm it out of James, and there's precious little those men miss! They say Mrs. Catherwood seems to fairly hate her stepdaughter, and is moving heaven and earth to break the engagement. The Admiral's as helpless as a baby in his wife's hands. He's one of those domestic-peace-at-any-price sort of men, you know. Mrs. Kirk says he's out of his element on land. And do you know, Mrs. Cleveling—of course you won't repeat this—they say the step-mother sent for Mr. Spencer, since we've been here, and told him that he ought to release Molly, as there's somebody else the girl really cared for, and she considered it her duty to——"

"No!" cried the other, stopping in the middle of a seam in the laundry-bag.

"Yes, indeed, and Mr. Spencer was perfectly wild, and rushed back to the ship and wrote an awful letter to Molly, and Molly didn't understand, and was half-crazy, until she sent for Mrs. Kirk—her own mother's old friend—and how long do you think it took that woman to untangle the whole thing?" Mrs. Holster demanded, laughingly.

"She's a handful," said the other.

"Precisely forty-five minutes—you see, Mr. Spencer had to signal for a shore-boat after he got her note."

"Well, if Mrs. Kirk's backing her, and I'm any judge, Molly'll marry her ensign in the end," and Mrs. Cleveling gave a dry little laugh, as she shook and began folding her work.

"Exactly so," giggled Mrs. Holster. After which they felt mutually impelled to rise and leave, but not before putting everything in almost painful order, and picking up the very last thread.

There was a hop on the flag-ship that afternoon, from three to six, to which the Admiral's wife did not go, but to which her step-daughter did, under Mrs. Kirk's eagle wing.

"How did you manage it?" whispered the girl, nestling up to her friend in the steam-launch, her brown, clear child's eyes looking gratefully up into the gray-haired woman's deeply lined, lovable old face.

"There's a way of thundering generalities at long range, and if one's aim is anyway good; little pop-gun personalities are very soon silenced—you may find it useful to remember that some day, dear," was the unsatisfactory reply.

As Mrs. Kirk stepped on deck a few minutes later, a broad-shouldered young officer seized her hand and whispered:

"Is she here? Did you bring her? Has she come, Mrs. Kirk? I haven't really let myself more than hope, but as I have the deck, I couldn't get ashore to find out, and——"

"If you'll stop talking one second, Basil Spencer, and give me a chance, I was about to tell you that she——"

"You angel!" he cried; and against all maritime and social laws, he squeezed by the line of people filing up the gangway ladder, and grasped the little white-gloved hand held out from the shadowed depths of the steam-launch.

"It's barn I was and bred in a bit av a lane contagious to Ballyneen—Cark, ye know—and I'll take me oat' to the sound av birds a-mating, and that's moighty loike

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the chune av it," said Moriarty—machinist—with one hand on a lever in the launch and jerking the other toward the young couple scrambling up the swaying gangway.

And the fireman, with the smile of a man of even superior experience, thought so too.

Three things combined to the happy working-out of an idea, which had possessed Mrs. Kirk for about twenty-four hours. First, Ensign Spencer being officer of the deck, could not dance, but was amenable to restricted conversation; second, the Admiral was there and his wife, very unwisely, was not; third, Lieutenant Commander Kirk was ashore on official duty with the Fleet Paymaster—and so safely out of sight and sound.

Mrs. Kirk felt it to be one of the many substantial compensations of middle age, that she could rise at will, cross the deck, and boldly pin down the ensign's wandering attention.

"Look at me, Mr. Spencer, and listen. The little figure in gray is still there: and, moreover, although she is dancing with a lot of other men—all of whom doubtless adore her—still I can assure you that she has confessed to a misguided preference for you; so be at peace and give me your whole attention for five minutes, if you can."

With a thumb stuck into his belt, he bowed low before her.

"You know perfectly well, madam, that at the merest hint I am all yours, forever and aye, eyes, ears, head, heart ——"

"Oh, hush, boy, I want to talk sense for once, and I'm in a hurry. Now, may I say anything, ask anything I like?"

In the most débonair way in the world he smiled, throwing out and waving the hand which held the spy-glass; but the smile fled and it went through him like a galvanic shock, when she asked, sternly:

"Are you in debt, sir?"

"Well, by Jove!" he stammered, blinking at her with his merry gray eyes.

"Shocking, isn't it? Well, I have no daughters, but I have theories, and I'm working out one of them. I like you immensely, always have; approve of Molly's choice and all that—but there's a lot I must know before I really let myself go. Well, you haven't answered me."

"I don't owe a copper cash on earth, Mrs. Kirk."

"Paid for all your uniforms?"

"Yes."

"Including the last change of the last Secretary in the cap, shoulder-straps, and blouse?"

He laughed and nodded.

"Got anything on the books?"

"Six hundred and thirty-four dollars since Molly said 'yes,' and of course I joined the Mutual Aid," he replied, proudly: "Stingy? Why my wine bill for last month was just seventy cents, and I begrudged that."

"Good! Well—er, is there possibly anyone dependent upon you?"

"Not now," he said, gently, "there's only my sister left and my pay wouldn't keep her in white violets."

"Perhaps there's a little something outside your pay?" wheedled Mrs. Kirk. He fairly shouted:

"Oh, come in! take a chair, get out your knitting, do; make yourself perfectly at home," he mocked.

"I propose to my young friend."

"Well, yes—there's about seven and a half cents a year—nothing to blow about."

"Molly has about 'seven and a half cents' too, from her mother."

"Has she? I didn't know," he muttered, hastily, in the American shamefaced way.

"Yes, and everything counts in the Navy; it'll come in very handy some day. I remember so well at the end of the first month we were married, there was exactly five dollars left of the family funds, and we tossed up to see whether he should buy one of the new-shaped derby hats, or I a pair of cork-soled boots I had taken a fancy to. Joe won it, and then, bless you! we spent it like the two happy young idiots we were, on the theatre and oysters and musty ale afterwards—down Boston way."

They laughed together, and then he asked, meekly, still not daring to let his eyes wander:

"Please, ma'am, is the little figure in gray still there?"

"It is, and dancing with a far handsomer man than you."

"Who's that?" he demanded, sharply,

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turning truculently to see, to her intense delight.

"You may go now; I've done with you."

He strode away, but after a few steps he returned and exclaimed:

"By the bye, Mrs. Kirk, what was it all about, anyway? This catechism? And have I passed?"

She waved him off.

"You have passed—the rest is my affair."

The rest seemed to consist in tracking Admiral Catherwood to his cabin, where, having a slight cold, he held a reception between dances all the afternoon.

Mrs. Kirk waited for one of the lulls in the intermittent stream and then settled comfortably down on the transom beside his desk.

The Chief Engineer was turning over photographs in the after-cabin, and beside him the widow whose open designs upon him was one of the jokes of the flag-ship, so Mrs. Kirk had the Admiral quite to herself.

"It seems like old times to come into your cabin for a little chat," she began, smiling into the fine, white-bearded face before her.

"A long, long time ago, wasn't it, Mrs. Kirk?" he said, smiling back.

"You were captain then—one of the war captains, weren't you? And we were all young together."

"In the Mediterranean."

"Yes."

"Remember Venice?"

"Dear old days!"

There was a short silence, then he glanced about and lowered his voice.

"She—she had an especial fondness for Venice, do you remember?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember that morning on the piazza when the pigeon lighted on her shoulder——"

"A little white one, yes."

"And she suddenly ran to me and burst out crying, to our dismay, and she said it was all too good to last, she was too happy, too——" His voice broke, and hers took it up and mused very softly, to give him time.

"And she dropped her little cornucopia of corn, and the pigeons came in a whirl about us, standing there in the warm sunshine."

She waited a moment in silent sympathy and then said:

"Molly grows more and more like her mother every day, don't you think so, Admiral?"

"Yes, but she'll never be as beautiful. And yet it almost hurts sometimes; and one evening (I think I must have been dozing) I called her by her mother's name. It was a shock to us all," he added, grimly.

Mrs. Kirk found no difficulty in imagining the situation in its several bearings.

"I wonder," he began, hesitatingly, turning toward the desk in his revolving chair—"do you know, Mrs. Kirk, I've got a little carte de visite of Annie, I'd like to show you. I like it better than any I ever had of her."

He gave an embarrassed cough, and then began fumbling with the lock of one of the side-drawers of his desk. She sat watching him with kindly eyes, as he leaned over a bundle tied separately, from which he gently drew an envelope. And then it was his turn to watch Mrs. Kirk's face for a reflex of his own admiration.

A much more acute observer of women than the Admiral would never have supposed for an instant that she considered it a wretched likeness of a much-loved face, nor that she was saying to herself, at that moment:

"The longer the Admiral is married to the second Mrs. Catherwood, the more tender grow all memories of the first Mrs. Catherwood."

It was very easy after that for her to say, making a move at last on the board she had set to her liking:

"Well, if Mr. Spencer will only make Molly half as happy as you did her mother——"

"Why, there's nothing in that, is there?" he asked, surprised.

"There's everything in it, Admiral."

"Is that so? Is that so? Mrs. Catherwood seems to think it'll blow over. To be sure, Molly came off one night and took dinner here alone with me, and she told me a long rigmarole, and laughed and teased and whispered with her little nose tucked into my blouse, but I didn't pay

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much attention to it, especially after I'd talked it over with Mrs. Catherwood."

"It's hard to give up our babies, isn't it?" she said, gently; "but Annie's little girl is a woman now, and she has chosen, and Joe and I think very wisely. I've known him since he was a cadet; he graduated in my boy's plebe year."

"Fine enough young fellow, as far as I know; but, good Lord, Mrs. Kirk, he's only an ensign."

"Annie fell in love with an ensign once."

"So she did; so she did," he laughed, softly to himself, and added, naïvely:

"But what Molly can find in young Spencer to want to spend her entire life with him, is beyond me!"

It was her turn to laugh, saying:

"Don't you think all our marriages are more or less of a mystery to our relations?"

"Um—— Yes, I dare say, and to ourselves, too, sometimes," he ruminated; then he recognized his inadvertence with a start, and asked, quickly:

"You were saying ——?"

"That you have no real objection to him, then."

"No, no; not in the least—and we must have Annie's wee bairn happy—I insist on that," he said, with all the vehemence of cowardice.

"Because, of course, I would not push anything you personally opposed for the world, and I warn you, Admiral, I've gone heart and soul in for this little love-affair." She arose as she spoke, and held out her hand.

The Chief Engineer rewarded Mrs. Kirk with a glance of strenuous gratitude, then she approached and carried off the reluctant widow.

"She'll land you yet, Chief," laughed the Admiral, when they had the cabin to themselves. Smiling feebly and muttering something about "signing the steam-log," the old Chief slunk sheepishly away.

Mr. Spencer had been relieved at eight bells, had laid aside the belt and binocular of office, and had assumed an immediate continuous and triumphant guard over the small person in gray.

He had cornered her, so that no living thing born of woman could approach her, and there Mrs. Kirk's sweeping glance found and brooded over them.

They were past the laughing ripple and splash of love running over its first sunny shallows, and were among the sad, sweet silences of deeper pools, farther down nearer the sea of nature's ends, and the gray eyes looked into the brown eyes smilelessly.

"Molly," demanded Mrs. Kirk, abruptly, an hour later, as they walked down the wharf to the hotel, "has the Admiral's wife really anyone else in her mind, or is it a man of straw?"

"I'm afraid so," was the luminous reply.

"Rich, old, wicked and hideous," asserted Mrs. Kirk, fiercely.

"Handsome, stupid, young, only what's called 'rising,' I believe; but oh, Mrs. Kirk! he's perfectly, awfully, disgustingly horrid."

"Some sort of relation of hers, perchance."

"How did you know?" in amazement.

Mrs. Kirk cleverly turned a scornful snort into an extremely lady-like cough.

That evening she noticed that Molly did not appear at dinner, and she strolled past the Catherwood table on her way out, and stopped to inquire.

"Mary overdid it this afternoon, as she always does when I'm not with her," was the sweet response, with that voice and air of ultra-refinement that Mrs. Kirk found so wearing. The Admiral started to say something, but changed his mind, and Mrs. Kirk passed on.

"Oh, Mrs. Kirk, please, please stop one minute—come into my room—something awful's happened. I've been watching for you," cried a forlorn little figure in a voluminous wrapper, darting out suddenly upon her.

Mrs. Kirk threw out an arm and swept the girl back into her room, shut and locked the door, closed the transom in a flash, then extended both arms toward Molly, who cast herself into them and broke into violent sobs.

"Oh, nothing's quite so hopeless as that, dear heart; nothing's as bad as that," cooed Mrs. Kirk in her motherly way, patting Molly's shoulder, and letting her have her cry out. Finally came in gasps:

"She—she's just told us—papa and me—that she's booked us for Havre—she and I—to sail next Wednesday—and the fleet

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doesn't sail till Saturday; and that—that man is going, too, for he wrote me so months ago. And papa said—Oh, Mrs. Kirk, papa said: 'D—damn everything!' and that did seem just—just too much," and Molly renewed her weeping.

"I should think it might," came soothingly from Mrs. Kirk.

"And they'll hide letters and things—I'm just as sure—and ruin both our lives forever and ever—Basil's and mine."

"So that's why your father couldn't meet my eye to-night, poor old dear," was Mrs. Kirk's sole comment.

After awhile, she said:

"Go and bathe your face now, Molly, and when you get quite quiet again, come and sit down here opposite me; I've got something to say. I made up my mind yesterday to interfere—although it's a thing I'm constitutionally opposed to, as you know—and this only hurries matters somewhat."

When the poor little grief-distorted face was turned to her once more, Mrs. Kirk drew a long breath, and leaning forward, said:

"Now are you ready for something tremendous? Something radical?"

"Anything you——" A sharp rap on the door made them both start guiltily, and they waited in silence with fingers on their lips, until an impatient swish of vanishing skirts announced a danger passed.

"Then if you and Mr. Spencer have a grain of sense and will-power between you, you'll get married at once—here, this week, at the Post Chapel, and then you and I can join the fleet later at Key West when they go there for drills; and then we——"

"Mrs. Kirk!" cried the girl, now on her feet, staring wildly, "that's just what Basil was begging me to do this afternoon!"

"Sensible Basil! Oh, I'll put you through—leave them all to me." Mrs. Kirk was extremely exhilarated.

"It can't be done—it simply cannot be done," protested Molly, walking to and fro excitedly, the tide of difficulties rising momentarily around her very feet.

"You—you haven't anything that would do for a quiet morning wedding, have you? Something that would be suitable, with a bunch of roses and just the right hat and gloves?" The younger woman hesitated, and forthwith fell into the trap.

"My new winter suit came this very morning from Baltimore. It might—I don't know—" Molly began to laugh, recklessly.

"It's not black?" fairly shrieked the other in a sudden panic.

"No, the new blue."

"Something new,
Something blue,"

sang Mrs. Kirk, breaking off suddenly with "Hat too? The whole business?"

"The whole business."

"Let me see it," ordered Mrs. Kirk, rising, and after that of course the rest of it was a mere matter of time.

A half hour later, just as Mrs. Kirk was leaving the room, the girl flew up to her and then stood silent, with flushed, downcast face, pretending a sudden interest in the other's belt-ribbon.

"What is it, Molly?"

Miss Catherwood reached up and drew the gray head down to her and whispered:

"You mustn't—please, don't write and let Basil think I've—I've jumped at it, will you?"

Justly indignant, Mrs. Kirk replied:

"What sort of a woman do you take me for?"

"Well, I was just going back to the ship," remarked Lieutenant-Commander Kirk, savagely, when his wife finally swept into their apartment and found him, watch in hand, obstinately refusing to do anything but count the flying moments.

"I've been waiting exactly three-quarters of an hour; and considering the fact that I've been on duty for the last forty-eight hours, I did expect——"

"Joe Kirk, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't you suppose I'd far rather be sitting quietly here, worshipping you, than trying to untie knots in other people's lives, and sacrificing every inclination I have?" she exclaimed, wrathfully.

He began to laugh and sat watching her, with eyes in which his own wrath had suddenly died completely away.

"Well, Sue, so you're at it again," was all he said; and although she struggled against it, she soon added her laugh to his. Then she went to him with the old caress she knew he was waiting for.

"Listen!" she exclaimed, standing back before his chair, and she poured out the

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whole plot down to the benediction. Then she braced herself for the verdict.

He began solemnly, his eyes on the chandelier :

"'The punishment of death or such other punishment as a court-martial may adjudge, may be inflicted on any person in——'"

"Joe, what *do* you mean?"

He mumbled on :

"'——Who makes or attempts to make, or unites with any——'"

"Joseph D. Kirk, if you——"

"'——does not immediately communicate his knowledge to his superior or commanding officer,'" he ended, impressively. Then when he was tired of laughing at her, he said :

"Why, Sue, its mutiny, that's what it is! And somebody will dangle on the yard-arm for it—you'll see."

"You don't suppose——" she began, nervously.

"Oh, go on, go on ! have your fun out, amuse yourself, dear ; don't mind me," he cried, in evident enjoyment.

Mrs. Kirk was never very clear in her mind about the next three days, but several facts stood clearly out from the general jumble. Notably, Mrs. Clevering's marvellously successful trip to Baltimore in Miss Catherwood's behalf, where the lengths to which she made a very modest check go, were almost beyond belief. While Mrs. Holster, although hysterical from excitement, cut, ripped, sewed, and pressed till Molly fairly cried over a blister she discovered on her small, fat thumb.

"People have such an aggravating way of disproving one's previous estimate of them when it comes to emergencies," remarked Mrs. Kirk to her husband, who found the whole situation singularly stimulating.

Mrs. Kirk, among other things, had had a short talk with Mrs. Catherwood, then a long talk with the Admiral, who then had a very brief one with his wife, the result being that he retreated to the flag-ship, and did not come ashore till the day of the wedding, while Mrs. Catherwood had her meals served in her room and refused to see anyone.

The four other women in the "Navy corner" met and conspired together in Mrs. Kirk's historic rooms, where Mr. Spencer was wont to vent publicly upon her thin, cold knuckles, in a manner hitherto quite foreign to him, some of his pent-up gratitude.

"You angel !" again fell from his lips.

"Ah, if I could only convince Joe of that," she sighed ; thereupon Molly appealed to the others, and pouted and scolded with the prettiest pretense of jealous rage, her eyes and cheeks and voice one quiver and blaze of happiness.

Mrs. Catherwood did the right thing in the end, as Mrs. Kirk felt almost sure she would, and none but the few initiated ever fancied what was hidden beneath that gracious smile and motherly solicitude.

The radiant, insistent presence of Mr. Spencer's sister "in a costume," as Mrs. Holster said, "that simply placed the whole affair," helped them all to that conventional pose, which Mrs. Kirk yearned for with an inconsistency that even she found incorrigible.

There was the usual crush and perfumed rustle in the little old church inside the fort ; the organ throbbing through the vibrating silence ; the lane of softened light from the open door ; the women with that air of festivity that they always manage to achieve on even the most limited notice ; the officers from the fleet and garrison in their several uniforms ; flowers here and there in high light ; then silence—and the chaplain of the flag-ship began to read the service in a voice that sent a quiver of relief through Mrs. Kirk's over-wrought nerves. She stared at the Admiral's epaulets, and above them at his silvery head before the altar, with tired eyes that would fill with tears in memory of old days, when all their heads were young ; and then she felt about blindly, until her hand found rest in Joe's strong quiet grasp of perfect understanding.

"I'm after tellin' yer !" whispered Moriarty, with a poke at the fireman, as he sent the steam-launch flying on its way to the flag-ship, where the Admiral gave the wedding-breakfast.

And while the launch waited, floating idly, Moriarty went back to it, more at his ease.

"Cushla machree !" he cried, with a kiss to the ship.

"Colleen bawn !" returned the fireman,

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not to be left behind at weddings, if only hailing from the Bowery.

"Agus asthore!" snapped Moriarty, firing up.

"Alannah!"

"Musha!"

"Mavourneen!"

"Manim asthee hu, asthore galh machree!" hissed Moriarty wildly, and the fireman gave it up.

Later, after the young couple had slipped away to Virginia Beach—so they said, one never knows—the Admiral found a chance to say hurriedly to Mrs. Kirk, to her great bewilderment of mind:

"Don't blame me altogether, it was a sort of bargain, to make things go off smoothly for little Molly—please don't blame me altogether, and the boy's out there—and—and—you understand." But she didn't in the least till later.

She was in the depths of a natural reaction toward evening, when one of the Japanese ward-room boys from the flag-ship brought her a note from her husband.

"Poor old Sue, more trunks, more stifling cars, more rolling ships! We're on the road again, dear. I knew I'd hang for that mutiny, sooner or later. Orders have just come detaching me, and sending me to the command of that cherished old navy tub, the Monocacy, popularly known as the Jinrikisha, which is at present in sweet, savory Chemulpo. Never mind, old girl, the joy of saying 'I told you so,' tides over everything for me, and you're to go along, of course. I'll draw three months' advance—so cheer up, your blessed boy is out there; we'll see him in Kobe, if all goes well—and then I'll command my first ship at last!"

"Joe, Joe, what have I done?" wailed Mrs. Kirk, tears running down her face. "This is her work—the—the fiend! She bullied the Admiral into it—that's what he meant." Then suddenly she began to laugh. She dried her eyes, and just as she was, letter in hand, she knocked at Mrs. Catherwood's door, and burst into the room with nicely calculated impulse, and quite without her accustomed ceremony.

"Oh, do forgive my running in on you in this way, but I have a piece of good news that really wouldn't keep a second. Joe has just got orders to the China Station! Just what we've been plotting, and planning, and wire-pulling, and hoping, and longing for for two mortal years. My boy is out there; may be you didn't know? We have friends all over Asia; we were there ten years ago, and then Joe'll have his first command, and he's perfectly delighted, and we'll go out together overland and by mail steamer, and—it makes me feel young again, just to think of it;" she stopped, fairly out of breath.

"How very nice," was all Mrs. Catherwood said, but her thin, delicate face, had turned white, and her eyes were mere malignant slits as she faced her enemy.

"Now, I must go and tell the others, and write a good-by to the dear Admiral, and another to Molly Spencer—how smoothly that runs, doesn't it?" Mrs. Kirk went on almost girlishly; chuckling softly to herself, as she strode down the hall:

"I do wish Joe could have seen that!"

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# A NEW YORK DAY BY C. D. GIBSON

## "NOON"

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Luncheon.

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The May Queen.

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"On the Sidewalks of New York."

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Upper Broadway at Noon—Some Professional People.

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What his frowning gray eyes saw was not the oaken woodwork of the office.—Page 315.

# THE CONSCIENCE OF A BUSINESS MAN

## By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

A SMALL cyclone was blowing at the eight-inch mill of the Edgewater Steel Works. Sam Swift, the roller, commonly a mild and taciturn man, had been exasperated to the swearing point (which, in truth, is easy to reach in a rolling-mill !) by the persistent and heart-breaking stupidity of his finisher. The last offence was forgetting to grease the hole, causing the oval iron to stick, so that when the roller impatiently clapped his tongs to it, it was beyond a giant's muscles, and Swift had pulled it out of the guides, cursing. "Yesterday you tangled up the ovals, and to-day you forget the grease," he raged. "You're the worst man to poke in iron I ever did see ! Blank ! blank ! ! blank ! ! ! " —the finisher taking it all with exemplary patience, and Swift, amid his swelling fury, not losing a second, but rapidly and effectively pushing a new oval into the guides.

Finally the finisher opened his lips, but not to defend himself. He said, meekly, "Say, Sam, there's the kid and Mr. Jamieson and the old man coming our way, right behind you."

Sam remarked that he didn't care if the devil were coming ; but it was one thing to swear at his finisher himself, quite another to expose him to censure from the higher powers, and he subsided into a resentful silence.

Young Randall, the secretary, came first, a pleasant, cool figure, that steaming August day, in white duck, with a pink rose in his buttonhole. Next, Mr. Manning Jamieson, the treasurer, middle-aged,

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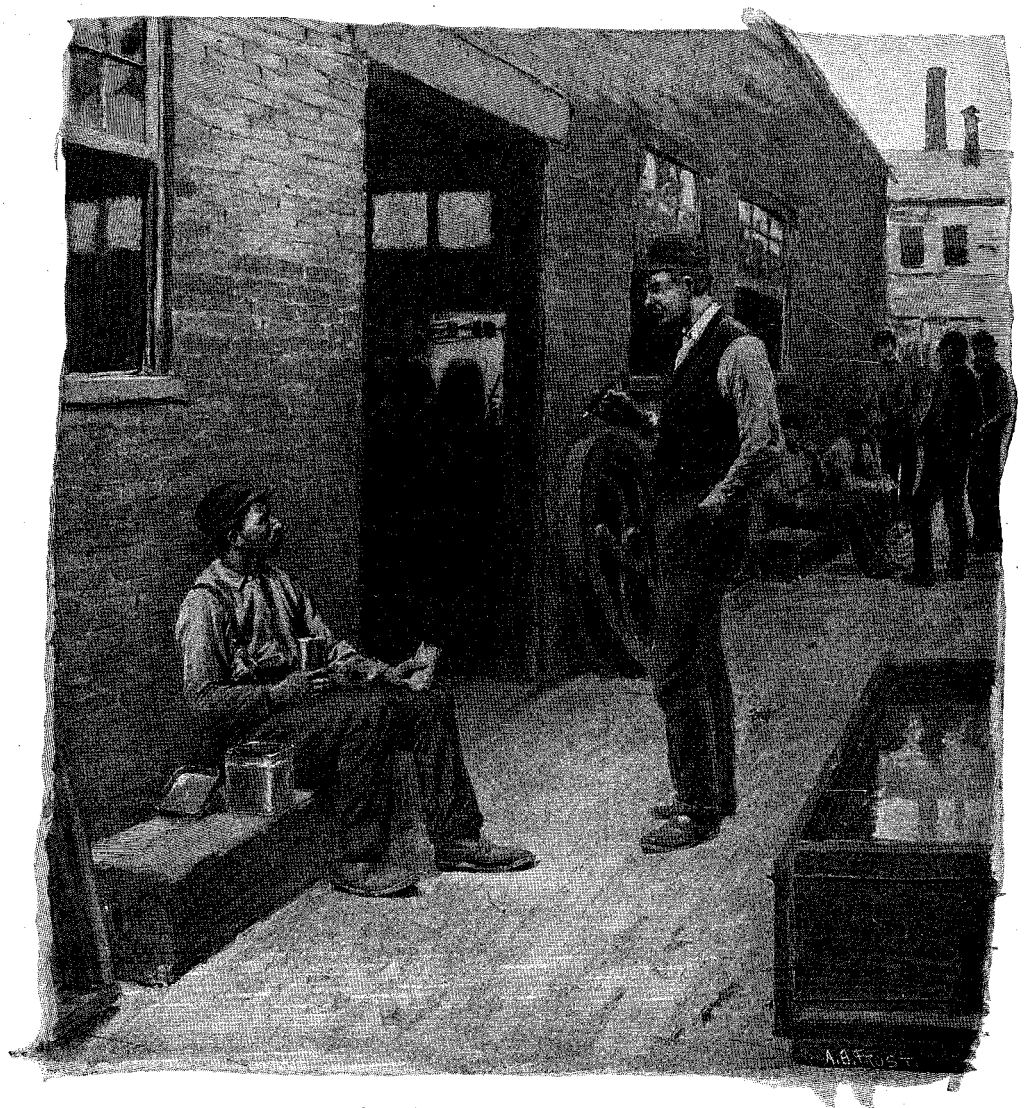
meagre, rather near-sighted, never knowing any of the men; and last, was the president, "the old man." Rivers was his name—Jabez Wentworth Rivers. He always signed it J. W. Rivers. He was of middle stature and full habit, and when moved to anger (which was oftener than was good for his soul) he would grow very red in the face. Randall, who had inherited his father's stock, and was but recently graduated from Harvard, considered his senior to be lacking in dignity. Secretly, also, he had feared that Rivers's business talents had been overrated. He was too cautious; he did not perceive business possibilities quickly. Randall said as much to Jamieson once; that was in the spring, and Jamieson had answered, grimly, "This is no year for branching out; the old man is right." To-day, Randall thought Jamieson was telling the truth. His eye wandered to the dinner-buckets that were coming into the mill.

"If we shut down what will they have to put in them?" he questioned, and his face darkened. He did not notice Swift smiling and nodding.

The roller's face fell. "Can't be he's



"Segars!" commented the roller.—Page 313.

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mad at me for anything," he thought. "Oh, I guess he's jest busy thinking." He liked the secretary—all the men liked him, he was so sunny and good-natured, and remembered their given names.

The old man rolled in, looking much as usual, finding time to stop and mutter over some ovals a fraction too small. Nobody else would have noticed them; they were accepted by an amiable inspector, without kicking, the next week. He nodded at Swift in passing. But the roller looked after him and shook his head. The old man was aging, or else something had gone wrong; he didn't have that drawn twitch about his mouth last week. At noon the heater of the twelve-inch mill sauntered up to Swift. He was a man who picked up all the shop gossip. "Hear they're going to shet down, Monday," he remarked.

"H——!" said the roller.

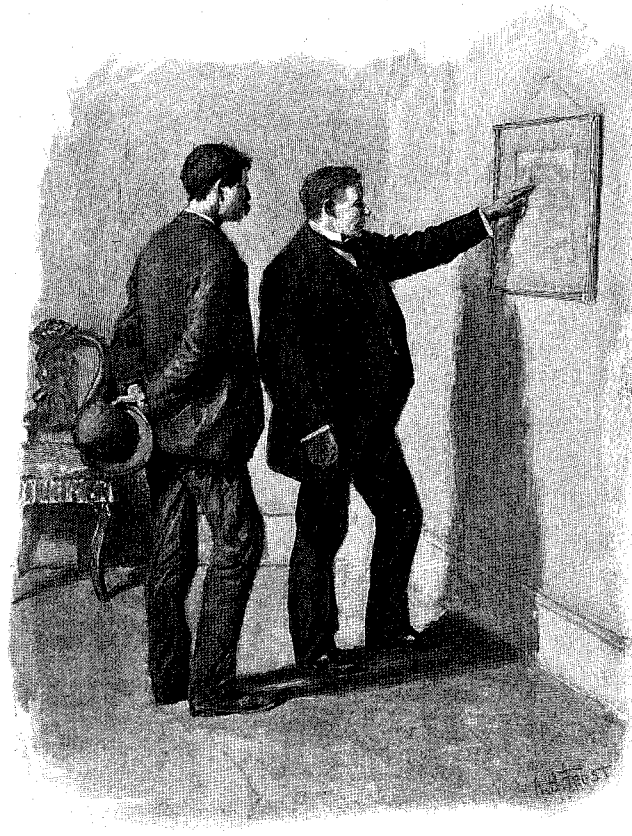
"Yes, sir; orders give out—folks won't specify. Waiting till after election, they say."

"Who told you?"

"Nev' mind; I ain't giving it away. Say, did you mind how glum the kid was?"

"What if he was?"

"That's what. He thinks it an all-fired shame, and so 'tis. Say, I got five children, oldest ain't 'leven. Mill I was working in last shet down and didn't run for two months. Save anything? How'n h—— kin I save anything, me in that fix? I tell you, Sammy, it's all wrong, jest like the kid says—I heard him talking to some girls he was taking over the works—our hull industrial system is wrong, says he. You bet your life it is, too! Look at old Rivers, s'posing they do shet down, 'twon't faze him. He'll be making a little less money, that's all; but you'n' me will



"He showed me Jabez's certificate."—Page 314.

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be skinning round for credit at the grocer and figurin' how often a week we dast have meat!"

"I guess it won't be precisely a picnic to Jabez Rivers," said the roller, mildly, as became a conservative and "better fixed" man. The roller had saved money; neither was he so rich in the poor man's joys as the other.

"Lemme tell you something. What do you think of a man who's going to spend forty or fifty thousand dollars buying a house while men are begging for work to keep their families? That's what he's going to do, and shet down his shops. Do you call that fair dealin'?"

"He's *got* a house; what do you mean?"

"I know he has—a fine one; that makes it worse. 'Tain't as if he was having to pay rent. No, sir; I know all about it."

"Maybe 'twould ease you a mite to spit it all out, then What's the old man wanting a fifty-thousand-dollar house for? He ain't one of them all-for-show folks. Never was."

The heater extracted a light-brown and slightly crumpled cigar from a pocket, lighted it, and puffed a second under the critical gaze of the roller.

"*Segars!*" commented the roller. "I smoke a pipe, but he with five children and his wife not rugged, he must have his *se*gar. Hm!" But this was in silence, and the heater continued, "Why, 'twas like this. The old man come round to the twelve-inch with Jamieson and they were talkin', and I heard him say, 'Yes, I got the cash together, fur'—I don't mind the name—'is after the place, too; but spot cash will be the temptation nobody can resist these days. I can tell you it was rather a job getting it myself, and I guess I sacrificed some things, but I tell you'—and when he got there the old man spoke kinder queer, dretful earnest I call it, and, says he, 'Jamieson, my mind's ben sot on gittin' that house ever sence I was a little shaver, worrying 'cause my mother was setting up nights to knit me mittens. First, I was going to buy it for my mother, then for my wife, and now, I guess it'll end in being for my daughter. That house used to be my grandfather's, and I guess there ain't a living being knows what I felt about gitting it back agin, but when I could buy it, I hadn't the money, and when I got the money the folks that had the house wouldn't sell it; but my chance is come,' says he. Then Jamieson, he mumbled something—he's kinder bloodless feller, Jamieson, you know—and they went away: But I know he's kep' at it. That's why we can't run the shops."

"If they shet down the shops," said Swift, dryly, disdaining to show any impression made on him by the other's narrative, "if they shet down the shops it will be because they can't run them on a profit Nobody's going to run shops at a loss. *You* wouldn't in the old man's place."

"I wouldn't make my profit out of flesh and blood, I know that much," said the heater, doggedly; "but I know the Rivers tribe, root and branch. They're hard, driving men. I come from Jabez Rivers's town, and my father's seen him when he needed shoes on his feet, too. He needn't talk so big. His father was none too fine a man—got drunk and squandered his money, and his ma took in sewing. He'd ought to know how it feels to have your stomach pinched; he's had many a hungry day, I guess, himself. But his grandfather, the old judge, he was a cruel old tyrant; and the old man's a chip of the same block; and he forgets how he was poor himself, and takes it out of the poor man. You'd think he'd sorter want to help a man come from his own town ——"

"He did give you a job," said Swift.

"A job! Ain't I give him good work?"

"Well, you're all right when you're steady; but last week when the old man come round I looked to see you git a walking ticket——"

"I was doing my work if I was a bit in liquor!"

"A bit is it? a *good* bit. I seen him squinting his eyes at you, and I could not make out why he turned the other way and never took no notice. I can, now. It's lucky for you you come from the same town."

The townsman sneered, but made no reply, while Swift drank the last swallows of his coffee, and said that his wife certainly did make good coffee.



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"I don't expect *my* wife'll have a chance next week to make any coffee, good or bad," was the heater's dismal comment; "but you bet the Rivers won't stint in *their* coffee! I swear I don't think it fair dealing—one man's to git all the good things of living and another, jest's good, to go sweating out his days and glad for a drop of whiskey to forget his misery!"

"If it comes to that, where's the fairness of the Lord's making one man smart and another a poor, shiftless fool, don't know enough to keep a job when he gits it?"

"There ain't so much difference in men's intellecks, if you come to that! It is the way they're treated. It's this present iniquitous industrial servitude which pulls the laboring man down and keeps him down!"

"There ain't sech an awful difference in rich folks' happiness and poor folks'," began Swift, but the heater cut in, excitedly, "There's all the difference in the world. Look at me, lost a child with diphtheria, and drinking ever since, 'cause I can't bear the sorrer, and look at him——"

"Yes, look at him! His son Tom, oldest son, died four years ago, this last winter——"

"And the best thing he ever did do," interrupted the heater, with a sneer, "call that a trial?"

"Don't you call it the wust kind of trial that your son's death should be the best thing could happen to him and to you? Well, I do. And then his wife's been dead a good while; and he lost Jabez last summer, a little more'n a year ago. Jabez——" the roller hesitated for a second, adding, in a careful voice, a little dry and higher, "Jabez, he was learning the business, he worked with me, my finisher. He was a mighty nice boy. That's what I called him—Jabez. And he called me Sam. I've"—his voice caught on something in his throat and staggered a little—"I've swore at him many a time! We were good friends, we were; and he knew how to take things, and we'd have our dinners together. My wife always sends me in hot dinners, and Jabez he liked them lots better than the girly things they'd be putting into his pail. Jabez had more pluck than a game rooster. I never saw a man stand up to it, after he'd been burned, better'n him! And smart—he was the smartest boy ever in these works or anywhere else, and just as pleasant-tempered and high-principled, and the old man set his eyes by him. They'd ride home every evening, in the buggy, Jabez slouching his back over, for all the world like the old man. He didn't look much like him, though. I guess he was the handsomest feller ever seen in this town; and when he wasn't working you'd ought to seen his clothes. I went to the theatre with him, once. He was better dressed than the man on the stage that was playing he was an earl, or some sech foolishness. The kid is nice looking; but he ain't in it with Jabez. Don't you call it terrible to lose a son like that?"

The heater admitted that it was hard, but a good deal depended on how much a man felt—the Riverses were always hard as nuts.

"Maybe the old man is and maybe he ain't," said Swift. "I know one thing, he'll never cease mourning for Jabez, 'til his own time comes. He's showed me—I went up to his house once, he asked me, 'bout some business—he showed me Jabez's certificate that he got to college, all writ in Latin; and he told me some about the boy, what a good boy he was. 'You needn't tell me nothing 'bout that,' says I, 'ain't he worked with me!' I guess I sorter broke down then, I was feeling awful bad myself. The old man and me always seemed to understand each other after that, somehow. He'd come here and stand 'round where Jabez used to work, never saying a word. I'd know he was thinking how Jabez used to look, laughing and hustling about; and I'd want so to say a word and know I couldn't, and feel so—so *dam* I'd have to go off and swear about it to Knute and Johnny, who knew Jabez, too."

The heater thought maybe the old man felt bad; *he'd* never seen any sign of feeling about any of the Riverses; "maybe Sam knew the old man better——"

"Lots better," returned Sam, calmly, "I ought to, seeing I've worked with him going on nine years. The old man has got lots of good things 'bout him. He always keeps his word; and he fights fair." Sam laughed. "That makes me

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think of the time we struck on him, when I was first working with him. I was one of a deputation foolish enough to try to scare the old man; and by—he put us out of the window while we were plunging 'round with our pops. I had to laugh, he did it so slick. 'I'll report you to the lodge,' says he; 'you're clean against your own rules and regulations;' and I told the boys we were. So we were, too; the old man was sound. We had a talk, next day, and fixed things up pretty much his way. I didn't suppose he'd noticed me; but, about a week after, there happened to be a job at night rolling and he gave it to me, and in a month he gave me the mill. 'I notice you have a little horse sense, Swift,' says he; 'keep it!' Well, I've tried to. I've seen considerable, off and on, of the old man, and I can tell you now he's all right; if there's a show to keep the shops running, they'll run!"

"God knows I hope so," said the heater, with a sigh; "it's terrible times to lose a job. All the same, he'll shet down ruther'n lose money, you say——"

"What's that?" another man asked, catching the sentence as he passed; "you ain't heard the shops was to shet down?"

"He ain't heard nothing, really," Sam struck in, curtly; "he's chinning to amuse himself by scaring us."

"My wife's sick, and we've got a new baby, and the doctor prescribes terrible expensive things," said the man, "and we're kinder behind anyhow. I don't know what we will do if the shops shet down."

A third man came up, wearing an anxious face, a fourth, and a fifth; Sam was glad to hear the whistle.

For half an hour the officers of the Edgewater Steel Works had been talking. Jamieson had explained the business situation. Randall had questioned and added dismal facts concerning orders. But the old man had said little. Lolling ungracefully in his chair, he had listened and attended to his nails with a pen-knife, while Randall shuddered. The president stood little on niceties of manner, where he felt himself at home; and much more than by his own fireside (which his daughter and only living child ruled) did he feel himself at home in his office. Now and then, he would throw a cross-grained sentence at Randall; but, really, he was snubbing the secretary by sheer force of habit; he hardly remembered his own words. What his frowning gray eyes saw was not the handsome oaken woodwork or the velvet carpet of the office, but a stately, prim, white mansion, with gambrell roof and porches, and tall white Corinthian columns shining through the elms. He sniffed the pungent fragrance of the honeysuckle; he could feel the cool tingle of the moist, plastic earth against a boy's bare feet. Suddenly, his heart stirred with the memory of his mother's voice. When he was only twelve, his mother had shown him the house one day (but he always had known it), and told him how the great house had been his grandfather's, when his father was a boy. "It will be ours again, some time," he cried, "you see, *I'll* get it for you!"

And, even while they talked, his father had drifted down the street, a little crowd of jeering boys at his heels; and Jabez had flown at them like a wild cat. He taunted them as he struck, "You're nothing but common boys, my grandfather was a judge; he sent your grandfathers to jail! We used to own that house! I can lick any one of you!" Whereupon, naturally, the boys thumped him, and he was rescued by his mother, bruised and bloodied and (far dolefuller mischance) muddied and torn. "I don't know how I can *ever* mend your pants," sighed the poor woman. It didn't console her that he should repeat anew that he would buy the Judge's house for her. When he went to bed, that night, he cried. Then, he resolved to buy the house. He had two things he wanted to do, wanted as bad as a man could want things, he guessed, to buy that house and to see Jabez an officer of the Edgewater. The desolate father looked at Randall across the table. "There's where he'd have sat," he thought; "he knew more in a day than that young cus in a year. Yet the boy's got stuff in him, too. Don't you be a dog in the manger, Jabez Rivers! The old judge would be ashamed of you. How he'd have taken to Jabez——" He shifted his position abruptly; his face with its clean shaven, heavy jaws and beetling eyebrows looked almost savage to Randall at that instant. But Randall was too des-

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perately in earnest, in the plea that he was making, to fear the face of man. His words flowed like lava. "It is an atrocious bargain! we get wealth and soft living and adulation and praise in the newspapers if we are half way decent, and they get—the right to work! Is that a fair bargain? But they don't get even that; when we're making money, if they kick we are ready to call them all sorts of names, but when the pinch comes, we cast them aside, turn them off, won't even give them the poor right to work! I call the civilization that, when the land is groaning with plenty, refuses the man who only asks for work, I call it a failure and a disgrace!"

"Huh!" said Rivers. The sound partook of the nature both of a snort and a grunt.

"We pay the highest market wages, you say; but I say we owe them something more than the bare money we pay them. They are human beings, not machines, and we owe it to them to treat them like human beings, and not take our profits out of their skins."

"We are more likely, if we keep on, to be paying them wages out of ours," said Jamieson, "the question isn't whether the present industrial system is wrong—though I observe that Rivers and I hadn't a penny or a right more than any workingman has, and we have managed under the present iniquity, to get along in the world, but that isn't the question; it is simply whether we can afford to run the Edgewater at a loss for three months."

"Couldn't we try? And"—he flushed up to his eyes but went on, sturdily—"I have a few thousands, and perhaps my mother and sister——"

"Huh!" said Rivers, "don't risk women's money!"

"We haven't the right to risk the stockholders' money," said Jamieson, "especially when the chances are we shall lose it. Now, I don't enjoy shutting down the shops any more than you do; but I'm in the steel business to make money; when we stand to lose money I think we'd better quit."

"But—my own money——"

"It's only a few thousands, and it isn't a few thousands will run this concern between now and November. The banks shut tight as an oyster, and gilt edge paper no use on earth!"

"That's right," said Rivers. He also added, "Huh!"

"Then, you will shut down?" said Randall, turning his pale, fair face, and flashing, excited blue eyes on the president. In spite of Harvard indifference, he was trembling with emotion and disappointment.

There was an instant's pause; even Jamieson made a grimace.

"I guess we better keep on," said the old man.

"How?" said Jamieson.

"Well, I don't think we ought to risk the money of the concern; nor to pay fancy interest to borrow. Besides, as you say, the banks are all sitting down on their funds. But I have some money of my own, forty or fifty thousand. I'll let you have that, taking the risks and the profits—if there are any, myself. And we'll keep running until election, anyhow. How's that?"

Randall caught his breath, his hand, which was impulsively outstretched to Rivers, dropped as he met the old man's keen and chilly glance. He sat silent and felt dizzy.

"But," faltered Jamieson, "I understood you meant—there was another purpose——"

"I've changed my mind," the old man interrupted, sharply; "I'll be obliged if you'll leave that out."

"Why, certainly," agreed Jamieson, nervously. He hesitated; he confessed to Randall, later, that he was of a mind to shake hands with the old man himself; but did not judge his aspect propitious, therefore he compromised with his feelings by drawing a cigar from his case and offering it, remarking: "Yes, Mr. Rivers, that will be a very nice way out, and we are very much obliged; and I'm sure the men will be relieved. Well, I am relieved myself; its infernally unpleasant shutting down. And then, there are the furnaces. Then, its decided. How about the other matters?"

The talk went its way into the other matters. Rivers was quite out of his reverie, brusque, cynical, and sensible as usual. He snarled over the cigars in his invariable fashion with Randall and Ja-

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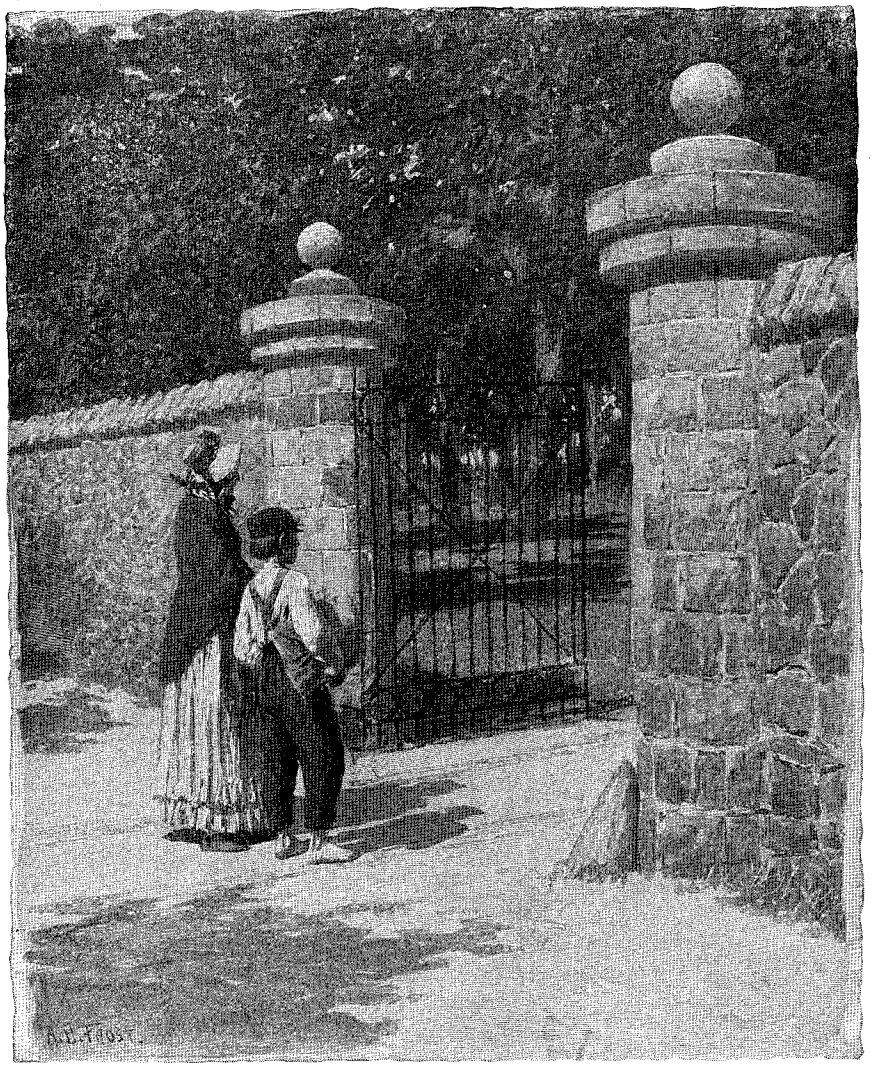

And told him how the great house had been his grandfather's.—Page 315.

mieson. "You boys never will learn to pick out a decent cigar," he growled, flinging away half of Jamieson's latest sacrifice, "and I suppose if those Cuban niggers don't get put down, or can't put the Spaniards down, that there won't be any decent cigars left for any one to smoke. It's sickening. Well, I'm going, now; and if I find that young monkey as close to the door as he was yesterday, I'm going to kick him!"

Randall and Jamieson looked at each other. "I suppose he has some money-making scheme in this?" Randall ventured.

"I don't know," said Jamieson; "I know he's pulled us out of a hole."

Rivers found the office-boy near the door, but he did not kick him; he smiled sombrely at the brightness on the lad's face. "Got a mother and a lame sister, and looks like life and death to him, our keeping open, I expect," thought the old man. "No, there's too many of 'em; I couldn't do it. But—O Lord! what'll Sissy say when she finds she ain't to have the house? Business losses it'll have to go to. Glad I didn't tell her more'n a hint; she can't have her hopes up much. And, Lord! what will I have to think



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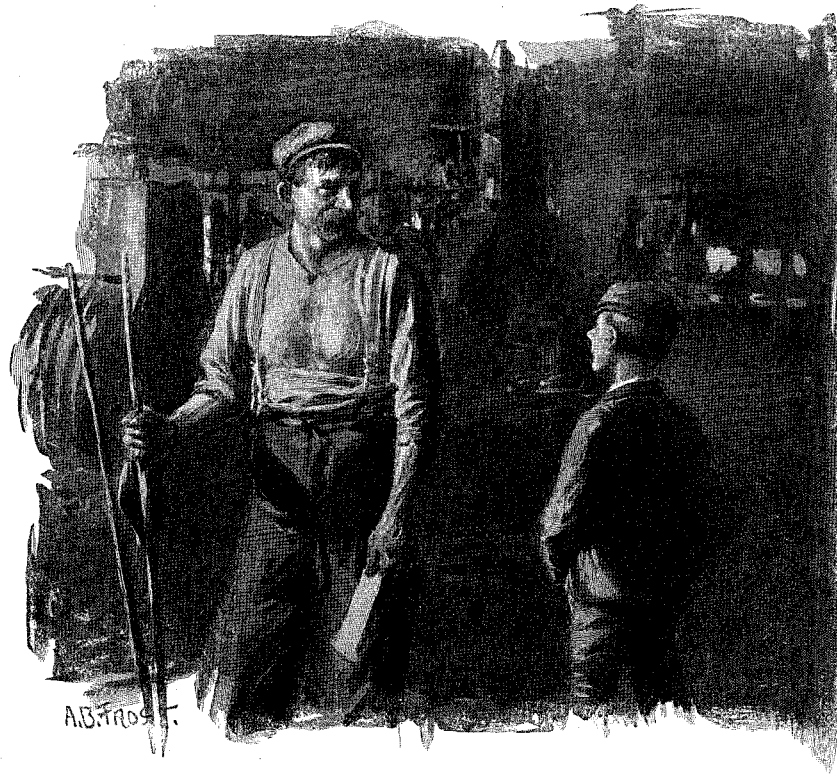
about, now, when I'm alone, riding over the bridge, now I haven't got Jabez?" He shut his mouth more tightly, as he gave Swift a scowl with his nod. Swift's heart ran down like a clock; for a second it seemed to stop ticking.

"Guess that means we are going to shut down," he muttered; "old man feels awful bad. Don't know why I hoped he'd stop it; but I guess I did, or I of a comma, "Say, the shops ain't going to shut down!"

"*What!*" Swift shouted.

"Old man says so. Going to lend us his own money. He's got a lot in the bank. Don't give me away. I heard 'em talking. Guess the old man sees big money in it somewhere." Swift, grinding his teeth, made a dive at the rolls with his tongs. "You're knowing a lot, Billy,"



"Say, the shops ain't going to shut down!"

wouldn't be feeling so disappointed. Well, I suppose I ought to be thankful I can afford to take a little vacation, myself. But there's all the other boys!"

His wrinkled brow unconsciously imitated Rivers, when he strode to the furnace, almost running down the office-boy, such was his abstraction.

"What the h—— do you want, splay-feet?" he cried, in the natural irritation of the moment.

"Order from the old man," answered the lad, beaming on him unabashed. He gave the order, adding, without the pause said he, in a caustic tone; "you are a very smart boy, and your mother's very proud of you, but if I was you I'd skip opinions on the old man. Seeing he's running the shops at his own expense; and we've all got to thank him we're not out of a job. And I happen to know that he's given up plans he thought a deal on, to do it. That's all, Billy. On your way back, you might skip over to the twelve-inch and tell Forbes."

Billy must have obeyed, for, the turn was no sooner finished, than the heater appeared at Swift's ear.

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"Ain't it good news!" he cried; "but I wish I knew what made the old man change his mind. It ain't like the Riverses. Giving up what they are set on is wuss than drawing teeth to all the breed. I expect he's got some deep scheme, and he'll jest mint money!"

Swift had no time for answer before he was gone; his sudden retreat was explained when Swift saw the old man himself, standing by the rolls, where Jabez was wont to stand, eying the mill. His full, florid face had not grown paler, but it wore a shrunken, haggard look, peculiar to such faces when men suffer. Swift felt his throat contract with ugly pain. Never had he longed to speak, to say something, to let the old man know, as he longed then. He swallowed once or twice, a mist got into his eyes, he grinned foolishly. "We —turned out fifty thousand yesterday, sir," said he.

A flicker kindled in the old man's dull eyes; they changed, and rested on the roller.

"The Edgewater is a dandy mill," said Swift; "ain't a better run one anywhere."

"I guess so," said the old man. Half turning, he added, gruffly, over his shoulder: "And you're a damn good fellow, Swift; and you always were!"

Then he lumbered off slowly, past the silent engines, his head sagging a little, as if he were in thought.

Swift watched him. "Lord, I hope he's got somebody home ain't so damfool clumsy as me, and can comfort him a bit for things. Like's not he'll never be able to buy that house, now; and, next to Jabez, his heart was jest set on it. And he's lost 'em both. And folks think he's doing this to make money! Well, it's a lonesome world!"

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# ENGLAND

## By Grace Ellery Channing

WHO comes to England not to learn
The love for her his fathers bore—
Breathing her air, can still return
No kindlier than he was before—
In vain, for him, from shore to shore
Those fathers strewed an alien strand
With the loved names that evermore
Are native to our ear and Land.

Who sees the English elm-trees fling
Long shadows where his footsteps pass,
Or marks the crocuses that Spring
Sets starlike in the English grass,
And sees not, as within a glass,
New England's loved reflection rise—
Mists darker and more dense, alas!
Than England's fogs, are in his eyes.

And who can walk by English streams,
Through sunny meadows gently led,
Nor feel, as one who lives in dreams,
The wound with which his fathers bled—
The homesick tears which must, unshed,
Have dimmed the brave unfaltering eyes
That saw New England's elms outspread
Green branches to her loftier skies?

How dear to exiled hearts the sound
Of little brooks that run and sing!
How dear in scanty garden ground
The crocus calling back the Spring
To English hearts remembering!
How dear that aching memory
Of cuckoo cry and lark's light wing;—
And for their sake, how dear to me!

Who owns not, how so often tried,
The bond all trial hath withstood;
The leaping pulse, the racial pride
In more than common brotherhood;
Nor feels his kinship like a flood
Rise blotting every dissonant trace—
He is not of the ancient blood!
He is not of the Island race!

LONDON, May, 1898.

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*Drawn by W. R. Leigh.*

The Noon Hour.

Certainly it was a well-fed crowd which sat smoking for a quarter of an hour or more on the rough embankments, overlooking the Agricultural Building before going back to work.—Page 323.

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# THE WORKERS—THE WEST

## BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY W. R. LEIGH

### VI.—A ROAD BUILDER ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS

COLUMBIAN ANNIVERSARY HOTEL — NO. 1.
CHICAGO, ILL., Wednesday, April 27, 1892.

FROM the time that I began work on the Exposition grounds, early in this month, it has grown increasingly difficult to hark back in imagination to the unemployed *régime* of the winter. The change is a revolution of condition. Hundreds of us live all together within this vast enclosure, and have rare occasion to go out except on Sundays, and then only if we choose. We get up in the morning to an eight-hour day of wholesome labor in the open air, and return in the late afternoon with healthy appetites to our temporary "hotel," which is fragrant of clean, raw pine, and stands commandingly on the site of the future "court of honor" near the quiet waters of the lake. About four hundred of us are housed and fed in this one building; men of half a score of nationalities and of as many trades, ranging from expert carpenters and joiners and staff-moulders and steel-workers to the unskilled laborers who work in gangs, under the direction of the landscape gardeners or, as in my case, on the temporary plank roads which are built for the heavy carting.

Guarded by sentries and high barriers from unsought contact with all beyond, great gangs of us, healthy, robust men, live and labor in a marvellous artificial world. No sight of misery disturbs us, nor of despairing poverty out in vain search for employment. Work is everywhere abundant and well paid and directed with highest skill. And here, amid delicate, web-like frames of steel which are being clothed upon with forms of exquisite beauty, and among broad, dreary wastes of arid dunes and marshy pools which are being transformed by our labor into gardens of flowers and velvet lawns joined by graceful bridges over wide lagoons, we work our eight hours a day in peaceful security and in absolute confidence of our pay.

Complete as the revolution is, it is yet in perfect keeping, in some strange way, with the general change wrought by the coming of the spring. This spring, in its effect upon the labor market in Chicago, was like the heralding of peace and plenty after war.

There was no longer any real difficulty in securing work. The employment-bureaus offered it in abundance in the country, and there was some revival of demand even within the city limits. This by no means solved the problem of the unemployed, however. Many of the men were so weakened by the want and hardship of the winter that they were no longer in condition for effective labor. Some of the bosses who were in need of added hands were obliged to turn men off because of physical incapacity. One instance of this I shall not soon forget. It was when I overheard, one early morning, at a factory-gate, an interview between a would-be laborer and the boss. I knew the applicant for a Russian Jew who had at home an old mother and a wife and two young children to support. He had had intermittent employment throughout the winter in a sweater's den, barely enough to keep them all alive, and, after the hardships of the cold season, he was again in desperate straits for work.

The boss had all but agreed to take him on for some sort of unskilled labor, when, struck evidently by the cadaverous look of the man, he told him to bare his arm. Up went the sleeve of his coat and of his ragged flannel-shirt, exposing a naked arm with the muscles nearly gone, and the blue-white, transparent skin stretched over sinews and the outlines of the bones. Pitiful beyond words was his effort to give a semblance of strength to the biceps which rose faintly to the upward movement of the forearm. But the boss sent him off with an oath and a contemptuous laugh, and I watched the fel-



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low as he turned down the street, facing the fact of his starving family with a despair at his heart which only mortal men can feel and no mortal tongue can speak.

Other men there were in large numbers who during the winter had swelled the ranks of the unemployed, but who now, in the reviving warmth and the growing demand for labor, drifted out upon the open country to their congenial life of vagrancy. There still remained, however, and apparently in full force, the shrewd gentry who stop pedestrians on the street with apologetic explanations of hard luck and with begging appeals for a small sum wherewith to satisfy immediate wants. Clark and I had soon come to know this as a recognized occupation among the men with whom we were thrown. A highly profitable trade it often proved, for a dollar a day is a gleaning not at all uncommon to these men, and the more skilful among them can average a dollar and a half. They are rather the sporting spirits among the professionally idle; gambling is their chief diversion, and their contempt for honest work is as genuine as that of a snob.

But within this chaotic maelstrom of the unemployed, which in every industrial centre seethes with infinite menace to social safety, is always a large element which is not easily classified. It was still to be found on the streets and in the lodging-houses of Chicago when the winter was gone, in seemingly undiminished numbers and in much its accustomed thriftlessness. The class has to be defined in negative terms. The men are not physically incapable of work, nor are they habitual tramps, nor yet the beggars of the pavements, and they lack utterly the grit for crime. If they have a distinctive, positive characteristic as a class, it is that they are victims of the gregarious instinct. By an attraction which is apparently irresistible to them, they are drawn to congested labor markets, and there they cling, preferring instinctively a life of want and squalor in fellowship with their kind to one of comparative plenty in the intolerable loneliness of the country.

There is a semblance of sincerity in their search for work, but they are cursed with the rudiments of imagination which makes cowards of them all, and their incapacity is a weakness of will rather than of brawn. Shrinkingly they walk the narrow ledge which in many planes of life separates from tramphood and crime, while lacking the wit for the latter and the courage for both lives, and looking ever for something to turn up instead of resolutely turning something up. Civilization is hard on such men, and their sufferings are none the less real because chiefly due to their incapacity for the struggle for existence. And not only their own misery must be reckoned with in any fair estimate of the case, but far more the misery of their women and children, for these men are proletarians in the literalest meaning of the word.

Finding now that I could not only get work, but that I could actually be eclectic in the matter, I gladly took advantage of an opportunity of employment among the unskilled laborers on the Exposition grounds.

A sharp-eyed, energetic American, who superintends the gangs of unskilled laborers, took me on, and at once assigned me to duty under an Irish sub-boss by the name of O'Shea. When I became one of its number, Mr. O'Shea's gang of eight or ten men had torn up a considerable section of the plank road near the Transportation Building, for the purpose of altering the level. Most of us were put in charge of wheel-barrows. These we filled with sand at a neighboring pile and then emptied it in heaps on the road-bed, while the remaining members of the gang spread the sand with shovels to the desired depth before replacing the planks. It was a cloudy morning early in April, with a cold, raw wind blowing in from the lake, and the work, not very fatiguing in itself, kept one comfortably warm until noon. We had a free hour for dinner then, and I simply accompanied the other gang-men to "Hotel No. 1," where my employment ticket, issued by the general superintendent of construction, procured for me without delay a meal-and-lodging ticket on trust.

A large, zinc-lined trough half full of water stood against the wall in an ante-chamber. Here men by the score were washing their hands and faces and drying them near by on roller towels. They then passed singly through the wicket at the dining-room door, where stood a man who punched each boarder's ticket as he entered.

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Long wooden tables, heaped with dishes and lined with round-bottom stools, ran the great length of the room. The men took places in the order of their coming, until they had filled one table, when they would begin upon another, and there arose immediately a deafening clatter of knives and forks and dishes and a tumult of mingled speech.

That dinner serves as a good illustration of our fare, both in what it offered and in what it lacked. A bowl of hot soup was at each man's place when he sat down, and, after finishing this, he was given a choice between roast beef and Irish stew. There were potatoes boiled in their jackets, and pork-and-beans, and bread in wide variety and in enormous quantity, and a choice of tea or coffee, and finally a pudding for dessert. Some of this was good, but all of it smacked of wholesale preparation, and appetites nicer than those of workingmen would have found difficulties with the dinner. Even ours were not proof against it all. I was struggling with a slice of tough roast-beef out of which the virtue had been cooked, when suddenly I caught an expression of comical dismay stealing over the ruddy, bristling face of the man opposite me. He was eating a piece of meat from a plate of Irish stew, and he spat it out upon the floor with a deep-drawn oath, and a frank assurance to his neighbors that "the meat was rotten," while his facial muscles were contorted with strong disgust. And the pudding was of such uncertain nature as to recall vividly the oft-repeated saying of a classmate at a college eating-club, that "flies in a pudding are quite as good as currants." Still the pork-and-beans were excellent and the bread and potatoes fine, and the coffee, which was served in large cups with the roast, was not impossible; certainly it was a well-fed crowd which sat smoking for a quarter of an hour or more on the rough embankments overlooking the Agricultural Building before going back to work.

Our gang was divided in the afternoon, and Mr. O'Shea left three of us, a German, an Irishman, and me, to open up a way for the teamsters through two long piles of paving-stones, which obstructed the road near the Fisheries Building. His parting word to us was that the stint was an afternoon's job, and we could easily have finished it in the four hours from one o'clock until five, had we worked with moderate swiftness.

The German and the Irishman fell to lifting stones to one side of the desired opening and I to the other. Every condition favored us. We had a definite task and not a difficult one, and no one to watch us at our work, nor drive us in its doing. The clouds had disappeared, and in the soft spring sunshine, with the bushes blossoming about us and the air full of the sounds of multiform labor, there was every stimulus to energetic effort for four hours. Not that the hours seemed short—they never do, I am convinced, even to well-seasoned unskilled workmen — but the difference between four hours of manual labor at a stretch and five is enormous, and to see my *confrères* quite as impatient of their flight, even under these most favoring conditions, and to mark that the sober business of their lives was still an abhorrent drudgery to be shirked if possible, led the way to very sad reflection.

Neither of them paid any attention to me until, late in the afternoon, there came a lull in their talk and I heard the Irishman's call.

"Hey, John!"

"Hello," I said.

"Was you going to shave off them whiskers for Easter?"

I told him that I had not thought of it.

"Well," he went on, "I hear the boys as have whiskers say as how they must go on Easter morning, and I thought maybe it was the same wid you."

"What are you after doing, getting yourself into a sweat?" he continued, for he had drawn off from the German and was making my way. "You be a fool to kill yourself; you don't earn the more by it, and they don't think any the better of you. Take it easy, man, take it easy; there's time enough."

He was an authority on the time, for every few minutes he would walk slowly over to where his coat and waistcoat lay on a heap of stones, and drawing out a great silver watch, would critically examine it, and then announce the hour in a loud call to the German and me. At a quarter to five the two picked up their coats and went

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off, dodging behind shrubs and piles of building materials, until they made their exit at the gate, leaving a good third of the job unfinished.

That was on a Saturday. On Monday morning Mr. O'Shea singled out us three for as stiff a cursing as a boat's crew often gets, but to little purpose, apparently, in its effect upon the other men. On that very day I was again a member of a gang, a gang of four this time, which was left without an overseer. We were ordered to unload a car of timber and pile the boards near the mammoth framework on the east side of the Manufactures Building. Besides native inertia there was unusual cause for idling in the fact that one of our number, a young Englishman, Rosedale by name, proved to be uncommonly interesting. He was rather a trim fellow, of the adventurous, jack-of-all-trades kind, that roam the world widely, and that always appear in numbers at great celebrations and in new regions. How they live and secure the means of extensive travel is a secret which no member of the fraternity ever tells. There was no mystery about Rosedale just then, for he was a fellow-lodger in Hotel No. 1, and was No. — in the gang of laborers in which I, for example, was No. 472, and he fell into as natural association with the men as though he had lived with us always.

He was just up from South Africa, where he had been in the diamond fields, he said. Seventeen thousand dollars' worth of diamonds was the loot he was bringing with him to Canada, when he was shipwrecked off the coast of Labrador and escaped with only his life. Not one of us, I suppose, was anything but skeptical of much of Rosedale's story, but the man told his tale of free, reckless, vicious living on the diamond fields, with a vividness of narrative and a rough wealth of local color that charmed us into most attentive listeners, and that sped the morning hours with little regard to our job. Questions began to crowd in upon Rosedale as to the location of South Africa and the means of getting there, and great disappointment was evident in the discovery that it was not contiguous to any familiar point.

Noon found us with a pitiful showing for the morning's work. In the afternoon I secured the post inside the car, and passed the boards out to the three other men, who piled them near the building. By hastening the work at that end, I hoped to quicken the pace at which the job was being done. To be caught a second time in a delinquent gang I feared would endanger my position, and I was anxious to remain on the grounds, and even more anxious to secure a promotion if I could. It was easy to keep ahead of the men, but it was impossible, apparently, to urge them beyond the languid deliberation with which they shouldered the timber and carried it to the piles.

"Let up on that, John," they were shouting at me presently. "Go easy with that; there ain't no rush, and you'll make nothing by your pains."

It was the view which I had heard again and again in gangs of unskilled laborers. One could understand it in a measure among the older men, who could hope at the best only to eke out an existence free from the poor-house to the end. But these and many others from whom it came were relatively young men, with every chance, one would suppose, of winning some preferment through effective, energetic work.

At five o'clock, the end of the afternoon's labor, we had an hour in which to make leisurely preparation for a supper which consisted of cold meats in unstinted plenty, and potatoes, and bread, and tea and coffee, and often some stewed fruit with a little cake. After this most of the men loafed in the lobby until bed-time. This sitting-room includes the entire upper floor of a large wing of the building. An enormous base-burner heats it, and serves to render it stifling in the evening, when the men are smoking with every window closed. Games and newspapers strew the tables, and the room is well lighted with electric lamps.

On the same level is the upper section of the main building, where are the sleeping-quarters for the men. The provision here is similar in design to that of a cheap lodging-house; only this is almost immaculate in its cleanliness, and the cabins are large and well ventilated, and the ceilings high and airy, and the berths are supplied with new wire and clean corn-husk mattresses and with sheets and pillow-cases fragrant from the wash.

Mine is a middle, lower berth in a cab-

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in for six men, but it lodges at present only two besides myself.

In a bunk nearest the door sleeps an Irishman, whose acquaintance I made while getting ready for bed on the first night of my stay. Opening the door that evening and seeing me seated in the middle bunk, he stood eying me for a time with obvious displeasure. He was evidently not in the best of humors, and although but two of the six berths in the large cabin were occupied, he plainly regarded my coming as an intrusion. Neatly dressed in dark blue, and with an old felt hat on the back of his head, he cut a fine figure of a workman as he stood in the open door, a man of five-and-thirty, with a massive frame bent slightly forward and with a frown wrinkling the low forehead, from which the thick hair grew in tawny masses.

"Who let you in here?" was his first remark.

"The proprietor," I answered.

"Did he say you could have that bunk?"

"Yes."

"Well, —— it, is he going to flood the place?" I knew no answer to that question, and so I ventured to ask after the occupant of the bunk nearest the window.

"He's an Englishman; works in the landscape gang wid me," replied the Irishman, laconically.

By this time he had seated himself on his bed with his elbows on his knees and his head bowed with an air of weariness. The change of subject had, fortunately, been effective, for he no longer objected to my presence, and for some time he sat talking freely in a droning, disjointed way.

I gathered that he was thoroughly dissatisfied with his work and wages and his boarding-place and with life in general. He did not enter into details of his personal history; his mood spent itself in anathemas against his present lot: "Work, ceaseless, unprofitable, joyless work. Eat and work; eat more and work; eat again and sleep and eat and work. This and nothing more; body and soul sold at a dollar and a half a day. And nothing else to look forward to, with chances only of a steadily hardening lot, throughout the on-coming of old age to death."

I had never heard a workman in pessimistic mood so coherent, and I felt sure that the Irishman was ill; for commonly with our class, a full meal and a pipeful at the end of a day's labor are enough to banish care and to tinge living with a glow of satisfaction. The suspicion proved true enough, for the man soon began to shake with a malarial chill in our cheerless barrack, and he told me that the ague laid hold of him regularly on alternate days.

It was the loneliness of the fellow that impressed one as he lay shivering in his bunk. There were hundreds of men in the house, but not one of them was charged with any responsibility for him, and there was no provision for illness. On his bad days he would force himself through the usual routine, but, when the day was done, there was nothing for him but to lie in lonely misery in his bed. Not that he whined in the least. I gathered these facts by inference. It was the barrenness of his life that he cursed, not its hardness, for this he accepted as a matter of course.

And yet one could not fail to see where finer feeling inflicted a sharper pain in his suffering. I had marked at once the neatness of his dress, and especially the cleanliness of person by which one distinguishes instantly between a workman and a tramp.

There are interesting degrees of cleanness in workingmen. One sees it at its best, I think, among those of the building trades. The stains of their labor are clean in themselves, and the men partake of the wholesomeness of their employment. The workers at rougher jobs must show the marks of soiling labor, but there is infinite difference between the earth stains of a common laborer and the ingrained, begrimed uncleanness of an unwashed vagrant. Having in the house, however, so many men, and just at the end of the long period of unemployment, it is inevitable, perhaps, that there should be a few of the number whose status as between workingmen and tramps is not clearly defined. And some of the consequences are unpleasant.

It was this that the Irishman had in mind as he looked me over critically and was somewhat slow in welcoming me to the cabin.

The same concern showed itself again when he presently told me that the Eng-

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lishman and he always made up their berths themselves, instead of leaving them for the regular bed-makers, who might communicate vermin from other bunks. The hint was sufficient, and I hastened to set his mind at rest by assuring him that I heartily endorsed the plan and would follow it faithfully.

The Englishman I did not see until the next morning. Upon getting up to the six-o'clock call, I found that he had turned in without waking me. We sprang out of bed at the same moment, and almost at a glance I knew him for the ex-Tommy Atkins that he is. I shall call him Brown. A wooden chest, studded with brass nails and made fast with a heavy padlock, stood near the foot of his berth. On it lay his working clothes, not thrown down in confusion, but neatly folded and lying in the order of dress. He himself was as trim and straight and as clean as a sapling, and when he returned from his wash he fairly sparkled with the afterglow. Back went the sheets with a single movement of his hand the moment that he was dressed, and over went the mattress, and the pillows began rollicking in the shaking which he gave them. In marvellously short time the bed was remade and the sheets turned back over the foot of the bunk to admit of proper airing.

We have been thrown together by reason of the fact that neither of us is proof against the lobby for long in the evening. It is usually dark by the time I have finished supper, and I go first of all to the sitting-room. It is ablaze with light, and the huge stove is going under full head and all the windows are closed and some scores of men are smoking old pipes. I have known nights when such a place would have been a most welcome escape from exposure, but having now a choice it is never long before I leave the lobby for the cabin. Here I generally find Brown seated on the box at the foot of his berth, playing an old fife which is singularly pliant to his touch. Throwing myself in my bunk I have lain there by the hour together listening to his music and watching him as he beat time to the "British Grenadiers" and the "Blue Bells of Scotland," and to tunes of no end of barrack-room ballads, wondering the while what vision it was of India or of Burmah, perhaps, or of the Soudan, or possibly of the Afghan frontier, that brought that look of longing to his eyes.

He is the soul of soldier-like precision; he never misses a day at work except the one which immediately follows pay-day, and that because he never misses his spree. The Irishman and I have come to count with perfect regularity upon Brown's not turning up on the evening when he is paid. About three or four o'clock on the next morning we hear him open the cabin door softly, and, supporting himself with a hand on the upper berths, move slowly across the floor until he has reached his bed, where he throws himself on his face as he is and sleeps for twenty-four hours.

I was not long a member of Mr. O'Shea's gang, for at the end of the first week another laborer and I were singled out for special duty on the roads. But on Wednesday afternoon of that week two men joined the force of unskilled laborers who filled us all with curious interest. There is another gang of about the same number as Mr. O'Shea's, with which we are often thrown in our work and which is under the command of a Mr. Russell.

At one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon I went as usual to report with the other men at the superintendent's office where we receive our orders. Mr. Dutton, the superintendent, always comes out and looks us over and consults for a few minutes with the sub-bosses, and then orders the various gangs to different sections of the grounds.

Two young men were standing near his office-door on that Wednesday afternoon when I came up at a few minutes before one. I did not give them a second glance at first, for I took for granted that they were tourists who had entered the grounds by special permission and were now waiting for a guide. But in another moment I happened to see Mr. Dutton's clerk beckon them within the office where he took their names and gave to each a metallic disk upon which a number was stamped. Then they came out again and, taking off their coats, stepped in among the gathering company of workmen and waited to be assigned.

By this time we were all staring at them agape, but they stood the ordeal with a frank unconsciousness which filled me with

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admiration. They were about of age, two clean-cut, well-groomed, clear-eyed English boys, who looked as though they might be public-school bred, and I noticed that their coats bore the name of a London tailor. One, a brown-haired lad, with large, sober, brown eyes and a manner of considerable reserve, was exceedingly good-looking, and the other, a fair-haired, fair-skinned, alert-looking boy, plainly the spokesman for the two, had a face of unusually fine drawing.

Mr. Dutton hesitated a moment in their case, but finally ordered them to join Mr. Russell's gang, and in a few minutes we were widely separated. Repeatedly in the early afternoon I found myself thinking about them and wondering why it was that they must earn their bread by unskilled labor. Two hours of the afternoon remained when there came an order from Mr. Dutton to our gang to repair to the Transportation Building. We found, upon getting there, that we had been summoned to reinforce Mr. Russell's men, who were unloading from a car two large steam-rollers. Again I saw the young Englishmen, and I had a chance to watch them at work.

By this time the gangmen had sated their curiosity in staring, and now ignored the lads as being anything but laborers with themselves, which was much the best-bred thing that they could have done.

As a preliminary to unloading, we had to carry to the car some heavy wooden blocks to serve as supports to an inclined plane by which the machines could be slid to the ground. It sometimes required four and even six men together to lift these blocks, and repeatedly I found myself next in line to the new-comers. Their linen collars were wilting with the sweat of labor, and it had apparently not occurred to them to take them off. Their shirts, of delicate color, were turned up above their elbows with gold link-buttons dangling from the cuffs. The rough wood was fretting their bare white arms cruelly. I had a chance presently to speak to one of them, and I showed him how he could get a hold which would not be so chafing. In a moment of leisure he came up and thanked me frankly, and volunteered the information that his friend and he were but a week over from England and, having failed utterly to find other work in Chicago where they had supposed that employment was plentiful, they were glad enough in an extremity to accept this means of living.

Most pluckily have they stuck at it. I have never again been associated with them in a job, but I see them almost every day, and through rain and shine they have been the steadiest members of their gang. Places better suited to them will be found, no doubt, as the general work progresses; and that will not be long, I hope, for just now the boys are at a considerable disadvantage. It was only two or three mornings ago that I happened to meet them again near Mr. Dutton's office, where they had been sent to fetch some tools. The fairer boy wore a bandage which covered his left forearm and most of the hand. I asked him what had happened, and he explained to me how that in handling some old sleepers he had missed his hold in one case, and, with the fall of the heavy timber, a rusty iron nail tore down through his arm and the palm of his hand, leaving a ragged wound open nearly to the bone. He had had it dressed promptly by a good surgeon, who reassured him as to danger of complications. But it had taken all his companion's savings and his own to pay the original fee, and they were in arrears for the daily dressing. Luckily, however, he was still able to work, and Mr. Russell kept him employed, he told me, in ways which brought his injured arm very little into play.

Those of us who belong permanently to gangs such as Mr. O'Shea's and Mr. Russell's are known as "regulars," to distinguish us from the hands who are taken on, a day at a time, for some particular need. Quite the most efficient "regular" in my gang is a certain Henry Jerkener, who is that rare exception, so far as my experience goes, a native American in a company of unskilled laborers. "Harry," as he is called, and I were early assigned to special duty. Mr. Dutton beckoned us aside one afternoon and ordered us to report to him at ten o'clock the next morning, telling us that our day, beginning henceforth at ten, would last until seven in the evening instead of five o'clock. And our wages would be raised from $1.50 to $1.75 a day.

Our work was to be the general care of

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all the plank roads on the grounds. They had been put in fairly good condition, but they received hard usage, and constant repairs were necessary. We were, therefore, to give our attention, up to five o'clock in the afternoon, to particular sections of the road which were most in need of mending, and after five, when the work for the day had ceased, our duty was to go over all the roads and see that they were in condition for the beginning of the carting in the morning.

Harry appeared delighted with the arrangement. Not that he took any special stock in me as an assistant, but because, however indifferent a workman, at least I was an American, and he would be free of the gang of Irish regulars and himself in charge of the work, instead of being under the orders of Mr. O'Shea.

Harry's good-humor is proof against anything, apparently, his temperament being that of a sunny May morning. But if there is anything which bores him, it is to be ordered about by an Irish sub-boss.

I did not discover this until after we had left the gang. So long as he was one of their number he was the life of the crew, jolly, high-spirited, with a ready flow of banter that was never delicate and never ill-tempered, always foremost in the work, having at command a fund of resourceful ingenuity which made him the real leader and director of the men while the boss looked on in silence. But after we had been assigned to special duty he bloomed into new jollity, which is at its best whenever in our work we heave in sight of the old gang. It is deliciously funny at such times to watch Harry. The men are probably fretting and straining over some heavy lifting or other difficult task. He first lets fly some irritating raillery in which he addresses them as "terriers;" and then, taking up a position within ear-shot, he begins to sing with a capital Irish brogue:

"Oh, ye work all day for Paddy O'Shea,
Drrrill, ye terriers, drrrill!"

Human nature cannot endure this for long, and presently a shower of sticks and tufts of turf drive Harry from his position and put an end for the time to his song.

Our place is by no means a sinecure. The roads are constantly falling into unrepair and a deal of hard work is necessary to keep them in order. Pick and shovel work, that most heart-breaking of manual toil so far as my experience goes, is mostly in demand, for the old trenches must be kept open and new ones dug, and sometimes the sides of long sections of the road must be buried under a layer of earth to prevent the bare planks from warping in the sun. After six hours of such labor there remain two in the early evening in which we go over every foot of roadway on the grounds and make whatever immediate repairs are necessary. At seven o'clock, Harry reports to the fire department, and then we are free.

It is not altogether easy to account for Harry as a common laborer. A well-set-up, muscular American of about fifty, with a singularly intelligent, shrewd face and the merriest of blue eyes, he might be, from his appearance, a well-to-do contractor. Only once with me has he touched upon the general subject of his past, and then he intimated that formerly he was well off, but that in his business relations he had always passed as a "good fellow." "And that means, you know," he said, turning upon me with a significant look, "that means a 'damn fool!'"

Among the workmen on the grounds whom I have come to know, none has interested me more as a type than an American carpenter with whom I sometimes spend an evening. The man is lonely and uncomfortable in his new surroundings. The novel conditions which here beset him as a workingman are quite as disturbing to him as the unfamiliar setting of his daily life. He clings tenaciously to his individuality, and the new order of things which confronts him here lightly makes strange havoc of all that.

We had not been talking many minutes on the embankment, where one day after dinner we first met, when the man's case shone clear as day. He is a master-carpenter from a village home in Ohio, and the certainty of steady work for many months at four dollars a day was tempting enough to induce him to leave his family behind and come here. He had arrived a few days before and had found instant employment.

Seeing the man, a tall, fine-looking, self-respecting American mechanic, and hear-

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ing him speak, and learning even this little of his history, you had direct vision of his past. You could almost see a comfortable, wooden cottage, of his own building, with a garden-plot about it and flower-beds in front, standing on a well-shaded village street. He owns the cottage and the plot of land, and his children were born there, and he is an officer in the village church, and has been justice of the peace, and more than once has served as "school trustee." Social inequality, as applying to himself, is a new idea, and it gives him a hitherto unexperienced sense of self-consciousness. In his native village his family meet the families of all his neighbors on the same footing, except that they recognize in the minister, and the doctor, and the village lawyer, and the schoolmaster, a distinction which attaches to special education. His children study and play at school with the children of all his neighbors, and mingle freely with them at church and in their other social relations.

But here is something new and strange. He is no longer a man with a name to distinguish him, but has become a "hand," having a number which he wears conspicuous on his jacket. He goes to his work as an integer in an army of ten thousand numerals. Home has changed to a barrack, where he, a number, sleeps in a numbered bunk, and eats, never twice at the same place, as one of half a thousand men. His comfort and convenience are never consulted, and his views have no smallest bearing upon the course of things. The superintendent of the building upon which he works, whose energy and skill he admires hugely, shifts him about with scores of other men, with as little regard to him as an individual as though he were a piece of timber. Once he spoke to his superintendent about some detail of the work and found him a most appreciative listener. Then he ventured, in conversation, upon a subject of general interest, only to find that by some mysterious change he was speaking to a stone wall.

And now there confronts him what he regards as another sacrifice of individuality, which he is urged to make, and which gives him no little concern. He had scarcely known of the existence of Trades Unions, and now he is thronged with appeals to join one.

No discrimination is made by the management as between union and non-union men in employing workers on the Exposition; but many of the union men here are making the most of the present opportunity for the propaganda of their principles, and for bringing the desirable non-union men within their organization. My carpenter friend, whom I shall call Mr. Ford, comes in for a large share of attention, and is, as I have intimated, not a little perplexed by the situation.

Two or three times he has asked me to go with him in the evening to meetings which are held near the Fair Grounds, and which are addressed by delegates from the Central Labor Union. These we have not found very enlightening. There has been a good deal of beer-drinking and much aimless speech, which has grown heated at times in the stress of hostile discussion; and now and then a plain, matter-of-fact working-man has given us an admirable talk on the history of Trades-Unionism and its beneficent results, and the imperative need of organization among workers as the only means of safe-guarding their interests and of meeting, on any approach to equal terms, the peculiar economic relations which exist between labor and organized capital.

Mr. Ford, much bewildered, has listened to all this, and we have talked it over together on the way back to our lodgings, and sometimes late into the night. I have tried to explain to him, as well as I understand it, the idea of organization, and the necessity of organization which has grown out of the great industrial change since the middle of the last century. But Mr. Ford, for all practical purposes, belongs to the pre-revolutionary period; the industrial change has little affected him. He served his apprenticeship, and was then a journeyman and then a master-carpenter in due course. In his experience, work has always had its basis in a personal relation, as, for example, between himself as a contractor and the man whose job he undertook and to whom he looked for payment. A like personal relation has always existed between himself and the men whom he has employed.

This new relation between a workman and an impersonal, soulless corporation which hires him, is one that he does not

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readily grasp. And, for the sake of meeting the new relation, this "fusing all the skirts of self" and merging individuality into an organization which attempts to regulate the hours of labor, and its wages, and for whom one shall work, and for whom not, is a thing abhorrent to him.

"Why," he said to me, "I give up my independence, and I'm no better than the worst carpenter of the lot. We all get union-wages alike. There's no incentive for a man to do his best. He ain't a man any more, anyway; he's only a part of a machine. Why, such work as some I see done here, I'd be ashamed to do by moonlight, with my eyes shut. But it don't make no difference in the union, you're all on the same level, as near as I can make out."

Finally I proposed to him that we should go together, on some Sunday afternoon, to the meeting of the Central Labor Union, where he could become acquainted with some of the members and learn at first hand the objects and ends of organization and something of its actual working. The members whom I particularly wished him to know were some of the Socialists there, who seemed to me to have a considerable knowledge of Trades-Unionism, and who took, I thought, a judicial view of it.

As an unskilled laborer I was not eligible to membership in any union, but I was admitted freely to the central meetings, to which I sometimes went in company with Socialists who were delegates of their respective orders. Under their tutelage, I was shown the operation of an exceedingly complex system, which, seen without guidance, would have appeared to me hopelessly chaotic. I was seeing it, I realized, from the point of view of the Socialists, and I was interested immediately in learning their attitude.

They are, I found, most ardent supporters of the principle of organization among workingmen. They regard the fact of the organization of wage-earners as among the most significant developments in the evolution of a socialistic state. But they are very impatient of the slow rate of progress in Trades-Unionism. The ignorance of the great mass of workers of how to further their own interests is, to the Socialist, the most discouraging feature in labor-organization. "Why," they ask, "when we working people already have so strong a nucleus of organization for economic ends, do we not direct it at once into the field of politics, and secure immediately, by our overwhelming numbers, the legislation which we need, and so inaugurate a co-operative commonwealth?"

Nowhere have the walking-delegates and the general agitators of their class sincerer foes than among the Socialists who, more than to any other active cause, attribute the comparative ineffectualness of unionism to the influence of these men. Very readily they believe them purchasable, and that often they are little else than the paid agents of the capitalists. Their great influence over workingmen is used, the Socialists seem to believe, chiefly in their own interests and particularly for selfish political ends.

This habit of mind serves to illustrate what eventually appeared to me to be highly characteristic of the general attitude of Socialists. The key to their mental processes in considering things social, lies, I am quite sure, in the idea of existing conditions as being maintained by a vast capitalistic conspiracy. At all events this clew has cleared up for me the mystery which at first I found in many of their ways of thinking.

However natural may have been the social order in some of its historic phases, they evidently regard it at the present as largely artificial. There is no real vitality, they contend, in the political issues upon which the great national parties are divided. The party cries of "free trade" and "protection" and the like, are manufactured by professional politicians who are in the employ of the capitalists. The purpose is to divert the minds of the working classes by these sham contentions and so keep them about evenly divided politically, and thus prevent their coalescing in overwhelming force in political action for their own interests. Nothing seems to anger a Socialist more than the spectacle of workingmen roused to enthusiasm by the crowds and speeches and processions and brass bands of the usual political campaign. They see in them then only the ridiculous dupes of the capitalists, who have contributed to the campaign funds for the very purpose of thus befooling their employees, and who look with about equal indifference upon the momentary triumph

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of one party or the other so long as no labor party is in the ascendant.

However free in the past the play of purely natural evolutionary forces may have been in determining social development, and however free may be their course again in moulding a future state, their operation is checked for the present to the Socialists' vision by the active intervention of the capitalists, who, in some way, have succeeded in effecting a social structure which is highly favorable to themselves, and for whose undisturbed continuance they unscrupulously employ all the resources of wealth and craft and dark conspiracy. The idea appeared at its plainest, perhaps, in their more vindictive speeches, where the strong undercurrent of feeling was—"There is cruel injustice and wrong in society as it is, and some one is to blame for it, and unhesitatingly we charge the blame against the capitalists."

It was with this interpretation in mind that I took Mr. Ford with me one afternoon to the meeting of the Central Labor Union. I was curious to see the effect of the gathering upon him. A child of another age in his experience of certain economic relations, he was an interesting phenomenon in the sudden contact with modern industrialism.

When we reached the building, in the upper floor of which in a large hall are held the weekly meetings of the Central Labor Union, numbers of workingmen in their Sunday clothes were passing in and out of the neighboring saloons or loafing about the doors. The intersecting streets were strewn with small handbills, which we found covering the wide staircase leading to the hall and scattered over the seats and floor of the room itself. They were printed notices instructing the members to boycott the beer of certain breweries which were accused of employing non-union men, and also the products of this and that manufacturer, against whom similar charges were made.

We were a little early, but we chanced upon a Socialistic acquaintance of mine, who took us in with him and seated us well to the front. As the members entered I had a chance to point out to Mr. Ford those among them who had been pointed out to me as the officers of their various unions. He was deeply interested from the first, and much impressed apparently by the size of the gathering and the enormous numbers of organized workers which were represented there.

The stage of "new business" was barely reached that afternoon when matters were well beyond the control of the president. Motions and amendments and questions of privilege and points of order were fast driving him mad, when in despair he called upon a fellow-member to take charge of the meeting and become its temporary chairman. By this time there was a good deal of confusion; men in many parts of the hall were clamoring for the floor, and trying to drown one another's voices. But there was immediate recognition of a change of generalship. The man who had taken the chair was a member of a union of musicians, a person of excellent address and well-appearing, and, as it proved eventually, a masterly parliamentarian. To reduce to quiet an assembly so excited was beyond his power, but he did unravel the skein of its tangled business, and through all the uproar and confusion he kept his temper perfectly, and secured some actual disposition of the affairs in hand.

The intricacies of intermingling interests there represented were beyond measure bewildering. The Cigarmakers' Union had a grievance, which its representatives insisted upon presenting and having righted at once. But the Waiters' Union claimed an antecedent right to the presentation of a question with reference to admitting certain men to their organization. And the Bricklayers' Union demanded an immediate investigation of the account of expenditure for a certain recent Union picnic, charging directly, meanwhile, a flagrant misappropriation of funds.

Passions were running high. The lic direct was passed repeatedly, and men were all but shaking fists in one another's faces. The shouting rose sometimes to such a pitch that the chairman's voice could not be heard. But the passion was that of strong vitality. The Union, to its members, was an intensely living thing, and its issues, touching them so closely, most naturally roused comparatively untutored men to strong emotion.

I watched Mr. Ford with curious interest. Instead of showing any impatience

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or disgust at the show of temper and the loud disorder, he sat through the long session deeply, intently absorbed. Every question for debate, and every phase of discussion, and all the progress of the business, and the varying claims of the many organizations, and the widely differing personalities of the members, each won his vital interest, and, with amazing discrimination, he seemed to follow them with intelligent understanding. And when there came a report of progress in a strike among certain workers in shoe factories, and a statement of the causes of the strike and the measures which were being taken to carry it to a successful issue, I could see that he was more than ever roused.

"That's the most interesting meeting I ever was to," he said to me, as we walked down the street together. "I ain't never realized before how mixed up things can be when there's so many working people, and the men that hire them are mostly all organized in big companies. Why, the working people ain't got nothing else they can do but organize too, to get their just rights. They have a pretty hot time in their meetings, if that's a sample, but I guess they know what they're about. I guess I'll join."

In a very few days I must leave Chicago. I own to a longing to go and launch out upon the great farming regions between the Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, which I hope to cover in my journey before the autumn is far spent. I have been watching the coming of the spring in the Exposition grounds and in the charming parks of the city and along its beautiful boulevards, and I feel its subtle drawings to the country to a life once more of labor in the fields. But I am very far from being prepared to go. Some little of a phase of life which in all large centres of population accompanies the swift industrial changes of the present I have seen here in Chicago, where it differs but slightly from similar conditions in every congested labor market. And under the play of the modern gregarious instinct there surely are few centralized markets which are not congested. But of the real city as a great positive force and a world-wide commercial power, whose unfaltering energies have built a huge metropolis in a generation, and are fast crowning their labors with splendid achievements in education and in art, I have been able to see little, and I have given no impression whatever. This much I have seen on the grounds where I am now a workman: I have watched something of the slow emerging from a scene of utter chaos of a co-ordinated scheme of landscape gardening and of architecture, which has long passed the experimental stage, and is unfolding to the world, by a miracle of creative and constructive genius, a real vision of beauty and power and grace, which certainly holds for the living generation of civilized men a promise of rich blessings.

(To be continued.)

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# DIZAINE

THE time-worn rocks faced still the Sea,
Old stars came in the timeless sky,
The never-resting winds went by,
The Seasons came, recurrently;
A mortal man, so soon to die,
Looked once into a woman's eye.
Their bones were dust, long years ago.
But spake the endless stars unto
The timeless Sea, the rocks time-worn,
"Now an eternal thing is born."

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# THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

## BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

### GREENE'S CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTH

TO tell within moderate limits the story of Greene's campaign in the South is not easy. The subject is one which deserves to be studied in the minutest details, and success was achieved not by a single brilliant stroke, but through a long series of movements made under trying difficulties, and with many checks, finally culminating in the complete result which had been striven for so long and so patiently. It was a campaign which began with the formation of an army from very raw material, and under almost impossible conditions. It included three pitched battles, many lesser actions, dexterous retreats, masterly manœuvres, and the solution of the immediate problem without ever failing in the long look ahead to the ultimate purpose, or in the grasp of the many phases of a conflict which was carried on not only by the main army, but by detached forces over a wide extent of country. That Greene proved himself fully equal to this difficult task, from which he at last emerged victorious, demonstrates his high ability, both as soldier and administrator, and gives him a place in the purely military story of the Revolution second only to that of Washington. No correct judgment, either of the man or of his achievement, can be formed from any single incident, or even from the most important battles of his campaign. What he was and what he did can be appreciated only by a survey which comprehends all his labors. Thus alone can we see how ably, patiently, and brilliantly he worked on steadily toward his great objective point, how he thrust himself between the divided British forces, and then leaving Cornwallis to go to his fate in Virginia, how he held grimly to his purpose, and unrelentingly pressed his enemy to the South, until he had driven the English armies from the State which they had at the outset overrun so easily.

He was engaged in the most preliminary work of making his army, when the division under Morgan met Tarleton and won the striking victory of the Cowpens. It was an inspiriting and unlooked-for piece of good fortune to win such a fight, and win it so completely at the very start of the campaign, when neither Greene nor Morgan desired to run the risk of a decisive action. It was also a heavy blow to the enemy. But although Greene well knew the importance and meaning of what had been done, his head was not turned by the success, and he was well aware that he was as little able to fight Cornwallis with his army as he had been before the rout of Tarleton.

When the news of Morgan's victory reached the camp on the Pedee, nearly a week after the event, Greene's first feeling was one of great joy, and his second one of deep anxiety. His army was divided. The enemy were between him and Morgan. The situation was full of danger, and the fate of the campaign turned on the escape of the victors of the Cowpens. Sending expresses in all directions to call out the militia, while the exultant shouts of his soldiers filled the air outside his tent, making rapid arrangements to have the prisoners taken to the North, ordering boats to be prepared for the crossing of the Yadkin, and even of the Dan, he put his army under the command of Huger, with directions to meet him at Salisbury, and then started to join Morgan. He went alone, accompanied only by an orderly sergeant, and rode night and day for a hundred and fifty miles in bad

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weather and through a country infested by loyalists, for he knew that Morgan's army was the important point, and he counted no risk in the one fixed determination to reach it. Morgan himself had shown equal wisdom. He had retreated as promptly and decisively as he had fought, and Cornwallis, on his arrival at Ramsour's Mills, found that his active foe had crossed the river and escaped. When Greene learned that Cornwallis, in the eagerness of pursuit and the desire for revenge, had burned his baggage, he saw at once that his opponent had committed a capital mistake in not only missing his prey, but in crippling himself for an extended movement, and he exclaimed, when the news was brought to him, "Then he is ours." He hoped, if the waters of the Catawaba did not fall, to check Cornwallis in crossing and force him back to the Santee. Unfortunately, after the manner of those rivers, the Catawaba fell suddenly and Morgan was ordered to press on the Yadkin, while Greene himself tried to collect the militia. Some eight hundred of them, under Davidson, attacked the enemy when they began to cross at McGowan's ford, and came very near inflicting a serious blow. But the British, breasting this stream with great gallantry, and not without serious losses, forced the passage, and Davidson being killed, the militia rapidly dispersed. Only a third of them, indeed, remained together, and these were driven to rapid retreat the next morning by Tarleton. With the road thus cleared, Cornwallis hurried on to the Yadkin. Now Greene's admirable foresight was apparent. Boats were ready, and Morgan's whole army crossed easily and rapidly, his rear having a sharp skirmish with the British van, but getting safely over with only the loss of two or three wagons. The river was high and was running full and swift between the armies. Cornwallis had been energetic, but he had no boats, and he was helpless. He soothed his feelings by a heavy cannonade, quite harmless to the Americans, who regarded him in safety from the opposite bank.

Greene, who had changed the place of meeting from Salisbury to Guilford, as he had been compelled to do by events, reached the latter point with Morgan on February 8th, and on the 9th the main army, under Huger, came up. Thus the first object had been attained. The Cowpens had been won, the prisoners saved, and the junction effected. Greene's army was no longer divided. This in itself was a feat, and a solid gain obtained in the face of great obstacles and through many dangers. But the great peril still remained. The united army was still in a most hazardous position, as Morgan's division had been before. Greene who, like all other able commanders, had carefully studied the character and habits of his adversary, hoped that Cornwallis's eagerness and zeal would lead him into a position where he could be attacked successfully. So when he heard that Cornwallis, baffled at the Yadkin, and informed that the Americans had no boats, had determined to cut them off at the fords of the Dan, he thought that there would be an opportunity to fight. But now came the ever-returning curse of the short enlistments and of dependence on uncertain and unstable militia to shatter all his schemes and hopes. He could get no fresh recruits, could hardly indeed hold those he already had, and so found himself with only a little over two thousand men with whom to face a superior British force. To retreat toward Virginia, where Arnold was now ravaging and plundering with a strong body of troops, was dangerous in a military sense, and most undesirable in every other way because of its effect upon public opinion and the spirit of the people on which so much turned. But Greene did not hesitate. He had said that the one thing for which Cornwallis ought to make every sacrifice was the destruction of the American army, and his single determination was that his army should not be destroyed, for it carried in its hands the fate of the war in the South. To this one object everything else must yield. He not only did not throw himself upon the British, after the fashion of Gates, but he prepared for his retreat as carefully and methodically as he would have done for a battle. To Sumter, recovered of his wound, went word to call out the militia of South Carolina; to Marion to cross the Santee; to Pickens to follow up the rear of the enemy. The heavy baggage was sent to a place of safety, urgent letters were dispatched to the Governors of North and South Carolina, and then Greene, on February 10th,

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Map Showing the Field of Greene's Operations in the South.

started for the fords of the Dan. The British were close on his heels. He had only seventy miles to go, but the roads were deep in mud, well nigh impassable. His means of transportation were bad, his men wretchedly clothed, and in a large measure barefooted. Quick marching was impossible, and the enemy, well equipped and provided, were in hot haste after him. He had in his favor good officers, his own clear brains and indomitable courage, and the confidence and love of his men. "How you must suffer from cold," said Greene to the barefooted sentry. "I do not complain," came the answer. "I know I should fare well if our General could procure supplies; and if, as they say, we fight in a few days, I shall take care to secure some shoes." This little story brings out general and army in a clear light, and we see the sympathy and the knowledge of the one, and the faith and courage of the



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other—qualities by which victories in war are often wrung from adversity.

To delay the enemy, Greene detached seven hundred of his best men, cavalry and infantry, under the command of Colonel Williams. They were to mislead, to retard, but to avoid all serious action. Well did they do their work. For three days the two armies pressed on, one in hot chase of the other. The main American army struggled forward through mud and water, marking their road, as Greene wrote Washington, with blood-stained tracks. On the third day most of the North Carolina militia deserted, but the regulars and the rest of the militia moved steadily forward, suffering in grim silence. Meantime the flower of the army under Williams hung on the flank of Cornwallis, embarrassing him at every stream and every defile, and leading him off on the road to the wrong ford. It was hard to keep the men in hand, and to avoid a serious fight, especially on the third day when Harry Lee's cavalry had a sharp brush with Tarleton's men and the English lost eighteen and the Americans two. The days of the easy slaughtering of militia were drawing to a close, and Tarleton had learned a lesson, which it was a sore temptation to his teachers to continue. But Williams, with great self-control, drew off his men, and despite all his efforts, Cornwallis at last discovered that he was being misled, and turned into the right road. When night fell, Williams and his men, with indescribable alarm, saw lights ahead, and breathed freely only when they found that it was Greene's deserted camp of the day before. Cornwallis, after a brief halt, started again at midnight, and pressed on through forest and over streams, Williams still hanging stubbornly on his flank. In the morning came a messenger from Greene that the wagons were over, and the troops were crossing, and all Williams's men broke into a loud cheer, heard with much misgiving in the British camp, where they had felt sure of their prey. Still Cornwallis pressed forward faster than ever, and in the late afternoon came another message that all the American army was over, the men posted and waiting for the gallant light troops who had made their escape possible. Now Williams stopped his attacks, spurred on at full speed, and he and all his men rapidly crossed, while Cornwallis came up close behind only to look at the deep and rapid river which flowed between him and his foe. It appeared after all that the Americans had boats, and, more than this, that Greene had sent Kosciusko ahead to the ford to prepare earthworks on the other side. Evidently this general was very different from the easy victim of Camden. It was clear that he knew just what he meant to do and was neither to be caught nor fought with at pleasure. Hence much natural perplexity to his opponent. Crossing the river was out of the question. The attempt would have been madness, and could have resulted only in disaster, so Cornwallis, feeling now the loss of his baggage, sullenly withdrew to Hillsborough. He gave out that he had driven the Americans beyond the Dan, which was true, but he omitted to state that he had utterly failed to reach them or to bring on an action. By this masterly retreat, with every contingency accurately and punctually provided for, Greene had won his first victory, for he had baffled his enemy and defeated his purpose. He had his army in existence and in the field, cheered and inspirited by their success. He had the country around Cornwallis and to the southward flaming out again into armed resistance, and even while the loyalists were crowding into Hillsborough to rejoice in the presence of the royal army, news came that the American army was again south of the Dan. Suddenly, as the tidings spread, the eager crowd faded away, loyalty cooled, recruits ceased to appear, and Cornwallis wrote, "I am amongst timid friends and adjoining to inveterate rebels." The results of the retreat over the Dan were beginning to appear at once, for a victory is sometimes won in other ways than on the field of battle.

Greene, when he began to retrace his steps, sent Lee and Pickens forward and followed himself with the main army. There should be no loyalist rising and no reinforcements for the British if he could help it. His detachments under Williams and Lee and Pickens hung about the British army and swooped down on communications and on loyalist recruits with a sudden and unsparing hand. Pursuing

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The Battle of Guilford Court House.

The First Maryland regiment, supported by Washington's dragoons, retaking the field-pieces lost by the Second Maryland.

*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*



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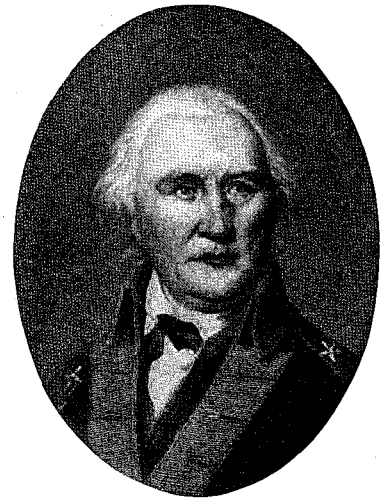
Tarleton, who was out on one of his plundering expeditions, Lee came upon three hundred loyalists marching to join Cornwallis. He did not want to lose his blow at Tarleton, who, only a few miles ahead, was quite unconscious of his presence, and so trusting to the resemblance in uniform, he tried to slip by the Tory companies. He very nearly succeeded, and was fairly in the midst of them when one of the loyalist riflemen detected the trick and fired. There was no help for it; Tarleton must be abandoned. Out came the sabres, and in a few moments ninety of the loyalist militiamen were lying on the field; their commander was desperately wounded, and the rest of the men were racing away for safety in all directions. The destruction of this large body of loyal troops made enlisting under the crown so unpleasant and unpopular that it ceased in that neighborhood entirely, for there was clearly no use in trying to serve a king who could not give better protection than this to his volunteers.



General Daniel Morgan.
From the portrait by Charles Willson Peale, 1794.

This little affair illustrated the situation of Cornwallis. He could not get reinforcements, his communications were cut, and to reach supplies and ammunition he would have to go to Wilmington and leave Greene behind. Thus it became absolutely necessary to him to fight a battle. But Greene, disappointed by perverse, well-meaning and ill-acting legislatures, could not get the additional men he so sorely needed, although clamorous messages went speeding forth for them in all directions. He, too, wanted a battle, for he felt that even if he could not win, he could at least cripple the English by a hard fight and still bring his army off in good order after a defeat. But fight he would not until he had enough men to give him at least a fair chance. So he took up a position between the two streams that fed the Haw River, and then marched about, shifting his camp every night, keeping Cornwallis constantly on the move, and never allowing him to come near enough for anything more than a sharp skirmish. At last the baffled Cornwallis gave over the pursuit and went into camp at Bell's Mills to rest his men, who were beginning to get weary and to desert.

This gave Greene opportunity to likewise rest his own forces. By the individual exertions of leaders like Stevens and Lawson of Virginia, and Eaton and Butler of North Carolina, militia had finally been raised, and in the time given by skilful delays, had been gradually joining the American army. Thus strengthened, Greene determined to accept battle, and on March 14, 1781, he marched to Guilford Court House and took up a position on ground which he had already carefully examined with a view to fighting there. He had now with him forty-two hundred foot, and not quite two hundred cavalry. Of these less than fifteen hundred were regulars. The rest were militia, and Greene was only too well aware that he could place but little dependence upon them against the onset of regulars and veterans. Still he believed that perchance he might win, that at the worst he could only lose the field and have his militia dispersed, and that he was reasonably certain to so damage the enemy that they would be compelled to retreat to Wilmington. On the fifteenth, therefore, he selected his ground and placed his troops with great care. In the first line he put the North Carolina militia; in the second, the Virginians, also militia, but men who had been under fire, and among whom were many old Continentals; in the third line were the regulars from Maryland and Virginia, but only one regiment, the First Maryland, was composed of veterans. On the right flank were posted Washington and his dragoons and part of the light infantry,

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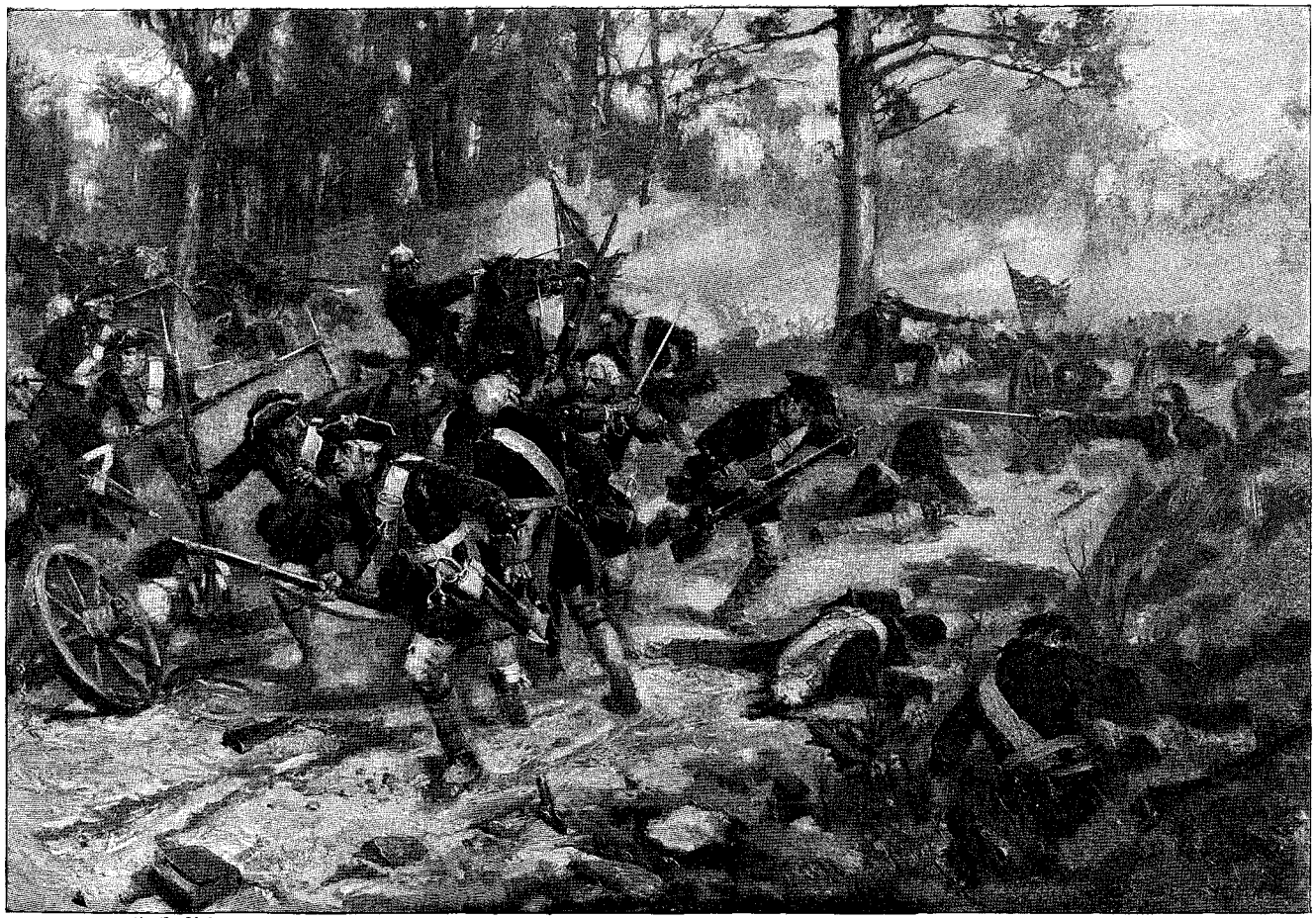

*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

The Battle of Eutaw Springs.

The British centre breaking before the charge of the Virginia and Maryland regiments.

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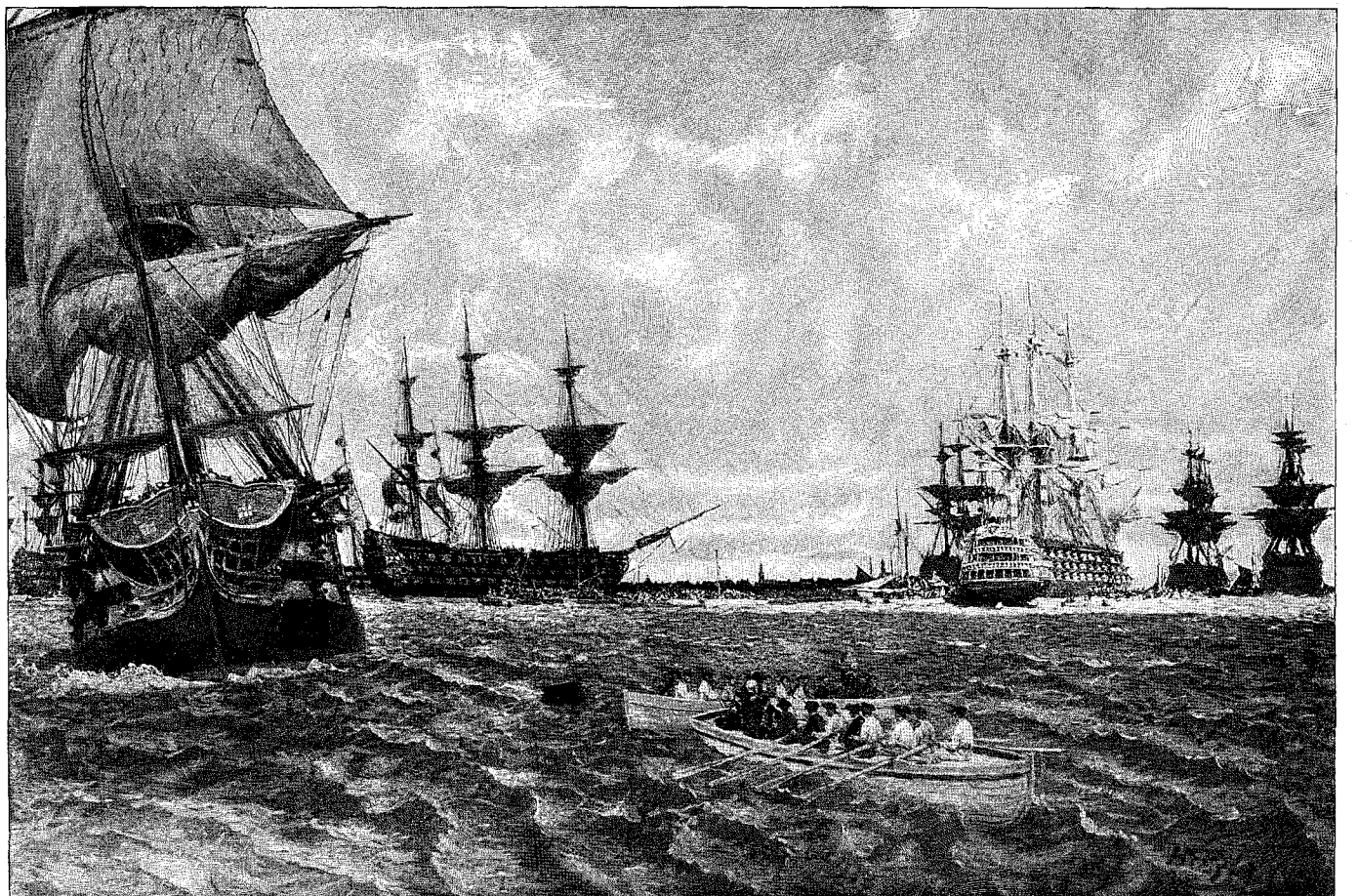

*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*

The Evacuation of Charleston by the British, December 14, 1782.

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and on the left Lee and his light cavalry and the rest of the light infantry, backed by Campbell with some of his King's Mountain riflemen, all veterans and the pick of the army.

Lee, thrown forward on the skirmish line, drove in Tarleton, and then fell back before the main column of the enemy. The British van came in view about one o'clock and Cornwallis opened a sharp cannonade, and then forming his men advanced rapidly. Greene had addressed the North Carolina militia and besought them to give two volleys and then retire; but when they saw the British coming on at the charge, although they apparently fired a first and probably a second volley,* they then broke in wild panic, and, despite all the officers could do, fled in all directions without inflicting the slightest damage on the enemy. Now appeared the wisdom of Greene's dispositions. As the British rushed forward, cheering, Washington and Lee fell on their flanks, checked them, and gave the Virginians time to pour in a steady and well-directed fire. The British line was shaken, and men began to drop fast, but the well-disciplined regulars still kept on, and the Virginians gave way on the right, retreating slowly and without panic. The British, now somewhat broken, pushed through on the right and came on the veteran Maryland regiment, which opened a close and destructive fire, and then, charging, drove the British back in confusion. Had Greene dared to throw in his other Continentals at this point he might have won, but this he would not do; for he lacked confidence in the new regiments, and did not intend to risk, in the slightest degree or under any temptation, the loss of his army, which would have followed the dispersion of his regular troops. His foresight was justified, for the Virginian left, having fallen back at last, the British columns again united and before their attack the Second Maryland broke and ran. The first regiment again charged on the advancing British, and at the same moment Washington and his dragoons once more fell upon their flank. Again the British gave way, this time in utter disorder; and Cornwallis, whose horse had been shot under him, seeing the flight of his army, ordered the artillery to open. His officers remonstrated that he would destroy his own men, but Cornwallis persisted, and the artillery firing through their own ranks checked the American pursuit, and the British reformed their broken lines.

Greene, like Cornwallis, well at the front and taking in the whole field, but ignorant as to Lee's whereabouts and fearing that his flanks would be turned, decided at once to take no further risks. He was confident that the enemy had been badly crippled, and being determined not to allow his regulars to suffer further, ordered a retreat. The British attempted to pursue, but were easily repulsed, and Greene, in good order, moved off his whole army, leaving only some guns, the horses of which had been killed. He marched as far as Reedy Fork, three miles distant, waited there quietly for some hours to gather the stragglers, and then marched on and occupied his old camp on Troublesome Creek.

The battle had been stubbornly fought, and the British had suffered severely. Cornwallis had lost, by his own report, 406 killed and wounded and 26 missing, while Greene's information was that the enemy had lost 633, exclusive of officers, among whom the casualties had been exceptionally severe, many of the most conspicuous having been killed or wounded.

Over a thousand of the Americans were missing. In other words, the militia had gone home, as Greene said, "to kiss their sweethearts and wives." Five hundred and fifty-two of the North Carolina militia, who had only lost nine men in battle, and 294 of the Virginians, who had fought extremely well, had departed in this quiet and unobtrusive way. But these men could be recovered, and the American loss in killed and wounded was only 163, less than half of that which they had inflicted on the enemy.

Greene, after the fight was over, had his army in high spirits and good condition, ready for further work. Cornwallis, for his part, issued a proclamation announcing a triumph, and when his glowing despatch reached England, Charles Fox said that "another such victory would destroy the British army." Cornwallis, if judged by his actions and not by his

* The generally received account is that the North Carolina militia ran without firing a shot, but I think that Judge Schenck, in his history of North Carolina, fairly proves that they were only ordered to fire two volleys, and that they certainly did some firing before they broke and fled.



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words, took much the same view. Leaving his own and the American wounded on the field, he not only did not pursue his beaten foe, but began an immediate retreat from the scene of his loudly proclaimed victory. Greene, the defeated, started after him, and although holding his short-term militia with great difficulty, the vanquished eagerly pursued the victor, and tried to catch him by the most hurried marches, while the conqueror just managed to get over the deep river before the Virginians, finally abandoning Greene, obliged him to desist from the chase. The victorious Cornwallis then went on to Wilmington to refit, and Greene, having lost his battle and won his campaign, took the bold step which marks more than anything else his military capacity, and which finally resulted in his driving the British from the South.

Up to this time Greene had been devoting all his efforts toward making his army, stopping any loyalist rising, and preventing the advance of Cornwallis to the South. In all these objects he had been entirely successful. Cornwallis, with his army much broken, had been forced to retreat to tide water, thus abandoning the State of North Carolina, except where his army camped, and leaving all the rest of the State practically free. An important portion of the British forces in the Southern department, the second division, in fact, under the command of Lord Rawdon, were stationed in South Carolina, and held that State and Georgia firmly, by their presence and by their possession of a chain of fortified posts. With the British forces in this position, two courses were open to Greene at this juncture. One was to follow the line he had hitherto pursued ; hover on Cornwallis's flank, cut his communications, isolate him, prevent hi advance to the North, and fight him again as soon as he could sufficiently recruit his army. This was the safe and obvious plan in conformity with the original purpose for which Greene and his army were intended, and it would have been difficult to have criticised him if he had adopted it. The alternative course was bold and hazardous, but pregnant with the possibility of much greater and more decisive results. This second plan was to give over all thought of checking Cornwallis's northern movement and marching boldly to the southward, to thrust himself between the main army and the Southern division, and then attack the latter and their posts. From this action, as Greene wrote, one of two results must come. North Carolina was free, and was too difficult a country, and too sparsely settled, to invite further attack from the British, who had been forced down to the coast. Cornwallis would, therefore, either have to march on to the North, in which case Greene would be able to break up the British posts and drive the enemy from South Carolina and Georgia, or he would have to follow Greene, in which case the British campaign would have failed, and the war would be narrowed to the two southernmost States, with the North to draw upon for men and supplies. It is true that Virginia was in Greene's department, and that he would, by marching South, leave it open to the enemy, but Virginia was the most populous and one of the strongest of the States, with no loyalist element, as in the Carolinas, and able to make, unaided, a formidable defence. Moreover, every step that Cornwallis took to the North brought him nearer to the principal American army under Washington, now reinforced by the French troops.

Greene, having decided on his new movement and upon this daring change in the plan of campaign, acted quickly, so quickly indeed that he was out of Cornwallis's reach before the British knew what he was intending to do. April 2d he bade farewell to his home-loving militia, and on the 6th, after detaching Lee to join Marion and assail Lord Rawdon's communications with Charleston, he began his movement to the South. His objective point was Camden, and thither he directed his march, halting that night and making his camp at Hobkirk's Hill, less than two miles from the enemy's works. His antagonist, Lord Rawdon, was a bold and enterprising officer. Hearing of the near approach of Greene, and learning from a deserter that Sumter had not come up, and that the artillery had not arrived, he determined to surprise the Americans. He therefore marched out early on the morning of April 7th with this end in view, but Greene was never surprised. He had his men encamped in order of battle, with a strong picket line, and it was this characteris-

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tic and sleepless watchfulness which saved him. He had not anticipated an attack the very morning after he had crossed the border. Lord Rawdon's prompt attack was unexpected, and would have been much more disastrous had it not been for Greene's arrangements. As it was, his excellent picket-line fell back slowly, skirmishing heavily and delaying the enemy's advance, which gave time to form the American army. The opposing forces were pretty nearly matched, Greene having about fourteen hundred men and Rawdon about a thousand, but the advantage in equipment, discipline, and experience were with the British. The attack was made with rapidity and vigor, the British charging boldly up the low slopes of the hill. Greene, watching keenly, saw that the enemy's front was narrow and gave orders to extend his lines, but Lord Rawdon was too quick and threw out his reserves before either Ford or Campbell could reach his flanks. In the centre the Marylanders, who had fought so admirably at Guilford, got into confusion in one company, and then badly handled by their commander, Colonel Gunby, began to retreat just at the critical moment when they were actually piercing the enemy's line, and when Greene thought that victory was in his grasp. This sudden and unexpected misfortune compromised the whole position ; and Greene, with the self-control and quick decision which saved his campaign on so many occasions, determined to take no further risk and withdrew his men in good order. There was a sharp fight over the artillery, but Washington, who had been delayed and entangled in the woods, coming up with his dragoons, charged vigorously, and the Americans brought off all the guns. The American loss in killed, wounded, and missing appears to have been two hundred and seventy-one, the British two hundred and fifty-eight, but the proportion of killed and wounded was heavier with the latter than with the former.

Saved by his unresting vigilance from a surprise, defeated by the utterly unexpected blundering of an experienced officer, Greene was sorely depressed by his defeat at Hobkirk's Hill. But he made no sign. With the same dogged persistence as when he outmarched Cornwallis he withdrew to Rugely Mills, and despite the usual heart-breaking disappointments in getting reinforcements, he reposed and recruited his army, and then moved out again and once more threatened Camden.

Lee and Marion, who had been sent forward when Greene quitted North Carolina, had failed to intercept Watson, who joined the main army on May 7th. Thus reinforced, Rawdon left Camden and started again after Greene, intending to pass him on the flank and attack him in the rear. But although Rawdon was enterprising and quick, he was no match for Greene when it came to manœuvring. Greene moved off in such a manner as to defeat Rawdon's plan, and then took up a strong position which the British looked at and feared to attack. Unable to bring Greene to action, except on ground of his own choosing, Rawdon's position became untenable, for while Greene threatened him on the flank, Lee and Marion were menacing his communications and his fortified posts, especially Fort Motte. Thus forced by his opponent's movements, Rawdon, on May 10th, evacuated Camden, leaving his wounded behind him, and withdrew to Monks Corner, only thirty miles from Charleston. Like Cornwallis, he had been compelled to retreat to the seaboard and leave the interior of the State free to the operations of the American army. Again Greene, by his strategy and the manner in which he manœuvred his army and disposed his outlying detachments, had forced the British to retreat. Again he had lost a battle and won a campaign.

Now began to appear the results of the bold movement to the South in more substantial form than the retreat of the English army to the seaboard. "We fight, get beat, rise, and fight again," wrote Greene to the French minister, and now the "fighting again" had fairly begun. Lee and Marion had failed to stop Watson on his way to Lord Rawdon, but they besieged the fort which bore the former's name, and took it on April 27th. May 10th Camden was evacuated, and Greene marched in and levelled the works. After this, events moved fast, the second part of Greene's campaign, involving the destruction of the British posts, having now fairly opened. Very precious among these posts was Fort Motte, and one motive of Lord Rawdon's hasty retreat was to save this

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particular place. On May 12th, so quickly did he move, his camp-fires were seen by the Americans on the opposite side of the Congaree. But with all his effort, he was too late, arriving only in time to see the Americans set fire to the Motte home, in the centre of the stockade, with burning arrows, provided by Mrs. Motte herself, and thereupon the surrender of the post and the garrison. The day before the fall of Fort Motte, Sumter had taken Orangeburg; on the 14th, Neilson's Ferry was evacuated, and on the 15th, after a sharp attack, Lee took Fort Granby and captured the garrison. In less than a month from the day when he reached Camden, Greene had taken that town, forced back the main British army to the coast, and by his well-led and well-directed detachments, had taken four posts and compelled the abandonment of two more. The British grip on the Carolinas was being rudely broken, and the States which they had believed firmly within their power, were slipping rapidly away from them. North Carolina was free, and South Carolina nearly cleared of the enemy. Georgia remained, the first to fall into the hands of the British, the most strongly held and remote enough from that first camp on the Pedee, where Greene withdrew to rest and gather his army, and whence he set forth upon his campaign. To Georgia, therefore, Lee directed his march after the fall of Fort Granby, and capturing a small post on his way, joined Pickens in the siege of Augusta on May 21st. The town was well defended by two strong works, Fort Cornwallis and Fort Grierson. While Pickens attacked the former, Lee besieged the latter. Driven from Fort Grierson, the garrison undertook to withdraw to Fort Cornwallis, and were nearly all killed or captured in the attempt. The whole American force now concentrated their attack on the remaining fort, which was the larger and more formidable of the two. There was a strong garrison within its walls, consisting in part of some of England's Indian auxiliaries, and both the red and white soldiers of the crown fought gallantly and well. They made several fierce sallies and met the besiegers obstinately at every point. But the Americans, with equal obstinacy, drew their lines closer and closer. They mounted their one gun on a log tower devised at Fort Watson by Lieutenant-Colonel Mayham, and by this bit of American invention were able to use their extremely limited artillery with great effect. At the same time the riflemen covered every point of the fort, and picked off the garrison with unerring aim. Steadily the Americans pushed nearer, until at last all was ready for an assault upon the now broken works. Then, at last, the garrison, which had suffered severely, surrendered after their long and stubborn defence, and Augusta and all its brave defenders passed into the hands of the Americans.

Meantime Greene had directed his own course with the main army against Ninety-six, about twenty-five miles from Augusta, and the strongest British post in the South. It was now held by Colonel Cruger with five hundred men, and was a well-fortified place of great strength. Greene made the mistake of opening his trenches too close to the fort, within seventy yards, and was forced to withdraw and begin again at a distance of four hundred yards. Time was thus lost, but although Greene, weakened by his detachments, which had been so well employed and by the customary failure of the militia to come in when expected, had only a thousand men, the besiegers' lines were pushed vigorously and rapidly. June 8th, Lee arrived from Augusta, and was assigned to the siege of the outlying stockade, which protected the water-supply of the besieged, and the evacuation of which he forced on the 17th. Cruger and his men were now helpless, their works were swept by the American fire, and in two or three days the place must have surrendered unconditionally. But Lord Rawdon was determined that so large a detachment as that in Ninety-six should not be sacrificed. With his army refreshed and strengthened, he started from Charleston on June 7th, just when Lee was leaving Augusta. Greene heard of his coming, and knew by the 18th that Rawdon had eluded Sumter, who was not behaving well in a subordinate position, and was within two or three days' march of Ninety-six. The advancing British army, now drawing near so rapidly, outnumbered the Americans more than two to one, and it was plainly impossible to

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give them battle. Greene, therefore, impelled by the eager desire of his men, determined to try an assault, which was delivered with the utmost gallantry. Lee on the right was successful, but the main attack was repulsed after some very savage fighting, which cost the Americans one hundred and eighty-five men in killed and wounded. After this failure, there was no alternative left, and Greene, bitterly disappointed, raised the siege and withdrew. The British army marched in to Ninety-six on June 21st, and then went after Greene, who, too weak to meet them in the field, easily eluded their pursuit and kept out of the way, until Lord Rawdon, his men being utterly exhausted, abandoned the chase. This done, Greene resorted to his usual tactics. Unable to meet his adversary in the open field he wrote "that he should endeavor to oblige the British to evacuate Ninety-six and to manœuvre them down into the lower country." As he planned, so it fell out. Before his skilful movements Rawdon once more found himself unable to either fight or hold his ground. Dividing his army he evacuated Ninety-six, and in two columns took his way to Charleston, carrying with him into exile the unhappy loyalists who dared not remain now that the British post was abandoned. The whole region, in fact, commanded by the strong detachment at Ninety-six, was once again in American control, and the British, again forced from the interior, were pushed back to the seaboard where they could get support from their ships.

After Rawdon had retreated, Greene withdrew his army to the hills of the Santee to rest and recruit during the extreme heat of the summer. But the withdrawal of the main army did not stop the fighting. Lee, Marion, Sumter and the commanders of detachments under Greene's direction followed the retreating British troops and skirmished actively with the rear guards of Rawdon and Cruger. They swept down even to the picket lines at Charleston, destroyed ships in the Cooper River, in a series of small actions cut off and routed several outlying parties of the enemy, and made prisoners to the number of seven officers and a hundred and fifty men. Throughout the region from which the British had been driven, civil war of the most intense kind raged, the American loyalist, fighting with the American patriot, brother with brother, and kinsman with kinsman. The fate of the loyalists was in truth pitiable. Those who had followed the English army to Charleston, suffered there from disease, bad quarters, and bad food. Those who remained behind were left exposed to the attacks of their fellow Americans whom they had helped to persecute in the brief days of British ascendancy. The British themselves, unable to protect their supporters, made matters worse by proclamations, confiscations of property within their reach, brutality to prisoners, and occasional hangings, which culminated in the execution of Colonel Hayne, a prisoner of war, after a mere mockery of a trial. The hanging of Hayne filled Greene with wrath and he threatened immediate reprisals which put a stop to the executions of any more American prisoners, but the people were not so temperate. They not only threatened reprisals, but made them. Greene, at once strong and merciful, could not restrain the Americans beyond the lines of his camp, and the British made no effort to hold back their allies. On the one side were the patriots or Whigs, as they called themselves, returning to their homes, too often mere heaps of ashes; embittered by a sense of many wrongs, exultant and confident, inflamed by the hangings at Charleston and thirsting for revenge. On the other side were the loyalists, deserted by their royal army, inspired by hatred of their antagonists, and utterly desperate. The result was that the State was filled with partisan fighting, with much burning and plundering, and not a few bloody deeds. The English policy of encouraging a local civil war and of giving the people she sought to retain as subjects no choice but to fight against their country or go to ruin, prison, and death, bore bitter fruit in South Carolina and Georgia in that summer of 1781.

While Greene, in the midst of all this wild fighting, was resting and drilling his army and slowly drawing in reinforcements to his well-ordered camp among the cool hills of Santee, his late opponent, Lord Rawdon, in order to repair his broken health, took ship for England, only to fall into the hands of the French. He

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was succeeded in the command at Charleston by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, who, in the latter part of August, moved out with about 2,300 men, and marched to the junction of the Congaree and Wataree, where he encamped. Informed as to the enemy's movements, Greene also moved out on August 22d, and making a wide circuit, marched toward Stewart, whose communications were threatened by detachments sent forward by Greene, and who was forced to fall back to Eutaw Springs. On September 7th Greene was at Burdell's plantation, within easy striking distance, and here he was joined by Marion, who had just routed a party of three hundred Hessians and British, inflicting a loss of over a hundred, and breaking them completely. Good news this was to come to the army, for Greene had determined this time to attack, although he had no more men than his antagonist. Stewart, moreover, had posted his men in a very strong position, and was so confident that, had it not been for two deserters, he would have been surprised. As it was, he had just time to make his arrangements the next morning, before the Americans were upon him. His cavalry, sent forward under Coffin, were cut to pieces, and the Americans, formed by Greene in two columns, came on rapidly and unflinchingly. This time the militia fought well. The North Carolinians fired seventeen rounds before they gave way, and when they fell back, the Virginians and the men of Maryland rushed promptly into their places. Twice the steady British lines repelled the assault, but as they became disordered by their success, Greene saw that the critical moment had come and put in his Continentals. With a fierce bayonet charge, the men in buff and blue broke through the British centre, while Lee flanked the enemy on the left. The rout seemed complete, the victors poured into the British camp, carrying all before them, and then, forgetting the bonds of discipline, scattered in every direction to seek plunder and drink. It was a fatal error, and only Greene's coolness and the steadiness of his best troops prevented his victory from being turned into utter disaster. The retreating British had flung themselves into a brick house which stood in the centre of the camp, and poured from this vantage-ground a galling and deadly fire upon their assailants. Meantime the right wing of the British held their ground, and repulsed the American attack with a heavy slaughter. Lee also had got separated from the main line, and the Americans, scattered and dispersed, were suffering heavily in all directions. Greene saw that his position was fatally compromised. With great difficulty and supreme exertion he reformed his lines and got the army again in order of battle. But the complete victory which he had won by his first attack had slipped from him through the failure in the discipline of his men when they believed that the field was theirs. His soldiers were exhausted, and he decided, as he had so often, with stern self-control, decided before, that he must not hazard the existence of the army, no matter how glittering the prize of a possible victory. Reluctantly he gave the word to retreat, and with nearly five hundred prisoners he withdrew to the plantation he had left in the morning, confident only that he had crippled his opponent and would force him to retreat to Charleston. It had been a hard-fought fight. The Americans had lost, in killed and wounded, four hundred and eight; the British, four hundred and thirty-three. and at least as many more in prisoners. Stewart, as Greene had anticipated, was obliged to retreat, and marched back to Charleston, leaving seventy of his wounded to the Americans. At Guilford and Hobkirk's Hill, Greene had lost his battle and won his campaign. At Eutaw he had a drawn battle, but he had broken Stewart, as he did Cornwallis, and once more had won his campaign. The British had come out in the open and fought a hard fight and been obliged to return to the seashore. They had failed once more to break the American army, they had failed to hold the country beyond the reach of tidewater and of their garrisoned town. This was defeat, for the loyalists could not sustain themselves, and, with the British shut up in Charleston, the States of the South were in control of the Americans, as New York and New Jersey were in the North.

Marion and Lee followed Stewart's retreating army to Charleston, harassing his march and cutting off stragglers and detached bodies of troops, while Greene, his main purpose effected, withdrew again

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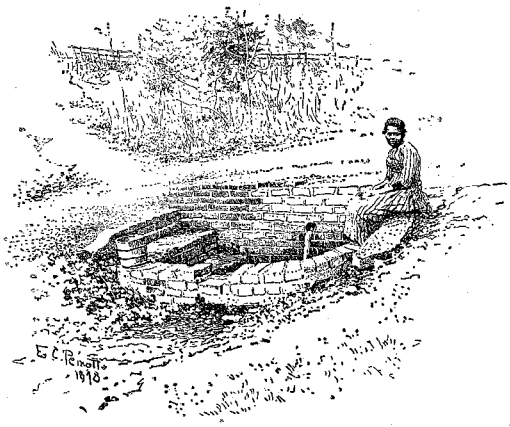
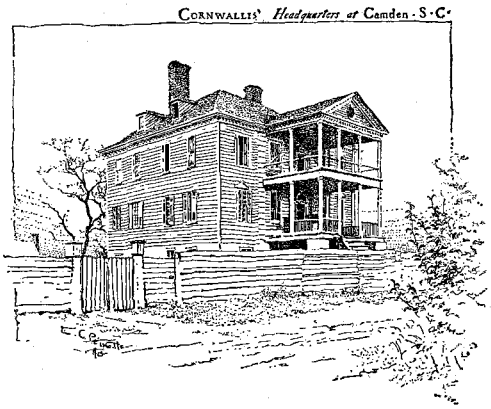
to the high hills to rest and gather reinforcements. Recruits were slow in coming in, and the enemy made a raid into North Carolina which revived partisan warfare in that State. But the movement was only sporadic. Yorktown fell, Virginia was cleared of the enemy, North Carolina was also free, and Wilmington was evacuated. The surrender of Cornwallis enabled Washington to send Wayne, with the Pennsylvanians, to the Southern army. Thus encouraged by the welcome tidings from the North, Greene took the field on November 18th and marched against the enemy. Leaving the main army to pursue Stewart, he went himself with a small detachment of picked troops, drove back a strong but detached British division to Charleston, and thus forced Stewart to retreat to the city, where the greatest alarm prevailed. Having thus again confined the enemy to Charleston, Greene encamped at the Round O, in a strong position, and held the British, who outnumbered him five to one, in check within the Charleston lines.

St. Clair and Wayne arrived with the Pennsylvanians as the year was closing, and early in January, 1782, Greene detached the latter with five hundred men to operate in Georgia. Wayne was as ever bold and enterprising. He re-established the State government, and although very inferior in numbers, he harassed the British and kept them cooped up in Savannah. In April he cut off a detachment



Greene's Spring near Camden.

It was around this spring that Greene and his officers were breakfasting when attacked by the British on the morning of the battle of Hobkirk's Hill.



Cornwallis' *Headquarters at* Camden · S · C ·

of the enemy which had gone out to rouse the Indians, and a little later he repelled a night attack of the Indians themselves, their chief and the British guides all falling in the dark and murderous conflict. Too weak still to attack, Wayne circled about Savannah, keeping the garrison hemmed in, until, on July 11th, the city was evacuated and Georgia passed finally into the hands of the Americans.

The war was now practically over. There were a few skirmishes, in one of which John Laurens fell, young, gallant, leading a charge and giving his life uselessly when his country's victory was won. But these affairs had no real importance. Greene held the field and watched his foe, while the British remained clinging helplessly to Charleston, and, despite their superiority of numbers, unable to do anything against their vigilant enemy. Slowly another year rolled round, and, finally, on December 14th, the British evacuated Charleston, and Greene's soldiers marched in on the very heels of their departing foes and posted themselves at the State House. At three o'clock Greene himself, escorted by Lee's dragoons, rode in with his officers and the Governor of South Carolina restored at last to his capital. Outside lay the English fleet, now spreading their sails and dropping down to the sea to carry the English army back across the Atlantic. As Greene passed along the streets the crowds welcomed him with cheers, cast wreaths from the windows, and cried to God to bless him. So it is well to leave him in the sunshine and the flowers with the light of a great triumph radiant upon him. The patient, brave, enduring, often defeated, but never conquered, man, the

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hard-fighting soldier, the keen strategist, had come to his reward at last. His work was done and well done. He passed out of the sunshine of victory to die all too early among the people for whom he had fought, leaving the memory of his deeds of war as his last memory, untouched by any of the trials and differences which the coming years of political strife brought to so many of his comrades in arms.

No outline of Greene's campaign can do full justice to him and to his army. There is no great dramatic moment when he arose at once triumphant to the complete victory at which he aimed. From the day when he took command of a beaten army at Charlotte to that other day, two years later, when he rode victorious into Charleston, he had been laboring incessantly with the single purpose of pressing the British back to the sea and setting free the Southern States. The forces under his command had fought four pitched battles. Morgan won at the Cowpens, and Greene was defeated at Guilford and Hobkirk's Hill, and had fought a drawn battle at Eutaw. Judged merely by this statement of his battles, one would call him an unsuccessful general, and yet he was steadily victorious. By his detachments under the really brilliant leadership of Marion, Lee, and Sumter, of Williams and Washington and the rest, by his masterly retreats and equally masterly strategy, he held his army together with grim tenacity, and surely and steadily forced the British back before an advance not always apparent but as resistless as the incoming tide, which seems never to gain and yet ever rises higher and higher. And ever behind and hand in hand with the operations in the field went on continually the grinding, harassing work of making and remaking his army, shifting perpetually under the wretched system of short enlistments. In the North, miserable as the arrangements were, the army was near Congress, they were supplied by contract, they were in the most settled parts of the country, and the loyalists there were generally few and weak. Greene fought through a country where a large part of the native population was in arms against him, and where it was often difficult to tell friend from foe. He had no contracts, but was obliged to rely on the changeable, well-meaning, but often weak and ill-informed, State governments. There was never a moment when he was not short of men, money, ammunition and supplies, and when he was not writing, supplicating, demanding all these things, and but rarely obtaining them. Under these conditions, aided by his singularly gallant and enterprising officers, and by the picked fighting men of the South, whom he gradually gathered round him, he came to a complete victory. Steadily he outgeneralled, outmarched, and, in the long run, outfought his opponents. Slowly and surely he narrowed the British field of operations and forced the English to the coast. Gradually the three States which the British had overrun so rapidly and triumphantly, passed from their control, and the loyalist support withered away before the advance of Greene's army and the sweeping raids of his lieutenants. So the end came with a victory as complete as the patient labor, the unresting energy, and the keen intelligence which made it possible. A fine piece of soldier's work, very nobly and ably done, and deserving of great praise and remembrance from all those who call Greene and his army countrymen. Wayne, who watched by the death-bed of Greene, wrote when the end came, "He was great as a soldier, great as a citizen, immaculate as a friend. The honors—the greatest honors—of war are due his remains. Pardon this scrawl. My feelings are but too much affected because I have seen a great and good man die."

So, with the simple words of the comrade who fought by his side, we may leave the victor of the campaign which carried the American Revolution to triumph in the South.

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# THE EPIGRAMMATIST

## By Oliver Herford

I KNOW an entomologist
  Who thinks it not a sin
To catch a harmless butterfly,
  And stick it, with a pin,
Upon a piece of paper white,
  And underneath the same
In letters large and plain to write
  The creature's Latin name.

I know another little man
  Who catches, now and then,
A microscopic little thought
  And goads it, with a pen,
To rhyme, until we wonder quite
  How it can keep so tame,
And why he never fails to write
  Beneath (in *full*) his name.

If you should ask me to decide
  The which of them I'd rate
The greater torment of the two
  I should not hesitate.
It's wicked with a pin to bore
  A butterfly—but then,
I loathe the other fellow more,
  Who bores me with his pen.

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# RED ROCK

## A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

### BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

### CHAPTER XXXII

THE revelation that Steve had made to Jacquelin in their law-office the night the bill was filed seemed suddenly to have opened life again to Jacquelin. Incidents which he had construed one way, now, in the light of Steve's disclosure, took on a new complexion. Hope was easily worth every thing else in Pandora's box. When he began to visit at Dr. Cary's again, it must be said that he could discern no change in Blair. Easy and charming as she always was to others, she was to him as constrained as formerly. She treated him with the same coldness that she had always shown him since that fatal evening when he had taken her to task about Middleton and then had put it on Steve's account. However, he was not to be cast down now. He even stood seeing McRaffle visiting her, though he fumed and smouldered internally over a man like McRaffle being in Blair's presence, however smooth he was. Steve declared that McRaffle was in love with Miss Welch, but Jacquelin knew better. Steve was such a jealous creature that he thought everyone was in love with Miss Welch if he but spoke to her—even that Wash Still was, whom Miss Welch would not look at. No; McRaffle was in love with Blair; Jacquelin knew it—just as he knew that Middleton was. She did not care for McRaffle, of course; but the thought of Middleton often crossed Jacquelin's mind, and discomposed him. He had heard of the honors Middleton had won in the Northwest, and of his retirement from the service. Blair had told him of it with undue enthusiasm. Confound him! While that Indian bullet was hitting him, it might as well have hit him a little lower. Most men would have died, anyhow. Then, as his thoughts ran this way, Jacquelin would haul himself up short, with a feeling of hot shame that such an ignoble idea could even enter his mind, and next time he saw Blair, would speak of Middleton with unmeasured warmth and admiration.

At length he could wait no longer. He would make a clean breast of everything, and tell her how he had always loved her. Steve was his confidant as he was Steve's, and agreed that this was the thing to do.

Alas! for masculine wisdom! The way of a serpent on a rock is not harder that that of a maid with a man. An opportunity presented itself one afternoon, in which everything appeared so propitious that Jacquelin felt as if the time were made for his occasion. He and Blair had been to ride, their first ride together in many years. The summer woods had been heavenly in their peacefulness and charm. Blair had insensibly fallen into a softer mood than she usually showed him, and, as they had talked of old times, she had seemed sweeter to him than ever before. He had spoken to her of Rupert, and of his anxiety about him; of the boy's association with McRaffle, and of the influence McRaffle seemed to have obtained over him; and Blair had responded with a warmth which had set his heart to bounding. Mr. McRaffle was a dangerous, bad man, she declared, and she was doing all she could to counteract his evil influence over Rupert. Her sweetness to Jacquelin was such that he had hardly been able to restrain himself from opening his heart to her then and there and asking her to let the past be by-gones, and accept his love. But he had waited until they should reach home, and now they were at the door. She asked him if he would not come in and stay to tea. The words awakened old association. Her voice thrilled him. He suddenly began to speak to her. She dropped her eyes, and he was conscious

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that she was trembling. In his constraint, he referred to the past and faltered something about Steve having set him right. She looked up quickly. He did not heed it, but went on and said all he had so often rehearsed, with a good deal more than he had designed to say.

When he was quite through he waited. She also waited a moment and then began to speak.

She did not care for him, except as a relative, and she never expected to marry at all. She was not looking at him, and was evidently speaking under strong feeling.

"May I ask if you care for anyone else?" Jacquelin inquired. His voice was constrained.

She did not know that he had any right to ask her such a question. She had already told him that she never expected to marry anyone. She had grown more formal.

Jacquelin lost his head, if he had ever had it. He was sure now that she cared for Middleton, and she had simply misled Steve.

"What did you tell Steve?" he asked. Her head went up suddenly and she faced him, her figure quite straight and strong, her flashing eyes fastened searchingly on his face.

"So that's the reason you have come! Steve told you to come, and you have come to say what he told you to say? Well, go back to him, and tell him I say he was mistaken." Her lip curled as she turned on her heel.

"No, no! Blair! Wait one moment!" But she had walked slowly into the house, and Jacquelin saw her mount the stair.

A moment later he mounted his horse, and came slowly away—down the road he knew so well—the road to vain regret, beyond which, somewhere, lies despair.

He knew now it was Middleton that had barred his way, and that to keep her secret Blair had misled Steve. He might have forgiven her all else, but he could not forgive her that.

After his interview with Major Welch, Captain Allen appeared to be in better spirits than he had been in for some time. Even the letter he received from the Major did not wholly dash his hopes, and, though they occasionally sank, they as often rallied again.

But Captain Allen was soon plunged as deep into the abyss as Jacquelin.

He was sitting in his office, looking listlessly out of the window one afternoon, when a pair of riders—a lady and her escort—rode up the street in plain view of where he sat. At sight of the trim figure, sitting her horse so jauntily, Steve's heart gave a bound, and a light came into his eyes. The next instant he recognized Miss Welch's companion as Dr. Washington Still.

Steve could not believe that such a girl as Ruth could be accepting the addresses of such a man as Wash Still. She could not know him. He followed the girl with his eyes as long as she was in view; then with a combination of emotions rather than with any single idea in his mind, he strode into the village and up the street. He wanted to get away, and he wanted to be near her and get a look into her face, but he had no definite intention of having her see him; none, at least, of meeting her. But, as he turned a corner into a shady street, they were coming toward him, and he saw that, even at a distance, she knew him. He could not turn back, so kept on, and as they passed him he raised his hat. Her escort returned the salute, but the girl looked him full in the eyes and cut him dead. The blood sprang into Steve's face. For any sign she gave, except a sudden whitening and a contraction of the mouth, she might never have seen him before in all her life. The next second Steve heard her voice starting, apparently, a very animated conversation with her escort, and heard him reply:

"Hurrah! for you," and break into a loud laugh.

Steve did not return to his office that evening. He spent the night wandering about. But had Mr. Allen known what occurred during the remainder of that ride, he might have found in it some consolation.

Miss Ruth had hardly gotten out of hearing of Captain Allen, and her escort had scarcely had time to turn over in his mind his enjoyment of his rival's discomfiture and his own triumph, when the young lady inexplicably changed and addressed him so viciously and with so biting a sarcasm that he was almost dumfounded. The occasion for her change was so slight that Wash Still was completely mystified. It

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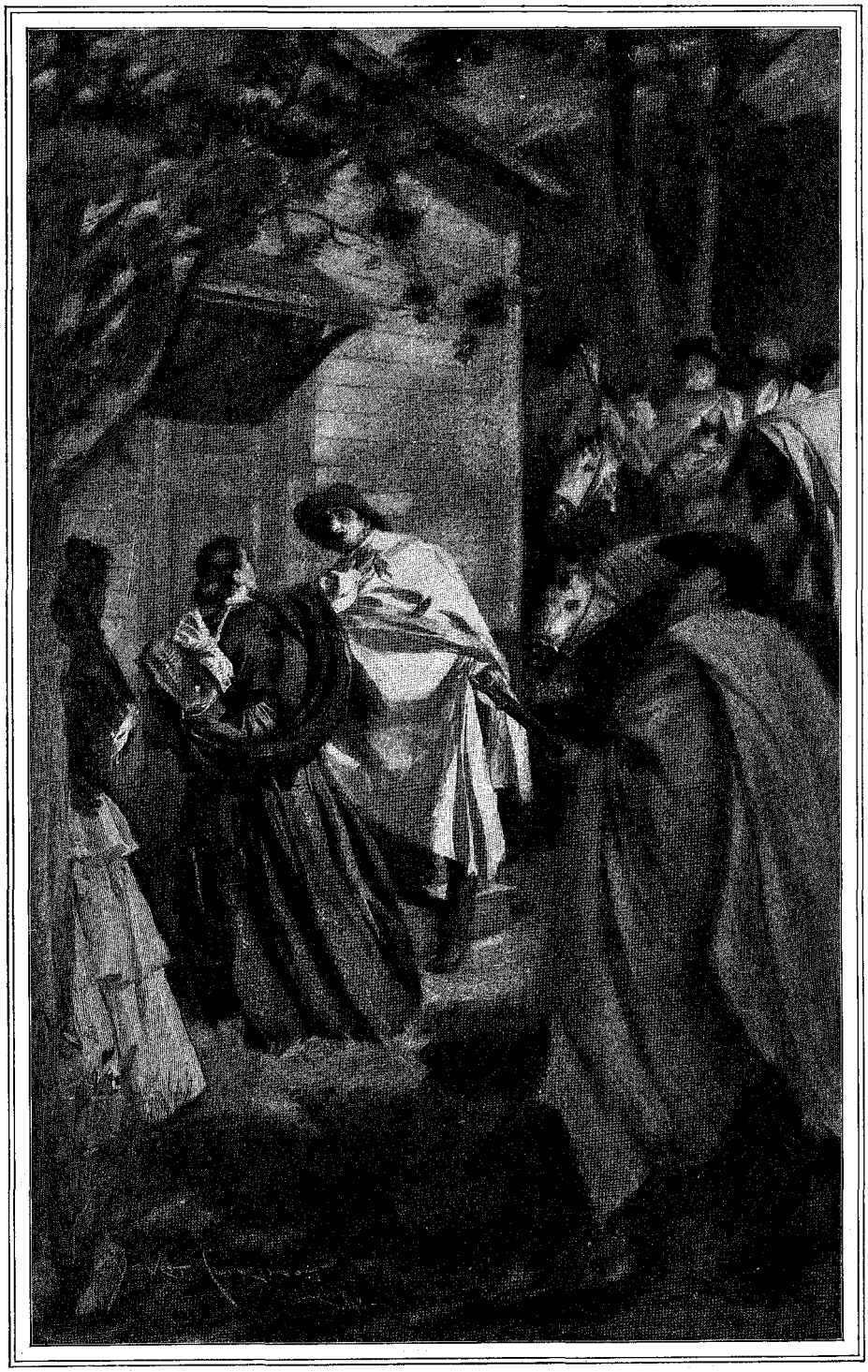

*Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.*

She gave a step forward and with a quick movement pulled the mask from his face.—Page 358.

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was only some slighting little speech he made about the man she had just cut dead.

"Why don't you say that to Captain Allen?" she asked, with a sudden flush on her face and a flash in her eyes. "You, at least, have not the excuse of not speaking to him."

Women have this in common with the Deity—that their ways are past finding out. The young Doctor could not comprehend how Miss Welch could have cut Captain Allen without it in some way redounding to his own advantage; and, notwithstanding her fierceness and coldness toward him, he believed it was a favorable time for him.

The ride home through the woods in the soft summer afternoon presented an opportunity he had been seeking for some time, and the attitude Ruth had shown toward his rival appeared to him to indicate that everything was propitious. Even her flare out at him he construed to mean only a flash of feminine caprice. After her little outbreak, Miss Welch had lapsed into silence, and rode with her eyes on her horse's mane and her lips firmly closed. The young man took it for remorse for her conduct, and drew up to her side and began to talk of himself and of his affairs. She listened in silence; so silently, indeed, that she scarcely seemed to be listening at all; and the young Doctor was moved to enlarge somewhat eloquently on his prospects as the owner of both Birdwood and Red Rock, the handsomest places in the county. Presently, however, he changed, and as they reached a shady place in the road, began to address her, and stated that he thought she had given him reason to hope he might be successful. The effect on Ruth was electric. She gave a vehement gesture of wild dissent.

"Oh! No, no! Don't," she cried, and drew her horse to a stand, turning in the road and facing the young man. "No, no! You have misunderstood me! How could you think so? I have never done it! I never dreamed of it! It is impossible!" The deep color sprang to her face; but the next moment, by a strong effort, she controlled herself, and faced the young man again. "Doctor Still," she said, calmly, and with deep earnestness, "I am sure that, wittingly, I never gave you the least warrant to think—to suppose that I could—that you might say to me what you have said. My conscience tells me this; but, if I have ever done or said anything that appeared to you to be a ground to build a hope on, I am deeply sorry, and I humbly beg your pardon. I pray you to believe me—I never intended it. I do not wish to appear hard, or—cruel, but I must tell you now that there is not the slightest hope for you, and never will be. I do not love you; I never could love, and I will never marry, you, never!" She could not have spoken more strongly.

The young man's face, which had begun by being pale, had now turned red, and he broke out, almost violently, reiterating that she had given him ground to think himself favored. He cited the rides she had taken with him. Ruth's eyes opened wide, and her head went up:

"I do not wish to discuss this further; I have told you the simple truth. I should prefer that you go on ahead of me; I prefer to ride home alone."

"Why did you cut Steve Allen this evening?" he persisted, angrily.

Ruth's face hardened.

"Certainly not on your account," she said, coldly, "or for any reason that you will understand. Go; I will ride home alone."

"I used to think you were in love with him; and so did everybody else;" persisted Dr. Still, "but it can't be him. Is it that young jackanapes, Rupert Gray? He's in love with you, but I didn't suppose you to be in love with a boy like that."

Ruth's face flamed with indignation.

"By what right do you question me as to such things? Go; I will ride home alone." She drew her horse back and away from him. The young man hesitated for a moment, but Ruth was inexorable.

"If you please—go!" she said, coldly, pointing down the road.

"Well, I will go," he burst out, angrily, "But Rupert Gray, and the whole set of 'em, had better look out for me," and, with a growl of rage, he struck his horse and galloped away.

The next instant Rupert Gray cantered in sight. Ruth's first thought was one of relief; the next was that she ought to be cool to him. But, as the boy galloped up



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to her, his face full of pleasure, and reined in his horse, she returned his greeting cordially.

"Well, I am in luck," he exclaimed. "Mayn't I ride home with you?" He assumed her consent and without waiting for it turned his horse.

"I am afraid you may be going somewhere, and I may detain you," said Ruth. He gave a toss of his head. "No, indeed; I am my own master. Besides, I don't like you to be riding so late all by yourself."

The imitation of Steve Allen's protecting manner was so unmistakable that Ruth could not help smiling.

"Oh! I'm not afraid. No one would interfere with me."

"They'd better not! If they did they'd soon hear from me," declared the boy, warmly. "Oh! I say, I met Washy Still up the road yonder, a little way back, looking as sour as vinegar, and you ought to have seen the way I cut him" (giving an imitation of his stare), "and you just ought to have seen the way he looked. He looked as if he'd have liked to shoot me." He burst into a clear, merry laugh. "I say, I want to ask you something? I wish you wouldn't let Wash Still come to see you."

"Why?"

"Why! because he is not a man you ought to associate with. He is not a gentleman—he's a sneak, and his father's a thief. He stole our place—just stole it—besides everything else he's stolen."

"Why, you say in your suit that we had—that my father had something to do with that?" said Ruth, quietly.

"What! You! Your father! I said he stole!" He reined up his horse in his amazement.

"In your suit, or bill, or whatever you call it?" Ruth felt that it was cruel in her to strike him such a blow, yet she enjoyed it.

"I never did—We never did—You are mistaken," stammered the boy. "Why, I wouldn't have done it for the whole of Red Rock—no more would Steve. Let me explain. I know all about it."

Ruth looked acquiescent, and, as they walked their horses along under the trees, the boy tried to explain the matter.

He was not very lucid, but he made clear the desire they had had to keep Major Welch out of the matter, and the sincerity of their motive in giving him the notice before he should buy. He also informed Ruth of Steve's action in the matter, and of the episode in the office that night when the bill was signed, or, at least, of as much of it as he had heard.

"But why did he do that?" asked Ruth.

"Don't you know?"

"N—o." Very doubtfully and shyly.

"Steve's in love with you!"

"What! Oh, no! You are mistaken." Ruth was conscious that her reply was silly and weak, and that she was blushing violently.

"Yes, he is—dead in love. Why, everybody knows it—at least, Jack does, and Blair does, and I do. And I am, too," he added, warmly. The boy's ingenuous declaration steadied Ruth and soothed her. She looked at him with a pleased and gratified light on her face.

"I am—I am dead in love with you, too. I think you are the prettiest, and sweetest, and kindest young lady in the whole world—just as nice as Blair, every bit—and I just wish I was older; I just wish you could marry me!" He was blushing and turning white by turns, and the expression on his young face was so ingenuous and sweet, and the light in his eyes so adoring, that the girl's heart went out to him. She drew her horse over to his side, and put her hand softly on his arm.

"Rupert, you are a dear, sweet boy—and, at least, you will let me be your best friend, and you will be mine," she said.

"Thank you," he said, simply. A moment later he said, reining in his horse: "I say, if you think that suit means anything against your father, I'll have it stopped."

"No, no, Rupert; I am satisfied," Ruth protested, with a smile.

"And, I say, I want to tell you one thing about Steve; he isn't what people take him to be, you know? Just clever, and dashing, and wild, and reckless? He's the best and kindest fellow in the world. And he's as brave as Julius Cæsar. I want to tell you that of him, and you know I wouldn't tell you if 'twa'n't so."

"I know," said Ruth, looking at him more pleasantly than ever.

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They were at the gate now, and Ruth invited him in, but Rupert said he had an engagement.

"There is one thing I want to ask you to do," said Ruth, rather doubtfully.

"What is it?" he asked, brightening; and then, as she hesitated: "Anything. I'll do it. I'll do anything for you, Miss Ruth; indeed, I will!"

"No—it is not for me, but for yourself," said Ruth. "But, no, I'll ask you next time I see you, maybe," she added, after a pause.

"All right; I promise you, I'll do it."

He said good-by, and galloped away through the dusk.

Ruth stood for some time looking after him, and then turned and entered the house, and went softly to her room.

Ruth did not think it necessary to tell her mother or father of the incidents of her ride, except that Rupert had ridden home with her. She was relieved to hear, a few days later, that Dr. Still had left the county, and, rumor said, had gone to the city to practise his profession. Anyhow, he was gone, and Ruth felt much relieved, and buried her uncomfortable secret in her own bosom.

Shortly afterward, both Hiram Still and Major Leech went to the city also.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

A NEW cause of grievance against Mrs. Welch had arisen in the county, in her conduct of the school near the Bend. Colored schools were not a novelty in the State. Blair Cary had for two years or more taught a colored school near her home. But Mrs. Welch made a new departure. The other school had been talked over and deliberated on until it was, in some sense, the outcome of the concert of the neighborhood. When Mrs. Welch, however, started her school, she consulted no one and asked no assistance—at least, of the county people. The aid she sought was only from her friends in the North, and when she received it she set in, chose her place, and built her school, giving out at the same time that it was to be used for sewing-classes, debating-societies, and other public purposes.

Thus the school came to be considered as a foreign institution, conducted on foreign principles, and in opposition to the school already established by the neighborhood. Mrs. Welch not only built a much larger and handsomer structure than any other school-house in the county, but planted vines to cover the porch, and introduced a system of prizes and rewards so far beyond anything heretofore known in this section that shortly not only most of the scholars who had attended Blair's school left, but those from other schools much farther off began to flock to Mrs. Welch's seminary.

Mrs. Welch's teacher was Miss Bush, a young woman who during the war had been a nurse in a hospital, where Mrs. Welch had learned something of her efficiency. She was a very homely little body, yet with kind eyes and a pleasant mouth. She acceded cheerfully to all Mrs. Welch's views. She was perfectly willing to live with the woman at whose house it had been arranged that she should board; she wished, she said, to live unobtrusively. She was in deep mourning and wore a heavy veil. She was as quiet as a mouse, and not afraid of any work whatever. She not only taught, but visited and nursed the sick, and in fact proved a perfect treasure.

By the negroes she was called Miss May (a contraction for Mary) which went abroad as her family name.

Miss May proved to be a strict disciplinarian, and a firm believer in the somewhat obsolete but not less wise doctrine that to spare the rod is to spoil the child, and as this came to be known, it had the effect of establishing her in the good esteem of the neighborhood. Thus, though no one visited her, Miss May received on all hands a sort of respectful regard. This was suddenly jeoparded at the opening of the new campaign by a report that the school-house, in addition to its purpose as a school-building, was being used as a public hall by negroes for their Union League meetings. A stir invariably began at the opening of a new campaign. The effects were always immediately apparent. But this campaign opened with more bitterness than any that had preceded it. Leech, whose head-quarters were in the city, had come up to take charge of it, and had boasted that he would make it hot for his opponents—a boast he appeared likely to

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make good. He attended the meetings at the new school-house, and it was reported that he had made a speech in which he said that the whites owed the negroes everything; that the time had come for payment; and that matches were only five cents a box, and if barns were burned they belonged to them. The report of this speech was carried through the county next day. One night, shortly afterward, Andy Stamper's store was burned to the ground, and was followed by the burning of several barns throughout Red Rock and the adjoining counties.

The masked order that had almost disappeared suddenly sprang up again, in some parts of the State. A meeting was held in Red Rock denouncing the outrages of such speeches as those of Leech, at which meeting Dr. Cary presided, and Steve Allen, General Legaie, Jacquelin Gray and Captain McRaffle spoke; but there was no reappearance there of the masked men. McRaffle denounced the patrons of the new school with so much heat that Steve Allen declared he was as incendiary as Leech.

McRaffle sneered that Steve appeared to have become very suddenly a champion of the carpet-bagger, Welch, and Steve retorted that, at least, he did not try to borrow money from him and then vilify him, but that Captain McRaffle could find another cause to quarrel with him if he wished it.

For a long time there had been bad blood between Steve and McRaffle. Among other causes was McRaffle's evil influence over Rupert.

Rupert had been growing of late more and more independent, associating with McRaffle and a number of the wildest fellows in the county, and showing a tendency to recklessness which had caused all his friends much concern.

Jacquelin tried to counsel and control him, but the boy was wayward and heedless. Rupert thought it was hard that he was to be under direction at an age when Jacquelin had already won laurels as a soldier. When his brother took him to task for going off with some of the wilder young men in their escapades, Rupert only laughed at him.

"Why, Jack, it's you I am emulating. As Cousin John Cary would say, 'The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep.'" And when Captain Allen tried to counsel him seriously, he floored that gentleman by saying that he had learned both to drink and to play poker from him. He was, however, devoted to Blair, and she appeared to have much influence over him; so Steve and Jacquelin tried to keep him with her.

One evening, shortly after the public meeting at which Steve and McRaffle had had their quarrel, Rupert appeared to be somewhat restless. Blair had learned the signs and knew that in such cases it was likely to be due to Rupert's having heard that some mischief was on foot, and she used to devise all sorts of schemes to keep the boy occupied. She soon discovered what was the matter. He had heard a rumor that a movement was about to be directed against Mrs. Welch's school. None of the men he was intimate with knew much about it. It was only a rumor. Steve and Jacquelin were both away attending a meeting in another county. It was reported that some others were going to take advantage of their absence to give the notice. Blair was much disturbed.

"Why, they are going to do it on your account," said Rupert. "They say it was started to break up your school."

"Nonsense! Do they think that's the way to help me? The teacher is a woman," urged Blair. Rupert's countenance fell.

"They aren't going to trouble her—are just going to scare the negroes so they won't send their children to her and there won't be any more meetings held there. They say she's kin to Leech or—something."

"When is it to be?"

"To-night."

Blair lamented the absence of Jacquelin and Steve. If they were but at home they would, she knew, prevent this outrage.

"Oh! Jacquelin and Steve! They are nothing but old fogies," laughed Rupert. "McRaffle, he's the man!" With a toss of his head he broke into a snatch of "Bonny Dundee."

Blair watched him gravely for a moment.

"Rupert," she said, "Captain McRaffle is nothing but a gambler and an advent-

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urer. He is not worthy to be named in the same breath with Steve and—your brother, any more than he is to be named with my father. This is the proof of it, that he is going to try to interfere with a woman. Why does he not go after Colonel Leech, who made the speech there?"

Rupert's face grew grave. Blair pressed her advantage.

"He is a coward; for he would never dare to undertake such a thing if your brother and Steve were at home. He takes advantage of their absence to do this, when he knows that Miss May has no defender."

Rupert's eye flashed.

"By George! I never thought of that," he burst out. "She has got a defender. I'll go there and stand guard myself. You needn't have any fear, Blair, if I'm there." He hitched his coat around in such a way as to display the butt of a huge pistol. Blair could not help smiling. But this was not what she wanted. She was afraid to send Rupert to guard the place. He had not judgment enough. If what the boy had heard was true, something might happen to him if he went there. She knew that he would defend it with his life; but she was afraid of the consequences. So she set to work to put him on another tack. She wanted him to go down to the county-seat and learn what he could of the plans, and try to keep the men from coming at all. This scheme was by no means as agreeable to Rupert as the other, but he finally yielded and set out. Blair watched him ride away through the orchard, the evening light falling softly around him as he cantered off. She sat still for a little while thinking. Suddenly she rose, and going into the house found her mother and held a short consultation with her. A few moments later she came out with her hat on, and disappeared among the apple-trees, walking rapidly in the same direction Rupert had taken. Her last words as she left the house were to call softly to her mother:

"When Rupert comes back send him after me. I will wait for him at Mr. Stamper's."

When Blair arrived at the Stampers', however, Mr. Stamper was absent. But she found an heroic enough ally in his representative, Mrs. Delia, to make up for all other deficiences. The idea of a possibility of an injury to one of her sex fired that vigorous soul with a flame not to be quenched.

"I jest wish my Andy was here," she lamented. "He'd soon straighten 'em out. Not as I cares, Miss Blair, about the school or the teacher," she said, with careful limitation; "for I don't like none of 'em, and I'd be glad if they'd all go back where they come from. But a man as can't git a man to have a fuss with and has to go after a woman, Delia Stamper jist wants to git hold of him. I never did like that Cap'n McRaffler, anyhow. He owes Andy a hunderd and twenty-nine dollars, and if I hadn't stopt Andy from givin' him things—that's what I call it—jest *givin'* 'em to him—sellin' on credit, he'd 'a owed us five hunderd. He knows better th'n to fool with me." She gave a belligerent shake of her head. "I'll tell you what, Miss Blair," she suddenly broke out, "our men folks are all away. If they are comin' after women, let's give 'em some women to meet as know how to deal with 'em. I wants to meet Captain McRaffler, anyhow." Another shake of the head was given, this time up and down, and her black eyes began to sparkle. Blair looked at her with new satisfaction.

"That is what I wish. That is why I came," she said. "Can you leave your children?"

"They are all right," said Mrs. Stamper, with kindling eyes—"I ain't been on such an expedition since the war. I'll leave word for Andy to come as soon as he gits home."

As they sallied forth Mrs. Stamper put into her pocket a big pistol and her knitting. "One gives me courage to take the other," she said.

It was quite two miles to the school-house, and the novel guards arrived at their post none too soon. As they emerged from the woods, in the little clearing on one side of which stood the church, and on the other the new school-house, the waning moon was just rising above the tree-tops.

They had but a short time to wait. They had not been there long before the tramp of horses was heard, and in a little while from the woods opposite them emerged a cavalcade of perhaps a dozen horsemen. Mrs. Stamper clutched Blair with a grip of

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terror, the only thing she feared was the supernatural; and men and horses were heavily shrouded and looked ghostly enough. Blair was trembling; but not from fear—only from excitement, and she put her hand on her companion encouragingly. Just then one of the men burst into a loud laugh. Mrs. Delia's grip relaxed.

"I know that laugh," she said, with a sigh of deep relief. "Jest let him ride up here and try some of his shenanigin!" She began to pull at her pistol. But Blair seized her.

"For Heaven's sake, don't," she whispered; and Mrs. Stamper let the pistol go, and they squeezed back into the shadow. Just then the men rode up to the schoolhouse door. They were discussing what they should do. "Burn the house down," declared the leader. But this met with fierce opposition.

"I didn't come out here to burn any house down," said a man riding behind, "and I'm not going to do it. You can put your notice up and come along."

"Ah! You're afraid," sneered the leader.

There was a movement among the horsemen behind, and the man so charged rode up to the head of the column and pulled his horse in front of the leader. There was a gleam of steel in the light of the moon.

"Take that back, or I'll make you prove it," he said, angrily. "Ride out there and draw your pistol, and we'll let Jim here give the word, and we'll see who's afraid."

Their companions crowded around them to make peace. The leader apologized. The sentiment of the crowd was evidently against him.

"Now get down and fix up your notice and let's be going," said one of the peacemakers.

The leader dismounted and started up the steps. As he did so, the two young women stepped forward.

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. Stamper. The man positively staggered from surprise, and a murmur of astonishment broke from the horsemen. Mrs. Stamper did not give them time to recover. With true soldierly instinct she pressed her advantage. "I know what you want," she said with scorn. "You want to scare a poor woman, who ain't got anybody to defend her. You ain't so much against niggers and carpet-baggers as you make out. I know you."

"You know nothing of the kind," said the man, angrily, in a deep voice. He had recovered himself. "What business have you here? Go home, wherever that may be, and leave the Invisible Empire to execute its dread decrees."

"Dread fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Stamper. "I don't know you, don't I?" She gave a step forward, and with a quick movement caught and pulled the mask from his face. "I don't know you, Captain McRaffle? And you don't know me, do you?" With an oath the man made a grab for his mask, and snatching it from her, hastily replaced it. She laughed triumphantly. "No, I didn't know you, Captain McRaffle. I've got cause to know you. And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming out here to harm a poor woman. So ought all of you. And you are, I know, every mother's son of you. If you want to do anything why don't you do it to men, and openly, like Andy and Capt'n Allen?"

"It hasn't been so long since they were in the order," sneered McRaffle.

"Yes, and when they were, there were gentlemen in it," fired back Mrs. Stamper, "and they went after men, not women."

"We didn't come to trouble any woman. We came to give notice that no more night-meetings and speeches about burning houses were to be held here," growled McRaffle.

"Yes; so you set an example by wanting to burn down houses yourself. That's the way you wanted to give notice—if it hadn't been for those gentlemen there."

"She's too much for you, Captain," laughed his friends.

"We're trying to help out our own people, and to keep the carpet-baggers from breaking up Miss Cary's school," said McRaffle, trying to defend himself.

"No doubt Miss Cary will be much obliged to you."

"No doubt she will—I have good reason to know she will," affirmed McRaffle, "and you'll do well not to be interfering with our work." There was a movement in the corner behind Mrs. Stamper.

"Ah! Well, I'll let her thank you in

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person," said Mrs. Stamper, falling back with a low bow as Miss Cary herself stepped forward. The astonishment of the men was not less than it had been when Mrs. Stamper first confronted them.

Blair spoke in a clear quiet voice that at once enforced attention. She disclaimed indignantly the charge that had just been made by the leader, and seconded all that Mrs. Stamper had said. Her friends, if she had any in the party, could not do her a worse service than to interfere with this school.

Just then there was the sound of horses galloping at top speed, and in a second Rupert Gray and Andy Stamper dashed up breathless.

Mrs. Stamper and Miss Cary explained the situation. Hearing from Mrs. Stamper what McRaffle had said about Blair, Rupert flashed out that he would see Captain McRaffle about it later.

For a moment or two it looked as if there might be a serious misunderstanding. But Blair quieted matters, and the cavalcade of masked men rode away in one direction, while Andy and Rupert rode off in the other, with the two young women behind them, leaving the little school-house as peaceful in the moonlight as if there had never been a sound except the cicalas' cry heard within a hundred miles.

The incident, however, had some far-reaching consequences. Only a day or two later Captain McRaffle went to town, and a short time after there was quite a sensation in the county over a notice in the paper that was Leech's organ, announcing that, "Captain McRaffle, long disgusted with the brutal methods of the outlaws who disgraced the State, had severed his connection with the party that employed such methods; that, indeed, he had long since done so, but had refrained from making public his decision in order that he might obtain information as to the organization, and thus render his country higher service than he could otherwise do."

The next issue of the paper announced his appointment to the position of Commissioner of the Court, in which position his experience and skill would prove of inestimable benefit to the country.

It was, perhaps, well for the Captain that his office was in the city.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

One day Rupert left home to go to the railway, promising to return that night. But although Jacquelin sat up for him, he did not come, and as he did not appear next day, Jacquelin rode down in the evening to see about him. At the station he learned that Rupert had left a little before dark to return home. He had fallen in with three or four men who had just come from the city on the train, and were making inquiries concerning the various places and residents in the upper end of the county, something about all of which they had appeared to know. They said they were interested in timber-lands and they wanted advice as to who were the best lawyers of the county. Rupert had said he could tell them all about the lawyers, and he had proceeded to do so, declaring that General Legaie and Mr. Bagby were the best old lawyers and his brother and Steve Allen the best young lawyers. They had asked him about Leech and McRaffle.

"Leech wasn't anything. Yes, he was —he was a thief, and McRaffle was a turn-coat hound."

One of the men who lived at the station had gone up and tried to get Rupert away, and urged him to go home, he informed Jacquelin; but the boy was too excited by this time to know just what he was doing.

"He was talking pretty wildly," he said, "and was abusing Leech and Still and pretty much all the Rads. I didn't mind that so much, but he was blowing about that old affair when the negro soldiers were shot, and about the K. K.'s, and the capture of the arms, and was telling what he did about it. You know how a boy will do! And I put in to stop him, but he wouldn't be gainsaid; he said these men were friends of his, and had come up to employ you all in a lawsuit, and knew Leech and Still were a parcel of rascals. So I let him alone, and he went off with 'em in a wagon they'd hired, saying he was going to show them the country; and I supposed he was safe home."

By midnight the whole population of that part of the county was out, white and black, and the latter were as much interested as the former. Meantime, unknown

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to the searchers, an ally had entered the field.

That evening Ruth Welch was sitting at home reading, when a servant brought a message that a man was at the door asking to see Major Welch. It happened that Major Welch was absent in town, and Mrs. Welch had driven over that afternoon to see a sick woman, so Ruth went out to see the man. He was a stranger and Ruth was struck by something peculiar about him. He was a little unsteady on his feet; his voice was thick, and at first he did not appear quite to take in what she told him. He had been sent, he repeated several times, to tell "Mashur Welth" that they had taken his advice and had made the first arrest, and bagged the man who had given the information that started that riot, and had gotten evidence enough from him to hang him and to haul in the others too."

"But I don't understand," said the girl. "What is all this about? Who's been arrested and who is to be hung? My father has never advised the arrest of anyone."

"Tha's all I know, Miss," said the man. "At least tha's all I was to tell; I was told to bring that message, and I reckon it's so, 'cause they've got the young fellow shut up in jail since last night, and as drunk as a monkey and don't anybody know he's there—tha's a good joke, ain't it?—and tomorrow mornin' they'll take him to the city and lodge him in the jail there, and 't'll go pretty hard with him. Don't anybody know he's there, and they're huntin' everywheres for him." He appeared to think this a great joke.

"But I don't understand at all whom you mean."

"The young one — they bagged him, and they're after the two older ones too," he said, confidentially. He was so repulsive that Ruth shrank back.

"The one they calls Rupert; but they're after the two head devils—his brother and that Allen one. Them's the ones the Colonel and your friend over there want to jug." He jerked his thumb in the direction of Red Rock.

It all flashed on the girl in a moment.

"Oh!—They have arrested Mr. Rupert Gray and they want Mr. Jacquelin Gray and Captain Allen? Who has arrested him?"

"The detectives. But *them's* the ones had it done—Major Leech and Mist' Still." He winked elaborately, in a way that caused Ruth to raise her head in indignation.

"What was it for?" she asked, coldly.

"For murder—killin' them men three or four years back. They've got the dead wood on 'em—now since the young one told all about it."

Ruth uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"I know that young man, and I say he'll die before he'd betray anyone—much less his cousin and brother."

"Well, maybe so."

Just as the man turned away Ruth caught sight of someone standing in the shrubbery, and as the man went out of the gate the person came forward. It was Virgy Still, and she appeared to be in a state of great agitation, and began to tell Ruth a story in which her father and Rupert Gray and Major Leech were all mixed up so incoherently that had Ruth not just heard the facts she could never have been able to make head or tail of it. At length she was able to calm Virgy and to get her account. She had sent a man over to tell Ruth, she said, but she was so afraid he had not come that she had followed him. "It has something to do with the case against pa and your father. They are afraid Mr. Rupert will give evidence against them, and they mean to put him in jail and keep him from doing it. Do you know what it is?"

Ruth shook her head.

"I do not, either. I heard them talking about it: but I did not understand what it was. They ain't after Mr. Rupert; they're after Mr. Jacquelin and Captain Allen."

She suddenly burst into tears.

"Oh! Miss Ruth," she sobbed, "you don't know, you don't know——"

"I don't know what?" asked Ruth.

"He is the only one that was always kind to me."

"Who?"

"Mr. Jacquelin. He was always good to me. When I was a little bit of girl, he was always kind to me. And now he hates me. And I never wanted the place."

"Oh, I don't think he does," said Ruth, consolingly.

"Yes he does—I know he does," sobbed the girl. "And I never wanted the place.

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I have been miserable ever since I went there."

Ruth looked at her with new sympathy. The idea that the poor girl was in love with Jacquelin had never crossed her mind. She felt an unspeakable pity for her.

"And now they want me to marry Mr. Leech," moaned the girl. "And I hate him—I hate him. Oh! I wish we never had had the place. I know he would not want to marry me if pa did not have it. And I hate him. I hope we'll lose the case."

"I would not marry anyone I did not want to marry," said Ruth.

"Oh, you don't know," said Virgy. "You don't know Wash. And pa wants me to marry him, too. He says he'll be Governor. He loves me; but he won't hear of my not marrying. And I'll have to do it—unless we lose the case," she added.

She said she must be going; and she rose and went away, leaving Ruth with a new idea in her mind. Ruth sat still for a few moments in deep thought. Suddenly she ordered her horse. While it was being got, she seized a pencil and scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper which she put into her pocket.

When her horse came, Ruth muttered something about telling her mother she would be back in a little while, sprang into the saddle, and galloped away, leaving the negro gazing after her with wonderment and mumbling over the message she had given him.

Ruth knew the road well, and as soon as she turned into the highway that led to the county-seat she let her horse out, and they fairly flew. She passed a number of men riding toward the court-house, but she dashed by them too rapidly for them to speak to her or to recognize her in the dark. As she came near the village the riders increased in numbers, so she turned into a by-lane which skirted the back of the court-green and led near the lawyers' offices. Jumping her horse over the low fence, she tied him to a swinging limb of a tree, where he would be in the shadow, and with a pat or two to quiet him and keep him from whinnying, she made her way on foot into the court-green. Ruth walked down as far as she dared, keeping close beside the fence, and tried to recognize some of the men who were moving about on the tavern veranda or in the road before it; but there was not one she knew. While she was listening, the sound of a horse galloping rapidly came from the direction of the road that led to the railway, and the next minute the rider dashed up. Ruth's heart gave a bound as she recognized Steve Allen. His coming seemed to give her a sense of security and protection in place of loneliness. His first words, however, damped Ruth's hopes.

No, no trace had been found of Rupert. Jacquelin and many others were still searching for him and would keep it up. No, he felt sure he had not been murdered by any negro—that he had not been murdered at all. He would be found in time, etc. All in answer to questions.

Suddenly he singled out one man and drew him away from the crowd, and to Ruth's horror they came across the road straight to where she stood. She turned around and would have fled, but she could not. Instead she simply dropped down on the ground and cowered beside the fence. They came and leant against the fence within ten feet of her and began to talk.

"Well, where is he?" the stranger asked Steve as soon as they were out of earshot of the crowd. Ruth recognized him as a man named Helford, from another county.

"Somewhere, shut up—hidden," said Allen.

"Drunk?"

"Yes—and that's not the worst of it."

"What do you mean? He'll turn up all right."

"You think so. He'll turn up in jail, and you and I shall, too, if we don't mind. He's been trapped and spirited away—by detectives, sent up here on purpose."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Find him and take him away from them," said Steve. "If Leech or Still were in the county I'd find out in an hour; but they're both in the city—been away a fortnight hatching this thing."

"All right, I'm with you. But where'll we look? You say Leech and Still are both away in the city, and you don't think he's at either of their places. Where can he be?"

"I don't know, but I'll find out if he's above ground," said Steve, "and some

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day I'll call Jonadab Leech and Hiram Still to a settling."

"I'll tell you, Allen, where you may find him, or at any rate find a trace of him. At that new carpet-bagger's, Mr. Welch's."

"Nonsense! Why don't you look in my office?"

"You may say so; but I tell you you'd better look. You all over here think he's different from the rest, but I tell you he isn't. When it comes to these questions they're all tarred with the same stick, and a d——d black stick it is."

Ruth stirred with indignation. She wished she could have sprung up and faced him.

"We won't discuss that," said Steve, coldly. "Major Welch certainly differs widely from you and me on all political questions—perhaps on many other questions. But he is a gentleman, and I'll stake my life on his being ignorant of anything like this."

"Well, maybe so—if you think so," said the other, impressed by Steve's seriousness. "But I don't see why you should think he's so different from all the rest of them. You didn't use to find one Yankee so much better than another."

Steve declared haughtily that he did not wish to discuss that question further, and that he would have his horse fed and go to his office to make out a few notices and be ready to start off again in an hour.

"The roads are all picketed, and if they get him to the city it will be by a route they won't want to take themselves," he said, grimly, as he turned away.

When they moved off, Ruth rose and crept away. She went up to the offices and scanned the doors. Fortunately, by even the faint glimmer of the stars, she could make out the big names on the signs. She tried the door of the office on which was the name of Allen & Gray, and finding it locked, pushed her envelope under it and slipped hastily away.

## CHAPTER XXXV

When Steve Allen stepped across the threshold of his office, he caught the gleam of something white lying on the floor just inside the door-sill. He picked up the slip of paper, and, striking a light, looked at it. The writing on it was in a cramped back-hand that he did not know, and could hardly read. At last, however, he made it out.

"Your friend is in jail here on charge of murder. Will be taken to city to-night or to-morrow morning for trial." It had been signed "A Friend," but this had been much scratched over and was almost illegible. Steve read it over again and again. In a few minutes he had called his friend Helford into his office and laid before him his information. Helford received it coldly. He thought it might be a trick to throw them off the track and obtain delay.

Even if it would have been possible for Rupert Gray to be put in jail right under their noses, he could not have been kept there all day without being discovered. Steve was of a different opinion. Something assured him that the information was true, and he laid his plans accordingly. The men who were at the county-seat were requested to wait, without being told what was the reason. Riders were sent off to call in the searchers who were still engaged, a rendezvous near the village being appointed. Steve, leaving the men present under charge of Helford, rode off, as if to continue the search, but a short distance down the road he turned, and, riding back by another way, tied his horse and returned to the court-green. He entered at the rear, and walked up to the jail and rang the bell. After some delay a man peeped at him through the wicket and asked who it was. Steve gave his name, and said he wanted to see the prisoner who had been brought in the night before. The man hesitated a second, then said there was no such prisoner there. He took a half-step backward to close the shutter, but Steve was too quick for him. The next second there was a scraping sound on the grating, and the man found a pistol-barrel gleaming at him through the bars, right under his nose.

"Stir and you are a dead man," said Steve. "Open the door."

"I ain't got the keys."

"Call for them — don't stir — I'll give you till I count five. One, two, three——"

"Hi! Yes, I is got 'em." The pistol-barrel was shining right in his face, and Steve's eyes were piercing him through the

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bars. He unlocked the door and Steve stepped in.

"Take me to Mr. Gray's cell instantly; and remember, a single word from you means your death." Steve expected to be taken to one of the front rooms, in which the prisoners of better condition were kept, but the guide went on, and at length stopped at the door of one of the worst cells in the place—where the most abandoned criminals were usually confined.

"You don't mean to say that you've put him in here?" Steve asked, sternly.

"That's orders," said the man, and added, explanatorily, as he fumbled at the lock, "You see, he was pretty wild when they brought him here."

"Don't defend it," said Steve, in a voice which brought the turnkey up shaking.

"No, suh—no, suh—I ain' defendin' it. I jes tellin' you." He unlocked the door.

"Walk in," said Steve, and, pushing the guide ahead, he stepped in behind him and took his light. It was so dark that he could not at first make out anything inside, but after a moment a yet darker spot in the general gloom became dimly discernible.

"Rupert?" Steve called. At the voice the dark shadow stirred. "Rupert Gray?"

There was a cry from the dark corner.

"Steve! Oh, Steve! Steve!"

"Come here," said Steve, who was keeping close beside the jailer.

"I can't. Oh, Steve!"

"Why not? Over there," he said, with a motion to the jailer.

"I'm chained."

"What!" The young man turned fiercely and caught the jailer by the shoulder, and, with a single twist of his powerful arm, sent him before him spinning into the corner of the room. Stooping, Steve felt the boy, and the chain by which he was bound to the great ring in the wall. The next second he faced the keeper.

"Dog!"

For a moment the man thought he was as good as dead. Steve's eyes blazed like coals of fire, and he looked like a lion about to spring. The man began to protest his innocence, swearing with a hundred oaths that he had nothing to do with it; that it was all Leech's doings; his orders and the other men's work. He himself had tried to prevent it.

Steve cut him short.

"Liar, save yourself the trouble. What are their names? Where are they?"

"I don't know. They've gone—I don't know where. They went away this mornin' before light."

"Get the key and unlock that chain!"

The man swore that he did not have it; the men had taken it with them.

Steve reflected a moment; he did not believe him, but he had no time to lose.

"Oh, Steve! never mind me," broke in Rupert, his self-possession recovered. "Go; I'm not worth saving. Oh, Steve, if you only knew—I have done you an irreparable injury; I don't mind myself, but—" His voice failed him, and his words ended in a sob. "I'm not crying because I'm here or am afraid," he said; "but if you only knew——"

Steve Allen leant down over him, and, throwing his arm around him, kissed him as if he had been a child.

"That's all right," he said, and whispered something which made the boy exclaim, "Oh, Steve! Steve!"

He said, solemnly, the next moment, "I promise you that I will never touch another drop of liquor again as long as I live."

"Never mind about that now," said Steve.

"But I want to promise—I want to make you that promise. It would help me, Steve. I have never broken my word."

"Wait until you're free," said Steve, indulgently. He turned to the keeper, who had stood cowering in the corner.

"Come! Walk before me!" As they left the cell he said to him, "In a half hour two hundred men will be here. These doors will go like paper. If they find that boy chained and you are here, your life will not be worth a button. Nothing but God Almighty could save you." He left him at the front door and went out. A number of men were already assembling about the jail, as if the presence of Rupert were suspected. It turned out afterward that old Waverley had seen Steve enter the jail, and, fearing that he might not get out again, had told Andy Stamper, whom he found just arrived.

The crowd was beginning to be excited. Steve took charge at once. He spoke a

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few words in a calm, level, assured tone —stated the fact of Rupert Gray's arrest by detectives, not for his own offence, but more for that of others; of his imprisonment in irons in the jail, and of their intention to take him out; and declared his belief that it was their desire that he should command them, and his readiness to do so.

The response they gave showed their assent.

Then they must obey his orders.

They would, they said.

"The first is—absolute silence."

"Yes—that's right," came from all sides.

"The second is, that we will release our friend, but take no other step—no other violence than that of breaking the doors and taking him out."

"Oh, h——l! We'll hang every d——d nigger and dog in the place," broke in a coarse voice near him. Steve faced around and caught the speaker. He was a man named Bushman—a turbulent fellow. As quick as thought the pistol that had been shining under Perdue's nose a little before was gleaming under the man's eyes.

"Step out and go home." Steve pointed up the road.

The man began to growl.

"Go," said Steve, imperiously, and the crowd applauded.

"That's right—send him off." They opened a path, through which the man slunk growling away.

"Now, men, fall in."

They fell in like soldiers, and Steve marched them off to the spot he appointed where others might join them.

The rendezvous was in a pine forest a little off the road and only a quarter of a mile or so back of the village. It was an impressive body assembled there in the darkness, silent and grim, the stillness broken only by the muffled stamping of a restless horse or by an almost inaudible murmur, or an order given in a low, quiet tone. By a sort of soldierly instinct the line had fallen into almost regimental order, and from time to time, as new recruits came up, directed by the pickets on the roads outside, they too fell into order.

Just as they were about to move, a horseman galloped up, and a murmur went through the ranks.

"Dr. Cary!"

Whether it was surprise, pleasure, or regret, one at first could scarcely tell.

"Where is Captain Allen?" asked the Doctor, and pushed his way to the head of the line. A colloquy took place between him and Steve in subdued but earnest tones, the Doctor urging something, Steve replying, while the men waited, interested, but patient. The older man was evidently protesting, the other defending. At length Dr. Cary said:

"Well, let me speak a word to them."

"Certainly," assented Steve, and turned to the men.

"Dr. Cary disagrees with us as to the propriety of the step we are about to take, and urges its abandonment. He desires to present his views. You will hear him with the respect due to the best and wisest among us." He drew back his horse, and the Doctor rode forward and began to speak.

"First, I wish you to know that I am with you heart and soul, for better, for worse—flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone. Next to my God and my wife and child, I love my relatives and neighbors. Of all my relatives, perhaps, I love best that boy lying in yonder jail, and I would give my life to save him. But I could not kneel to my God to-night if I did not declare to you my belief, my profound conviction, that this is not the way to go about it. I know that the wrongs that we are suffering cry to God; but I urge you to unite with me in trying to remedy them by law, and not by violence. Violence on our side is the only ground which they can urge for their justification. It is a terrible weapon we are furnishing them, and with it they cannot only defeat us now, but can injure us for years to come." He went on for ten or fifteen minutes, urging his views with impressive force. Never was a stronger appeal made. But it fell on stony ears. The crowd was touched by him, but remained unmoved; it had resolved, and its decision was unchanged. When he ended, there was for a moment a low murmur all through the ranks, which died down, and they looked to their captain. Steve did not hesitate. In a firm, calm voice he said:

"For the first time in my life almost, I find myself unable to agree in a matter of principle with the man you have just heard.

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This may be only my personal feeling, and I wish all who may think as he does to fall out of line. If all shall leave, I shall still undertake to rescue Rupert Gray. Those who disagree with me will ride forward."

There was a rustle and movement all down the ranks, but not a man stirred from his place. As the men looked along the line and took in the fact, there went up a low, suppressed sound of exultation.

"Silence, men," said the Captain. He turned his horse to face Dr. Cary.

"Dr. Cary, I beg you to believe that we all recognize the wisdom of your views and their unselfishness, and we promise you that no violence shall be offered a soul beyond forcing the doors and liberating the boy."

A murmur of assent came from the ranks. Dr. Cary bowed.

"I shall wait at the tavern," he said, "to see if my services may be of any use."

Steve detailed two men to conduct him through the guards, and he rode slowly away.

A few minutes later Captain Allen gave the order, and the column marched off.

When he arrived at the jail, he learned from Andy Stamper that Perdue had taken advantage of Steve's hint and had escaped.

"I had hard work at first to git him out," said Andy. "I had to go up to the door and talk to him; but when he found what was comin', he was glad enough to go."

The breaking into the jail was not a difficult matter; but it took a considerable time to cut the irons that bound the prisoner, who, under the excitement of their entrance, had been overjoyed, but a moment later had keeled over into Andy Stamper's arms. Under the steady blows of the old blacksmith even that was at length accomplished, and the rescuers moved out bearing Rupert with them. As they emerged from the building with the boy in their arms the long pent-up feeling of the crowd outside burst forth in one wild cheer which rang through the village and was heard miles away on the roads. It was quickly hushed, the crowd withdrew to the woods, and in a few minutes the old jail was left in the darkness as silent as the desert.

The news of the assault on the jail and the liberation of the prisoner thrilled the county next morning, and the thrill extended far beyond the confines of the section immediately interested. The party of detectives who were waiting to take their prisoner to the city made their way by night through the country to a distant station to take the cars and return whence they came; and Leech and Still, who had come on the morning train, found it prudent to catch it on its way back and return to the city.

The morning after her visit to the courthouse and the rescue of Rupert, Ruth was in a state of great unrest. Finally she mounted her horse and paid a visit to Blair Cary. They were all in a state of suppressed excitement. Ruth herself was sensible of constraint; but she had an object in view which made it necessary to overcome it. So she chatted on easily, almost gayly. At length she made an excuse to get Blair off to herself. In the seclusion of Blair's room the secret came out; Ruth on her part learned that Rupert was to be sent off; Blair did not know where. One difficulty was the want of means to send him. This Ruth had divined. With burning face she told Blair she had a great favor to ask of her, and when Blair wonderingly assented, she took from her pocket a roll of money—what seemed to Blair an almost vast amount. It was her own, she said. And the favor was that Blair should help her to get that money to Rupert without anyone knowing where it came from. She wanted Rupert to go out to the West and join Reely Thurston there. Blair demurred at this. Captain Thurston was an army officer and Rupert was—She paused. Ruth flushed. She would be guaranty that Thurston would stand his friend.

There was also another thing which Blair discovered, though she did not tell Ruth that she had done so. She simply rose and kissed her. This discovery now decided her to accept Ruth's offer. It seemed to draw Ruth nearer to them and to make her one with themselves. So she told Ruth of the information she had, that Rupert was at that time at the house of Steve's old mammy, Peggy. He was to be conducted out of the county that night. Whether he could be persuaded to go to Captain Thurston she did not know; but she promised to aid Ruth so far as to sug-

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gest it and try and persuade him to do so. There were two difficulties in the way. One was that she might be watched and it might lead to Rupert's rearrest. She did not state what the other was. But Ruth knew. She, too, could divine things without their being explained. If, however, Blair could not meet Jacquelin Gray there was no reason why she herself could not; and she determined to go. Suddenly Blair changed. She, too, would go. She could not let Ruth go alone.

That evening about dusk old Peggy was "turning about" in her little yard when the sound of horses' feet caught her ear. As quick as thought the old woman ran to her door and spoke a few words to someone inside, and the next moment the back door opened and a figure sprang across the small open space that divided the cabin from the woods, and disappeared among the trees. In a little while the riders appeared in sight, and when the old negress turned, to her surprise they were two ladies—Miss Blair and the young lady who had visited her with her young master the evening of the rain-storm.

The old woman greeted them pleasantly; but when they said they wanted to see Rupert Gray her suspicions returned again.

"He ain't heah," she said, shortly. "What you want wid him?"

"We want to see him."

"Well, you won't see him heah."

They began to cajole.

"Can't you trust me?" asked Blair.

But old Peggy was firm.

"I don' trust nobody—I ain' got nothin' 't all to do wid it. Whyn't you go ax Marse Steve?" she asked Ruth, suddenly. Ruth's face flushed.

The dilemma was unexpectedly relieved by the appearance of Rupert himself. From his covert he had recognized the visitors, and could not resist the temptation to join them. Old Peggy began to scold him soundly for his imprudence. But the boy only laughed at her.

Blair and Ruth took him aside and broached the object of their visit. At first he would not hear of the plan they proposed. In fact, he was not going away at all, he declared. He would stay and fight it out. He showed the butt of a pistol in his pocket with boyish pride.

In this state of the case Ruth began to plead with him on his brother's account, and Blair as her argument took Steve. They said he was bound in honor to go if they wished it. Ruth deftly put in a word about Thurston and the opportunity the trip would give Rupert to see the world. He could join in the campaigns against the Indians out there if he wished. And finally she begged him to go and join Thurston, as a favor to her.

These arguments finally prevailed, and Rupert said he would go.

As his friends were soon to come for him, the girls had to leave, after binding old Peggy with many solemn promises not to breathe to a single soul a word of their visit. "If she does," said Rupert, "I'll come back here and make her think the Ku Klux are after her." The old woman laughed at the threat.

"Go 'way from heah, boy. What you know 'bout Ku Klux? You done told 'bout 'em too much now."

This home thrust shut Rupert up. Blair put the package that Ruth had given her into his hand and kissed him good-by, and he turned to Ruth.

She said, as she took his hand, "Rupert, I am going to ask you to grant me that favor you promised me once you would grant."

Rupert's eyes lit up.

"I will do it."

"I want you to promise me you will not drink any more."

"I promise," he said, softly, and bent over and kissed her hand. As he stood up she leant forward and kissed him. He turned to Blair and, throwing his arms around her neck, suddenly burst into tears.

"Oh, Blair, Blair," he sobbed, "I can't go."

The girls soothed him, and when they left, a little later, he was calm and firm.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

THE term approached at which the Red Rock suit was to be tried. Major Welch had employed old Mr. Bagby to represent his interest. As the term drew near, Still applied to Mr. Bagby to represent him too. The old lawyer at first declined. The interest of his client, Major Welch, might in some way conflict, though he could not see

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how. In a way he already represented Still, since to protect his client he had to look after Still's title also. Besides, Still already had lawyers enough to ruin his case. But these reasons were not sufficient for Still. He wanted Mr. Bagby to represent him. He told him Leech had employed those others, but he wanted a man he knew. "There wasn't a man in the State could carry a jury like Mr. Bagby."

Even the wisest of men have their weak points. So Mr. Bagby consented, after consulting Major Welch and notifying Still that if at any time or at any point in the case he found his interest conflicting with Major Welch's he should give him up.

It was not very long after this arrangement that Still sent down and asked Mr. Bagby to come up and see him at his home, alleging as a reason for his not going to see Mr. Bagby that he was too sick to travel. As the old lawyer had to go to Major Welch's that night, he rode by Red Rock. He found Still in a state of great anxiety and nervousness. Still went over the same ground with him that he had been over several times; wanted to know what he thought of the bill, and of the Grays' chances of success.

"The bill? I think the same of it I thought when you asked me before," said the old lawyer, dryly, "that it is a good bill in certain respects and a poor one in others; good as to your accounts, as to rents and profits, and too general as to the bonds. It's a good thing you got hold of so much of Gray's paper. I knew he was a free liver and a careless man; but I had no idea he owed so much money." He was speaking rather to himself.

"What do you mean?" faltered Still, his face flushing and then growing pale.

"That if they can prove what they allege about the crops in the years before and after the war, they'll sweep you for rents and profits, and you'll need the bonds."

"What'd you think of a compromise?" asked Still, suddenly.

"Have they offered one?"

"Well, no—not exactly," said Still, who was lying; "but I know they'd like to make one. What'd you think of our kind o' broaching the subject?"

"What! You? After that bill!" He looked at Still keenly. "Do as you please. But Major Welch will offer no compromise." He rose and walked off from Still for a moment, formulating in his mind some sentence that would relieve him from his relation of counsel to him. It was the first time he had been in the house since Still's occupancy, and as he walked across the hall the pictures lining the walls arrested his attention, and he began to examine them. He stopped in front of the Indian-killer and gazed at it attentively.

"Astonishingly like him!" he muttered, musingly, and then, after another look, he asked, "Do you know whether there was a cabinet behind that picture or not?" Still did not answer; but his face turned a sudden white. The old lawyer had his back to him and did not see him. He stepped up nearer to the picture and began to examine the frame closely. "I believe there is," he said. "Yes, that red paint goes under." He took out a large pocket-knife. "Those nails are loose, I believe. I'll see." He inserted the blade of his knife and began to pry at the frame.

"My G—d! Don't do that!" exclaimed Still, and, giving a bound, he seized the old lawyer's arm.

Mr. Bagby turned on him in blank amazement. Still's face was as white as death.

"What the d——l is the matter with you?"

"Don't, for God's sake!" stammered Still, and staggered into a chair, the perspiration breaking out on his forehead.

"What's the matter with you, man?" Mr. Bagby poured him out a glass of whiskey from a decanter on the table and gave it to him. The liquor revived him, and in a moment he began to talk.

It was nothing, he said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. He had of late been having a sort of spells; had not been sleeping very well—his son was giving him some physic for it; 'twas a sort of nervousness—and he supposed he just had one, and couldn't help thinking of that story of the picture coming down always meaning bad luck; and the story of the old fellow being seen on horseback at night. Some of the niggers had been sayin' that he had been seen at night once or twice lately, and he supposed that had got in his mind. But,

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of course, he didn't believe any such lies as that.

"I hope not," sniffed the old lawyer. He rose and declared he must go. Still urged him to stay; he had had his horse put in the stable and fed. But Mr. Bagby said he must go. He had made up his mind that he would not remain in the case as Still's counsel. He could not get over the idea of his wishing to compromise after a charge of fraud, and the rough way in which Still had seized his arm and had spoken to him had offended him. So he would not be his guest. He told Still that he felt that he could not act further as his counsel in association with his other counsel. Still offered to throw them over, except Leech—he was obliged to keep Leech—but the others he would let go. This, however, Mr. Bagby would not hear of.

As they approached the stables there came to them from the field over beyond the gardens the distant neigh of a horse. Still clutched Mr. Bagby's arm.

"My G—d! Did you hear that?"

"What? Yes—one of your horses over in your pasture."

"No, there ain't no horses over in that field, or in a field between here and Stamper's house—it's all in crop. That's over toward the graveyard."

"Oh, the d——l!" the old man exclaimed, impatiently.

But Still seized him.

"Look—look yonder!" he gasped. The lawyer looked, and at the moment the outline of a man on horseback was clearly defined along the sky-line on the crest of a hill. How far away it was he could not tell, but apparently it was just behind the dark clump of trees where lay the old Gray burying-ground. The next second the moon was shrouded, and the horseman faded out.

When Mr. Bagby reached Major Welch's, the latter came out to meet him. He had sat up for him.

"And, by the way, I thought you had come a half hour ago. I fancied I heard your horse neigh," he said.

As he went around to call a servant, he picked up from a small side-porch a parcel wrapped around with paper. He took it in to the light. It was a large bunch of jonquils addressed to Ruth.

"Aha!" thought the old lawyer, with a chuckle, "that is what our ghostly horseman was doing."

The next morning, when Major Welch and his guest came to breakfast, the table was already decorated with the jonquils, and one or two of them were pinned on Miss Ruth's dainty white dress.

Both Major Welch and their guest remarked on the beauty of the flowers, and the Major mentioned his surprise that Ruth should have left them out on the porch overnight. The old lawyer was looking at Ruth, and his eyes twinkled as he noticed the deep color that rushed up into the girl's cheeks. No age is too great to be stirred by the sight of a romance, and the old fellow's countenance softened.

"Lucky dog," he thought—"that night-rider. I wonder who he is? I'd give my fee in this case to be able to call up that blush."

The apparition was too much for Hiram Still, and, a few days after his interview with Mr. Bagby, Still, without consulting any of his counsel, took the step on his own account which he had suggested to the lawyer. He selected his opportunity.

Steve Allen was away, and Jacquelin Gray was sitting in his office alone, when there was a heavy, slow step outside, and, after a moment's interval, a knock at the door. He called, "Come in." The door opened slowly, and Hiram Still walked half way in and then stopped doubtfully. He was pale, and a half-frightened simper was on his face. Jacquelin did not stir. His face flushed slightly.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Jacquelin," said Still, in his most insinuating tone.

"What do you want?" Jacquelin asked, coldly.

"Mr. Jacquelin, I thought I'd come and see you when you was by yourself like, and see if me and you couldn't come to an understandin' about our suit."

Jacquelin was so taken by surprise that he did not try to answer immediately, and Still took it for assent and moved a step farther into the room.

"I don't want no lawyers between us; we're old friends, and I jist thought I'd come like a friend and see if we couldn't settle things like old friends—kind o' compromise, kind o'——?" He waved his hands expressively.

Jacquelin found his voice.

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"Get out," he said, quietly, with a sudden paling of his face. Still's jaw dropped. Jacquelin rose to his feet, a gleam in his eyes.

"Get out." There was a ring in his voice, and he took a step toward Still. But Still did not wait. He turned quickly and rushed out of the room, never stopping until he had got out of the court-green.

He went to the bar of the tavern and ordered two drinks in rapid succession.

"D——n him!" he said, as he drained off his glass the second time. "If he had touched me I'd have shot him."

The story of Still's offer to Jacquelin of a compromise in his case got abroad, and notwithstanding the wise doctrine of the law, that an offer of compromise shall not be taken as evidence of doubtfulness of a case, this offer was so taken. If his case was not compromised, Still himself was; and he found himself roundly abused by his counsel for being such a fool.

To counteract this, and for other reasons as well, he determined to give a great entertainment. It would show his indifference to the claim of the Grays to his plantation, and would prove his position in the county. Leech thought that this would be a good thing to do; it would anger the Grays, if it did nothing else. He could invite Judge Bail up to it.

"Make it a fine one when you do have it," said that counsellor. "I've found champagne make its way to a man's heart when you couldn't get at it through his pocket."

Dr. Still also was eager to have such an entertainment. He too appreciated the fineness of the stroke, that on the eve of battle, would show their contempt for the other side. Besides which, he had another motive. Shortly after his removal from the county to the city, the Doctor had become an admirer of Governor Krafton's daughter. She was the Governor's only child, and even the Governor's bitterest enemies admitted that he was a devoted father, and, in the press that was opposed to him, often side by side with the bitterest attacks on the Governor was some admiring mention of his handsome and accomplished daughter. He would have given her the moon, someone said to General Legaie. "Yes, even if he had to steal it to do so," said the General. Miss Krafton idolized her father, and perhaps the Governor was not sorry to have her out of the country where half the press was daily filled with the most direct and vehement accusations against him. The Governor's apologists declared that his most questionable acts were from the desire to build up a fortune for his daughter.

As is often the case, the very magnitude of the efforts made to accomplish a design frustrates it; and Governor Krafton, with all his eagerness to be very rich, and his absolute indifference as to the means employed, was always involved, while the men with whom he worked appeared to be immensely rich. Until he fell out with Leech and Still he had gone in with them in their railroad and land schemes, but while everything that they touched appeared to turn to gold (at least, it was so with Still; for there were rumors respecting Leech), the Governor was always hard pushed to meet his expenditures.

Still's explanation to his son was that he let others climb the trees and do the shaking, and he stayed on the ground and gathered the apples. "Krafton and Leech have both made more money than I have," he said, shrewdly; "but they have to pay it out to keep their offices, while I——" He completed the sentence by a significant buttoning of his pocket. "They think that because they git a bigger sheer generally than I do that they do better; but it ain't the water that falls on the land that makes the crops; it's what stays there. This thing's got to stop some time, my son, and when the crops are gathered I know who mine's for." He gazed at his son with mingled shrewdness and affection. The young Doctor also looked pleased. His father's sharpness, at times, made up to him for his ignorance and want of education. Dr. Still was not lacking in smartness himself, and had been quick enough to see which way the wind blew with Miss Krafton. He discovered that she was both proud and ambitious — not politically. She said she detested politics; that her father never allowed politics to be talked before her; and when he gave a "political dinner" she did not even come downstairs. She was ambitious socially. Dr. Still promptly began to play on this chord. He had prevailed on his father to set him up a handsome establishment in the city, and he became deeply literary. He began to



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talk of his family—the Stills had originally been Steels, he said, and were the same family to which Sir Richard Steele belonged—and of his old place, and his old pictures. He described them with so much eloquence that Miss Krafton once said she wished she could see them. This gave Dr. Still an idea, and he forthwith began to press his father on the subject of an entertainment. As it happened, it was at the very time that Leech had suggested the same thing, and as his son and Leech rarely agreed about things these days, Still was impressed, and the entertainment was determined on. It was to be the "finest party" that had ever been given at Red Rock. On this all were agreed. Even Hiram yielded to the general pressure and admitted that if you were "going to send for a man's turn of corn it was no good to send a boy to mill after it."

The arrangements were intrusted to the young Doctor, and he laid himself out on them. There had been nothing like it in the county since the war. A florist and a band were brought up from the city, and the decorations and supper were to surpass everything that had ever been seen. A large company was invited, including many guests from the city, for whom a special train was furnished, and Still, to show his "good feeling," as he claimed, extended the invitation to nearly all his neighbors. Major and Mrs. Welch and Ruth were invited. Still remembered that Major Welch had been to one entertainment in that house, and he wished to show them that he could outdo even the Grays.

On the evening of the entertainment Major Welch and Mrs. Welch attended, but Miss Ruth did not accompany them. She was "not very well," Mrs. Welch said, in reply to Virgy, who, under Dr. Still's wing, was "receiving," and in a stiff white satin dress looked unfeignedly scared, and held her great bouquet as if it were an explosive and might "go off" at any time. Miss Virgy's face, however, lit up on seeing Mrs. Welch's familiar countenance, and she greeted her with real pleasure, and expressed regret that Ruth had not come, with a sincerity that made Mrs. Welch warm toward the girl.

It was a curious company that Major and Mrs. Welch found assembled. The strangers from the city included the Judge, who was a dark-looking man with a strong face, a heavy mouth, and a lowering, gray eye; a number of people of various conditions, whom Mrs. Welch recognized as being men whose names she had heard as connected with Leech, and a number of others whom she did not know. But there was not a soul whom she had ever met before socially. Not a member of the St. Anne congregation was present. Both the Stills were in an ill-humor, and Virgy, though she was kind and cordial, looked wretchedly unhappy. She heard a conversation between Hiram Still and one of his guests: a small, stumpy, red-headed man with a twinkling eye and a bristly, red mustache, whom she recognized as an office-holder who had come down from one of the Northern States.

Still was talking near her, in a high, complaining voice.

"Yes," he said, evidently in answer to a speech by his guest, "it is a fine party—the finest ever given in this county. It ought to be; I've spent enough money on it to buy a plantation, and to show my friendliness I invited my neighbors—some of 'em I didn't have no call to invite—and yet just look around you. I've got a lot of folks from the city I don't know and some from the county I know too well; but not one of my old neighbors has come—not one gentleman has put his foot here this night. His guest glanced around the hall, and then gave a quizzical look, full in Still's face.

"Of course—what did you expect? Do you suppose, Still, if I were a gentleman I'd have come to your party? I'd have seen you d——d first. Let's go and have some more champagne." It was the first time it had struck Mrs. Welch. It was true—there was not a gentleman there, except her husband.

When Mrs. Welch left, shortly afterward, Still and his guest had evidently got more champagne. Still was vowing that it was the finest party ever given in Red Rock, if there wasn't a gentleman present, and that his daughter's next party would be in the Governor's house.

"You think so?" asked his guest.

"I know so," declared Still.

As Mr. and Mrs. Welch waited for their carriage Leech passed with Miss Krafton on his arm.

(To be continued.)

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# THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY

BY EDGAR R. DAWSON, M.E.

SINCE the Rigi Railway was first considered a marvel, now more than a quarter of a century ago, so many others have followed that the travelling public has become almost indifferent to them. With every new road the boldness of the engineers has been carried farther; if not in grades, in some other feature. So many mountains have been pierced and so many passes gone over in complete comfort that something new is needed to awaken interest. This same indifferent public is, however, going to be astonished by what is now being accomplished in the Bernese Oberland. This is nothing less than the building of a railway to the very top of one of the highest, most inaccessible, and most beautiful mountains of Europe. That mountain is the Jungfrau, whose altitude is 13,720 feet, and whose sides are covered with glaciers and snow, wherever the rocks are not too precipitous.

On August 26, 1889, Herr Guyer-Zeller, of Zurich, was going down the path which leads from the Schilthorn to Mürren. Herr Guyer-Zeller is what we call in America an enterprising and energetic railroad-man. As he proceeded on his way, favored by glorious weather, he grew enthusiastic over nature's beauties as shown in the magnificent group of the Eiger, Moench, and Jungfrau. His admiration gave rise to practical thoughts, and it was then and there that he conceived his plan of a railway to the summit of the Jungfrau. The idea was not entirely new, but the plan was distinctly original.

The first ascension of the Jungfrau was made in 1811, and until 1856 the feat was only repeated four times. At the present day it is done several times every year. The climb is most easily made from the southern side, toward the valley of the Rhone. From the Jungfrau Hotel, about three hours from the railway at Brigue, there is first a climb of five hours to the Concordia Cabin, which is at an altitude of 9,340 feet. Here the first night is generally spent, and the next day, if the conditions are favorable, after six or seven hours of hard climbing, the summit is reached. Much of the climbing is over glaciers abounding in dangerous crevasses, and up precipices where it is necessary to tie the climbers one to the other for safety. From the Grindelwald side the ascension is even a little longer.

The line which is to-day in construction begins at the little Scheidegg station of the Wengernalp Railway, and first passes on the side of the mountain and by the Eiger glacier to a rocky wall of the Eiger. Here will be situated the first station, that of the Eiger glacier. It is after this station that the more remarkable character of the road begins. To this point the road resembles a number of others in the lower Alps, presenting some heavy grades and a few short tunnels. On leaving this station (altitude, 9,137 feet), the line plunges into the rock with a grade of twenty-five per cent. It continues close to the great rocky wall of the mountain on the Grindelwald side, and it is in this superb wall of solid rock that the second station is to be placed, called Grindelwald Gallery, from its situation, overlooking the valley of Grindelwald. To construct this station, it is necessary to begin at the line of the road and bore through the rock until the wall is pierced, the road proper being entirely in tunnel here. On looking out from the arcades of the gallery, the sensation will be similar to that of being deposited in a niche in the rock—sheer precipices above and below. From this station the line follows the same wall of rock until it arrives under the Mittelegi glacier. There it describes a large curve and passes over to the southeastern slope of the Eiger.

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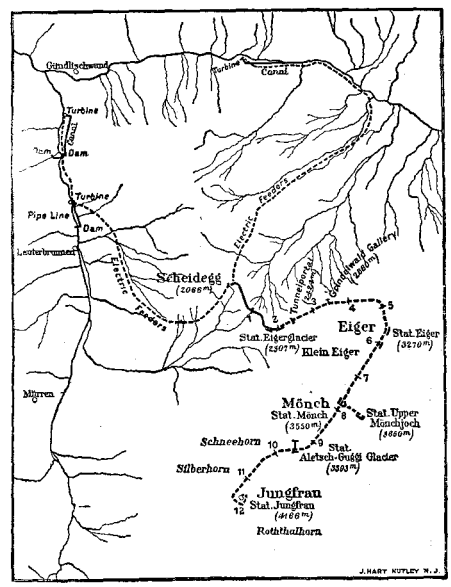
Then it runs under the pass of the Eiger, and here the Eiger Gallery Station (altitude, 10,728 feet) will be placed. From this point the view will be a foretaste of the splendors that await one above. Entirely different atmospheric conditions prevail here from those at Grindelwald Gallery, and that independently of the difference in altitudes. The differences are so great that the fact of our being on another slope of the mountain, with an entirely different exposure, has not sufficed to explain the question to those who have investigated it, and many still remain unsatisfied. From the pass of the Eiger, the line plunges again into the rock and runs in the direction of the summit of the Moench, remaining near the northwestern wall of the great rocky ridge. After passing vertically under the summit of the Moench, it comes out on a rocky platform of the ridge at the station to be called the Moench (11,846 feet). This will surely be one of the favorite stations, as it is almost surrounded by grand glaciers.

On the right the view extends over the Jungfraufirn with its magnificent crevasses, while on the left is the contrast with the Ewigschneefeld, a great sheet of snow, where the most inexperienced may disport themselves without difficulty. At this point the glaciers are immaculate in their purity. The idea that a glacier is a dirty mixture of mud and ice, or a big heap of "slush," will be dissipated here. On leaving the Moench Station the line makes the only descent in its whole length. This is necessary in order to go under the Jungfrau Pass. The top of the pass is only about 270 feet below the Moench Station, but, as it is covered with ice to the depth of 250 to 300 feet, the road must make a decided dip. As far as solidity goes, the tunnel might be cut in the ice itself, for it is not given to melting in this neighborhood, but as far as stability goes, no! for it has the inconvenient property of moving. The rocky base of the pass under the ice has a width of about 300 feet, with precipitous sides, so that the conditions are excellent for another station. This is to be called the Aletsch-Guggi or Jungfrau Pass Station (altitude, 10,280 feet).

An opening will be made on each side of the rock, so that the sight-seers will look into the canton of Bern on one side and Valais on the other. On this latter side the station will look out over the Aletsch glacier, the largest in the Alps, while on the other it will look toward the Little Scheidegg, the starting-point proper of the line, 4,400 feet below. On the Aletsch side, the Alpine climbers can descend into the valley of the Rhone, and those who wish to experience a modified polar expedition will be able to do so by taking a trip in a sleigh. On leaving this station the traveller sees the world for the last time until he gazes on it from the platform of rock at the top of the Jungfrau. The railway proper will stop at a point vertically under the summit, at a distance of about 240 feet. These 240 feet will be accomplished in an elevator. As the elevator-shaft is to be surrounded by a cage containing a stairway, those so desiring will be permitted to make this portion of the ascent on foot. It is not expected that many will avail themselves of the privilege, oxygen being somewhat of a luxury at this altitude. Since we left the Little Scheidegg we have come seven and a half miles, of which six and a quarter have been accomplished in the interior of the group of mountains, but with so many openings at the different stations that one will not have had time to become bored in the one hundred minutes taken for the trip—somewhat




Map Showing Route of Jungfrau Electric Road.

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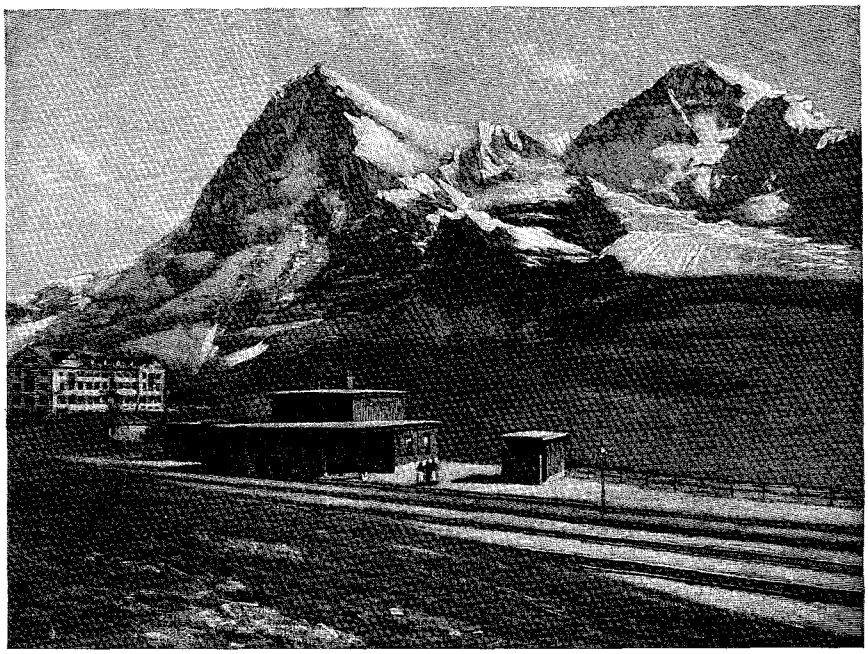

The Little Scheidegg, where the Jungfrau Railway Proper Begins.
The two summits are the Eiger and Moench, through whose flanks the line passes.

simpler than the elaborate arrangements that the alpinist must make for his night or two in cabins and his fourteen hours of climbing before reaching the summit.

Now that the traveller has arrived at the top, so to speak, a description of the glories that await him there may be left to his imagination. The effects the altitude may have on him are worth consideration. It was on this ground that the strongest opposition to the project was encountered. The charter was finally granted, the objections having been met by the opinions of specialists. The first opinion is that of Spelterini, who has made four hundred and sixty trips in balloons, with eight hundred passengers, many of whom were women. He once reached an altitude of over 20,000 feet; has several times reached heights between 17,000 and 18,000 feet, and very often more than 13,000 feet. Never have any of his passengers been the least ill from it. In a few cases, a quickening of the pulse and a buzzing in the ears occurred, but nothing more serious. He does not think that a short stop at a height of 14,000 feet will cause any inconvenience to a sound person, provided he can arrive there with little physical effort. The Swiss Alpine Club stated that, according to the personal experience of the members and many accounts of high-mountain climbing in other countries, "mountain-sickness" is due to extraordinary physical exertion under very unusual conditions, rather than to rarified air. The unanimous opinion of the climbers is that their excursions are beneficial to their health.

According to the experiment of Dr. Regnard, of Paris, mountain-sickness is due to a combination of two causes—rarefaction of the air and a physical effort which calls for a great deal of oxygen. This not being supplied, insufficient oxygenation of the blood results. This latter, being the true cause, is not felt where no effort is entailed, until altitudes of more than 20,000 feet have been reached.

With the Jungfrau Railway it is not the workman that does the greater part of the work. The same snow and ice that surround the tourist on his trip to the summit, and which form the charm of this unique excursion, furnish not only the motive-power to propel the cars, but also to bore the tunnels through the rock. It is by means of power-stations with turbines,



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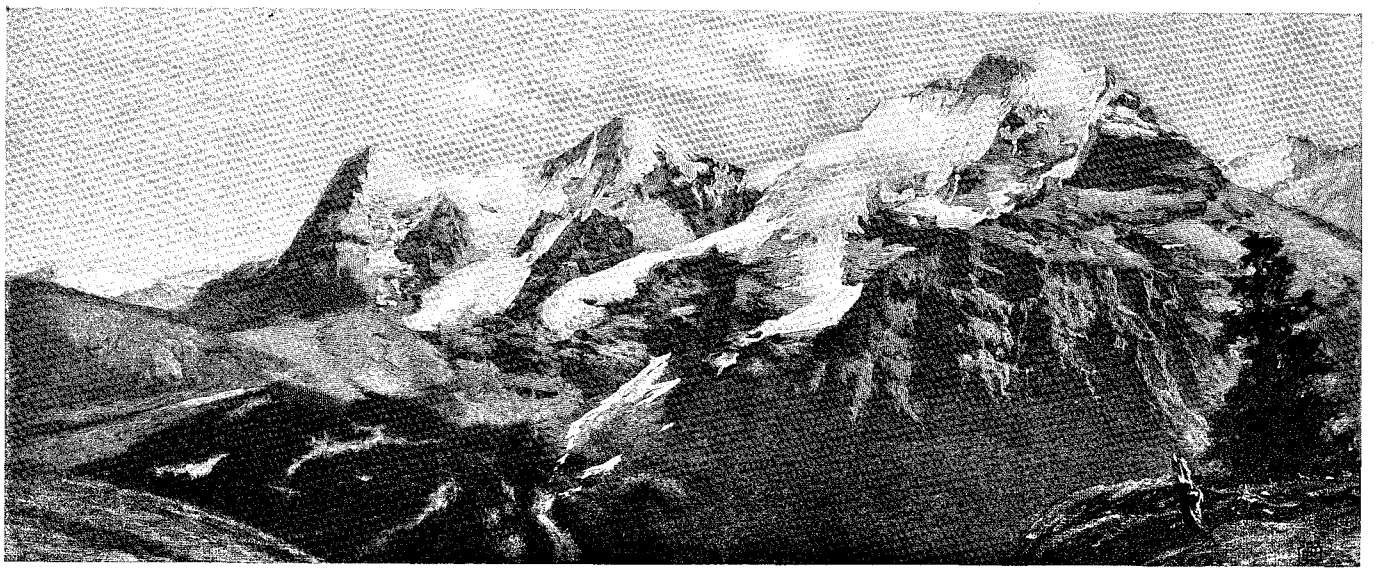
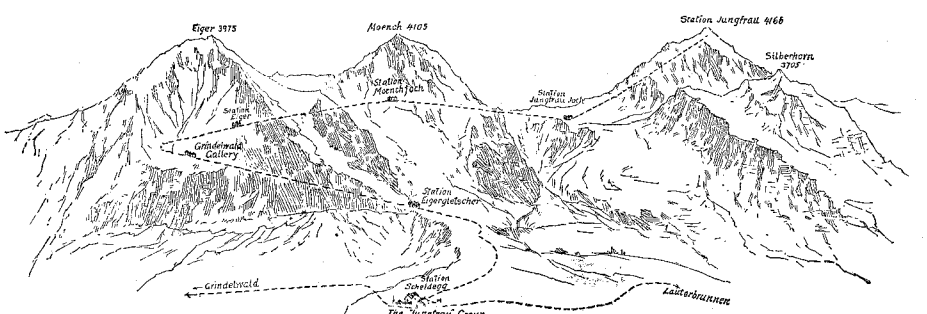


Eiger, Moench, and Jungfrau




Perspective View, Route of Jungfrau Electric Road.

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established on the two Lütschinen, that the snow and ice, now become water, are harnessed and made to do the work. The first of these power-stations is situated near Lauterbrunnen. The other one will be situated on the banks of the other Lutschine, in the valley of Grindelwald. In the form of an electric current the power is to be returned to the top of the Jungfrau.

The power is furnished under ideal conditions, as the finer the weather the greater the quantity of melted snow, or, in other words, the more water as motive-power. And the finer the weather the greater will be the number of travellers on the line, and consequently the greater the demand for power. The two stations will be so connected that either may be employed at will, so that should there be a stoppage for any reason at one station, the time-table of the road will not be affected.

It is useless to speak of the precautions taken to insure the safety of the trip, when there are so many thousands who use the different mountain-railways every year. Situated, as it will be, almost in the heart of this rocky group of mountains, the line will have nothing to fear from either storms or avalanches. The work of construction can go on in all weathers and at all seasons. It is to be feared that there will be too much ventilation rather than too little in the tunnels. There will certainly be strong currents of air, due to the differences in temperature, the ends being at such different altitudes. As the currents will be ascending, they will cause no trouble in the working of the trains. The tourist in the car will be oblivious of all this, as the cars will be warmed by electricity, and, as the traction is also electric, there will be no opportunity for the slightest pollution of the air.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the benefits that meteorology may expect from the observatories that are to be erected at the stations. They will be well placed for studying the phenomena of the clouds which float around these summits, dissolving often like magic as they move toward the valley of the Rhone into an atmosphere and sky worthy of Italy. The combination of electric and snow storms to be experienced at some of the highest stations will be enjoyed by those in search of new sensations. Dr. Maurer, meteorologist of Zurich, says of these storms :

Let us suppose ourselves at the Moench Station at the end of a July day. At midday the temperature has risen slightly above 40° Fahrenheit, while in the valley below it has been almost oppressive. After sunset heavy cumuli clouds form to the east and northwest of the horizon, while the cirri from which they separate themselves reach to the zenith of the Jungfrau. All the high points which flank the neighboring snow-fields are surrounded with fog, except in a north-westerly direction toward the Schreckhörner and Wetterhörner, where the atmosphere is marvellously clear. Heavy banks of fog suddenly rise out of the depths to the north, and, after reaching above the snowy summits of the Jungfrau and the Moench, move in the direction of the Trugberg and cut off the view to the south. Our station is blocked instantaneously in the clouds. The fog becomes thicker, and our clothes begin to sparkle with numberless little drops of water. Night is on us. A fresh wind carries with it fine needles of ice. These minute icicles increase in size until they constitute a horizontal sleet. Then we hear a light crackling at the top of the flag-pole and at the ends of the lightning-rods. We walk out on the terrace, and our hat-brims and the ends of our fingers, that we extend toward the sleet, crackle in the same way. Suddenly the fog is lit up by lightning with brilliant blue radiations. Then a feeble peal of thunder is heard. The wind begins to blow more violently. A few flakes of snow appear mixed with the sleet, and increase in number so quickly that we are soon in a wild snow-storm. The big flakes rapidly cover the house and the terrace with their white down, and we again hear the crackling noise along the flag-pole, and distinctly see a brilliantly luminous plume at the top point of the pole. Soon the lightning-rods all seem to be carrying torches at their ends, and we find, to our astonishment, that when we raise our hands the ends of our fingers throw out sparks some four inches long. A second stroke of lightning, coloring the fog with a roseate hue, puts an end to this curious phenomenon. But it begins again, however, only to be stopped again in the same manner by strokes becoming more and more violent. Now is the time to take shelter under the hospitable roof of the station, as it might not be prudent to go on extracting sparks from this powerful electrical machine should it come too near. From the room we hear the snow beating against the double windows, and from time to time a little blue spark is seen at the telephone. Suddenly a roar is heard, and by the trembling of the walls we know that the first stroke of lightning has fallen on the lightning-rod. We are, however, accustomed to these phenomena here, and can quietly await more of the same nature in perfect security, as the station is by its very construction perfectly protected from all danger. The storm may rage ever so wildly, it is with a sense of absolute safety that we listen to its roarings. And on the morrow, as we go down into the valley by a brilliant sun, we carry the memory of a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

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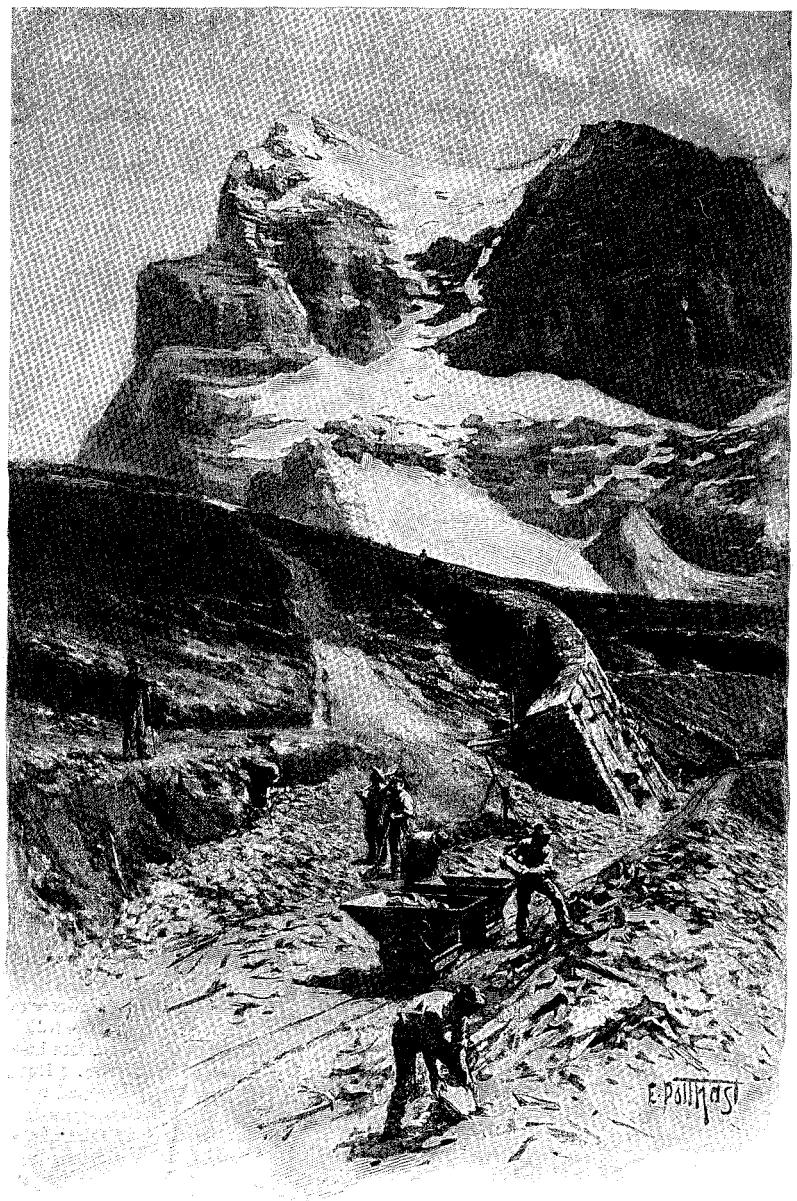

At Work on the First Section.

Showing first station "Eigergletscher."

The opening of the first section was fixed for August 1, 1898. The other sections will be opened as fast as completed. In July last the road-bed as far as the first station was nearly finished, and little remained to be done except to lay the rails.

Since August, 1897, the solid rock of the body of the mountain has been taken in hand. The workmen, as is the case with nearly all the Swiss mountain railways, are Italians. As navvies, they have the strength and endurance necessary, while as masons they are exceptionally skilful. It is not one of the least picturesque sights along this remarkable line, that of these southern workmen, with their bronzed



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faces and arms, their heavy shocks of hair, and their gay demeanor, contrasting so strongly with their northern surroundings.

They generally prove sober, hard-working fellows, and are obedient to orders. This combination of qualities and their smaller demands in the matter of wages have enabled them to almost monopolize this class of work. They rarely drink, but when they do the danger-signal should be put out, for then the hot southern blood often passes the boiling point, and the temperature is frequently lowered with the knife.

But these outbreaks occur rarely while they are at work, but rather when spending a fete-day in one of the villages. The work they do, when we consider their food is really remarkable, as this generally consists of pollenta (a kind of corn-bread), coarse wheat-bread, and cheese. It is expected that the entire line will be opened soon after 1900, and it will serve as a fitting mark of the state of engineering at the beginning of the twentieth century.

# THE POINT OF VIEW

"WHAT is to become of our English landscape," asked Lord Rosebery, "if it is to be simply an advertising or sanitary appliance?" This question, once of chief interest to the person who drives, or walks, or to the traveller on a railway journey, is coming more and more closely to concern new and rapidly spreading social groups —the bicyclist, the amateur photographer, or the golfer—with each fresh impetus toward an out-of-doors life. The benefit of this life, aside from the particular kind of fun which takes any particular person out of doors, is that, supposedly, it gives one back the natural conditions of our remoter ancestors, restoring their blessed freedom from the disquieting questions and worries of an artificial civilization. The irony of this is evident when to drive, or walk, or wheel, or golf, may be, and often is, to confront one's self with a thousand suggestions of disease through hideously placarded remedies.

The Future of Scenery.

England has a society—so far as has been ascertained it has no branch or fellow in America—to preserve and reclaim natural scenery from the clutch of "the modern highwayman," the modern advertiser. Its aim is not chimerical, since it does not undertake to abolish obnoxious advertisements. "A world entirely free from advertisements," wrote one of its most distinguished members, Sir E. J. Poynter, President of the Royal Academy, to a recent conference, "is a dream too enchanting to be realized." Its limited purpose is well set forth in its somewhat formidable title: "The National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising"—a title abbreviated for every-day purposes to the suggestively savage nondescript "Scapa." That modest aim is to "start scattered cases of blissful repose which little by little shall extend their borders." Its membership of more than 1,000 is not made up of mere sentimentalists, such as artists, although naturally enough many of them belong to it—it having included the late Lord Leighton and the late Sir John Millais. In that membership, by the evidence of Richardson Evans, Esq., the society's honorary secretary and energetic manager, are "many who are eminent as heads of departments, as jurists, political economists, or 'captains of industry.' We are particularly strong in men of science;" this last being somewhat unexpected evidence to the fact that devotion to science is not necessarily fatal to æsthetic sensitiveness.

Examination of the society's now somewhat voluminous literature—issued mainly as tracts for the times—discloses some unthought-of obstacles to its work quite apart from the inertia of an expected general indifference. For one thing, the profit to the advertiser's landlord is surprising. As Sir Leppel Griffin puts it, the "overburdened agriculturist can often get from his crop of posters more than he can get from his crop of wheat." In the South Islington district of London there is a small empty lot which, it is stated, is enclosed, while waiting for some



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one to build on it, "with immense hoardings announcing all the tradesmen in the neighborhood." These advertisements "pay a very fair interest on the actual value of the land." The society's ingenious counter-argument, so far as the country is concerned, is that whatever "spoils scenery"—to use an American phrase—drives English people to the continent when seeking country living, for there the nuisance is much less general. This argument has been pushed with tangible results at some of the English seaside resorts. Mr. Evans thinks it would even pay a syndicate to secure a tract of country, and advertise its freedom from advertisements as an attraction—a suggestion so full of delightful unmodern possibilities that one wishes the syndicate could be found to make the venture. In trying to educate public sentiment, too, it has to be remembered that the bizarre effects of garish colors, hideous pictures, and startling announcements, so offensive to the more cultivated, "positively brighten the life of some in the crowd." Taken away, these persons would actually miss something which varies the monotony of the daily journeys between home and work. That there is hope for the slow process of education is seen, as one member notes, by the great increase in thirty or forty years of the popular love for flowers. To-day they are sold on the poorer streets of London and other cities where once they were sold only on the more fashionable streets. In this connection one member suggests that popular magic-lantern exhibitions of advertising monstrosities (gathered by amateur photographers during wheeling trips) would greatly aid in popularizing the reform; while another would agitate for a censor of advertisements—like the censor of plays—in the hope that the demand for discrimination might follow a wise administration of his office.

Ingenuity of invention in devising possible ways for suppressing the worst disfigurements of advertising is after all more than matched by the ingenuity of the advertisers themselves in inventing new monstrosities. The latest of these is reported in North London—a windmill thirty feet high, to whose arms are attached gaudily painted advertising boards, ten feet square. In the face of such vicious aggressiveness, the society seeks to save the future of scenery by sane methods that will command general support. Only a few members seriously advocate a hopeless appeal to the government to bring in a bill, ostensibly for revenue, imposing a duty of so much per square foot on exposed advertisements, to compel advertisers to limit the size of their unsightly placards. But the society is earnestly and unitedly agitating for the Rural Advertisements bill, which proposes to give to county councils power to regulate advertising in non-urban districts. It is hoped that the House of Commons can be induced in the near future to appoint a commission of investigation. One of the great obstacles to progress is the lack by local authorities of power to act. Some twenty cases of attempts in various parts of Great Britain to check advertising abuses are reported in the society's last annual statement. In more than one of these resort was had to some curious expedient, as at Cardiff, where the corporation "tried to correct the evils of bill-sticking on the ground that the dropping of the paste might endanger the clothes of pedestrians." Straightforward victories where the fight was made strictly on æsthetic grounds are also recorded. The most notable of these was the pledge obtained from the government by the vestry of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to prevent the desecration of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square by flash-light advertisements, "the mere menace of authoritative interference being sufficient to put a stop to the outrage."

It is gratifying to an American to note the testimony given by more than one member that, as one puts it, "there is less advertising disfigurement in America than in enlightened England." Another, who found in New York "some very fine rocks which extend for miles," noticed "a curiously colored patch, obviously painted over what had been advertisements." He was informed that they had been effaced by order of the municipality of New York because they were officially pronounced a disfigurement. This "beautiful range of purified rocks" was to him "the most delightful sight I had seen since I came to America."

ONE of the minor surprises of the war has been the discovery of the militia's unpreparedness for war physically, although the militia is made up of "selected risks," as the insurance men say. When it has come to passing upon such "selected risks" in recruiting for the regular army there is even greater surprise at the large per cent.

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of rejections by the examining surgeons. For example, a correspondent writing from Buffalo to the *Toronto Mail*, in explaining to Canadian readers the apparent slowness of recruiting under the President's call, states that out of seventeen applicants for the Thirteenth Infantry (regulars) in one day only one was accepted, and of twenty-seven applicants on another day all were rejected. This correspondent puts the average of successful applicants for the regular army at about ten per cent. of all who apply at Buffalo. Per contra, it may, of course, be urged that the chief practical value of such thorough examinations applies to the selection of men to endure extraordinary conditions, and that all examinations, such as those of the insurance companies, give the fortunate who pass them but a limited assurance of physical soundness, a limit usually put at three or four years. Indeed, there are insurance authorities who claim that if a company could insure every man, without exception, who in twenty-four hours passed its office door on some crowded thoroughfare of a big city (say Broadway, New York), it would have a class of risks equal, if not superior, to any set of risks however scientifically selected. So little dependence is to be placed on the staying quality of duly authenticated health.

The Question of "Living Longer."

All this goes to illustrate a fact anyone will individually discover who is curious to satisfy himself concerning it—that we moderns, with all the attention we pay to insurance and kindred questions, are in no position to state positively whether or not we "live longer" on the average than did our ancestors; whether under civilization the average length of life is materially increasing. Another peculiar thing about it is that there are two popular impressions regarding it which are absolutely contradictory. The more popular of these, the prevailing impression, is that of course our ancestors lived longer on the average, since they were hardier to begin with, and led simpler and therefore more healthy lives—in short, were not enervated by civilization. This impression is strengthened by currently accepted phrases about the "Fathers of the Revolution," the "Pilgrim Fathers," etc., when the truth is, of course, that in general these "fathers" were not venerable personages at all in the modern sense, being either young men or in the prime of active life. Thomas Jefferson at thirty-three, writing the Declaration of Independence, comes nearer to being a type than an exception. Others who hold this view are a little more superficially scientific, and claim that the better sanitary conditions of modern life—including advance in surgical and medical treatment and the minor preservative devices, such, for example, as the extended use of rubber to protect against dampness—perpetuate the weak and sickly who in older days would have died, to the deterioration of the vigor of civilized peoples. The recent discussion of the Dum-dum bullet in England, as to whether or not a deadlier bullet is needed for warring on savages than on civilized enemies (one that kills instead of simply wounding, because a savage foe must be killed to be put surely *hors de combat*), is a unique tribute to the superior vitality of the uncivilized.

On the other hand, many people who have read current popular articles of generalized misinformation have gained a strong impression that under the conditions of civilization the average length of life is constantly and appreciably increasing. There is an interesting story current, which may or may not have a basis of fact, that late in the eighteenth century the British Government, having learned the profit of annuity ventures for revenue from Holland, the pioneer in this form of insurance—an inheritance from the Dutch days of William and Mary—discovered that its annuitants were living too long to be profitable, or in other words, that their average age was unexpectedly lengthening. The impression or belief this story illustrates is put with exactitude, not only in newspapers, but, for example, in a book of the standing of Sauvier's "Annals of the British Peasantry," in the statement that "the average longevity of the people [of England] increased from twenty-five years in 1780 to forty-one years in 1850." But the fact is, comments Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, the insurance authority, "that it was the average age at death which had increased so materially, while the average duration of life had probably increased less than five years, or, at the most, say ten years." The confusing of these two as meaning the same thing—when a high average age at death is determined often by the large number of old people who die in the given period, or a low average by the prevalence of some disease fatal to the young—accounts principally for the confused notions

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of many popular writers on the subject. Obviously, the only accurate way to reach a conclusion is to compare the number of survivors at a given age at different periods. Such a mortality table for England and Wales, covering the ages of one million persons in each of the two periods, 1838–54 and 1881–90, and from the age of five to that of one hundred, shows a decreasing advantage in average duration of life down to the age of eighty, when the advantage passes over to the ancestors. Mr. Hoffman says that no such table exists in any State or city in America.

But while we are thus left statistically in the dark as to the supposed increase of the average American life, on one point we may felicitate ourselves regardless of statistics: We modern Americans live longer than our ancestors did in the sense that we keep on living up to the limit of life. We do not "retire from the activities of life" at any conventional age. Once in a while one of us, like Senator Morrill, of Vermont, rises at the age of eighty-eight to debate in lively, pugnacious style such a question as the annexation of Hawaii. All of us keep young as we grow old in a way our ancestors would not understand. Some of us actually grow younger as we grow older. This is a great gain, far greater than any mere addition of a few years to the duration of the average life. It is the old difference between fifty years of Europe and a cycle of Cathay.

IN a little book written by that "Poor and Contemptible Servant of Jesus Christ, John Bunyan," the reader is told to consider that however it may go with his relatives, with him it shall go well, for doth not Ecclesiastes say "However it goes with the wicked, yet I know, mark, yet I know (saith he) that it shall go well with them that fear the Lord." This implication of wickedness in relatives is too pointed to escape notice, and after a lapse of more than two centuries the passage holds in its keeping an impertinent suggestion. It reminds us that in modern fiction there is a singular emphasizing of Mr. Bunyan's point of view. If we recall the notable novels of the present century we may remember that the relatives of hero and heroine are apt to be, if not entirely wicked, disagreeable and stupid. And there has been a curious discrimination between the nearest and most essential of all relatives—the parents. Jane Austen began impartially enough, balancing the invertebrate mothers of Mansfield Park by the merciless Mr. Woodhouse. With Thackeray, mothers showed some advance, but fathers rose above par. Colonel Newcome still stands as this century's peerless example of the paternal relation. *Adsum* he may answer when the call is given for the most engaging father in Victorian fiction. But Thackeray, whose own mother so much loved him, and wrote of him with such pride and tenderness, seemed never quite to grasp the idea of the generic mother. We learn from the Biographical Edition that he wept over the death of Helen Pendennis; yet how cold the reader is left by her grace and virtue. She may indeed be that "most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world, a high-bred English lady," and "a sainted woman" as well, but she is not a mother in the perfect sense of the word. Dickens has given a faint, marred image of motherhood in the luckless Mrs. Copperfield, later Mrs. Murdstone; but what execrable creations have overshadowed the delicate sympathetic outlines! Nor has George Eliot done better. Mary Cass and Milly Barton have certain of the chief elements, but Mrs. Transome, whose maternal emotions quite dominate the scene, is dreary and repellant.

Enter, the Mothers.

Among the later novelists, Mr. Henry James has done fine justice to fatherhood, and especially to American fatherhood, but his mothers have added a new horror to realism. Mrs. Gereth, and the mother of Maisie, Mrs. Routh and Mrs. Dormer—how compounded they are of all the traits from which we would dissociate our typical mother! Stevenson has evaded the problem. Mrs. Humphry Ward struck a note of promise in the vivid outline of Mrs. Elsmere, and then hastened to draw Lady Tressady for our disillusionment.

Not until the very end of the century do we come upon the real thing in mothers, and then like a burst of fortunate sunshine, Margaret Ogilvy and Madame Wynne appear; the latter gracious, gay, and tender, the former very odd and alien and truer than fiction; both strange mixtures of child and woman, and each unutterably a mother. Dr. Mitchell and Mr. Barrie have learned the difficult secret. Margaret Ogilvy somewhere says to her son: "We have changed places. I am the bairn now;" and this is the one indispensable quality—the possibility in the mother of becoming a bairn to her child.

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# THE FIELD OF ART

*NEWLY DISCOVERED REFINEMENTS IN ARCHITECTURE*

NEW discoveries about the fine arts of the past are very welcome to the modern student. Every fresh bit of evidence as to the ways of working in more artistic ages than his own is received with new and ever-increasing pleasure, and is weighed with serious attention. Little by little the modern world, having insatiable curiosity and so limited a gift at original production, learns how varied and how rich was the art-life of the great past. Thus the slowly formed conviction that the designers of fine old buildings were not always in search of modern regularity, uniformity, and precision has been a delightful stimulus to the student of old art, because it has opened a new field for his researches and for his imagination. Irregularities now undisputed, as where columns are set out of the vertical and where seemingly horizontal lines are really curved, are known to all students. Other, as yet less perfectly accepted, irregularities have been pointed out. In this field of study Mr. William H. Goodyear, late of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and now of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, has taken, perhaps, the most active part, beginning more than twenty years ago in his studies of Pisa Cathedral.

These newer discoveries consist of curves where straight lines had been looked for, the overhang of walls where true plumb-line verticality had been assumed, the spreading of columns and piers which one would say ought to be plumb, the leaning of towers, the gradual narrowing of interiors from end to end, the divergence of width of span in the bays of an arcade, the sloping rise of floors and pavements. These irregularities assuredly exist in many fine old buildings, classical Greek, Roman of the Imperial time, Byzantine, early Italian, Romanesque, and later Romanesque. There still remain curious questions about them, and those questions are chiefly: How far they were made consciously and with deliberation; how far, when thus intentional, were they intended to produce a *trompe l'œil* and to force or exaggerate perspective effects instead of being merely efforts to avoid too dull a precision, too formal an exactitude. This subject is considered in detail in the following paragraphs.

R. S.

STUDENTS of Greek temple architecture are well acquainted with the fact that the various members of the building have slightly irregular sizes and spacings. The measurements are out of ratio; similar and corresponding parts are incommensurate. Seemingly vertical lines are out of perpendicular and out of parallel. Seemingly horizontal lines are out of parallel and are not straight lines but curves. That these curves of the horizontals were designed for an æsthetic purpose, antagonistic to monotony and formality; and not simply for a corrective purpose, to avoid the appearance of sagging, is the common opinion of the standard authorities. That the variations previously named have also the purpose and result of avoiding monotony and formality is undoubted.

The announcement of a more or less closely related and occasionally identical system of refinements in certain Italian mediæval buildings, especially in those known to have been under Byzantine Greek influences, has been recently made by the writer in a series of seven articles published in the *Architectural Record*. Besides some very close correspondences to Greek work in the use of curves, obliquities, and unequal dimensions, there are some irregularities of a ruder character, but still sufficiently subtle to avoid offhand detection. In other instances we find practices and methods of building which have an illusive purpose and which are allied to arrangements in Egyptian temples supposed to have a similar deceptive purpose. Aside from such analogies the facts ascertained tend to show in Italian mediæval building a very definite and wide-spread, but by no means universal, intentional avoidance of mathematical regularity and formality, sometimes in curiously eccentric phases.

When Mr. Penrose measured the irregular intercolumniations and metope spacings of the Parthenon he determined the limit of error in the masonry of that building to be one fiftieth of an inch. This result was obtained by comparing the widths of the building at its two opposed extremities; dimensions

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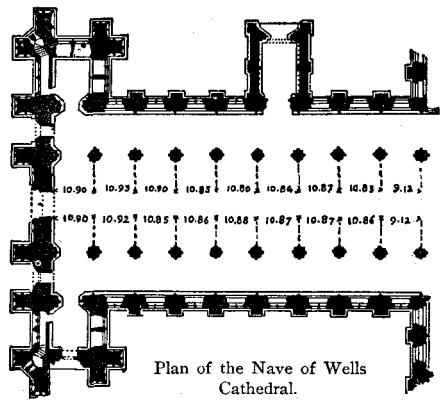
which would naturally be intended to be equal, and which in fact turned out to be so, with that inconsiderable variation. In this way, irregularities of spacings in metopes and intercolumniations varying from one to four inches (aside from the angle columns, where the difference is two feet) were proven by him to be intended, and the same conclusion was reached regarding similar variations in the columnar diameters, and the sizes of capitals. No similar tests of precision are known to have been made for the work of mediæval builders before those which the writer has published. The measurements taken in English cathedrals in order to establish the norm of attainable accuracy in mediæval mason work, are for the first time published here.

The measurements of the bays, between façade and transept, in Wells Cathedral, are as given in the plan, in feet and decimals; all measures taken to centres.




Plan of the Nave of Wells Cathedral.

The opposite bays were undoubtedly intended to be equal in pairs, and their extreme variation is eight one-hundredths of a foot. There are only two bays, out of nine measured, in which the variation is over three one-hundredths of a foot. The extreme variation is ten one-hundredths of a foot in sequent bays before the last pair are reached. There is consequently no doubt that the last pair narrow to 9.12 by intention. The cause was probably local or casual, probably not æsthetic, but it certainly was not indifference, or carelessness. Similar measures at Salisbury show in all bays between façade and transept an extreme variation of .04 in parallel bays and an extreme variation of .09 in sequent bays. The limit of error at Salisbury is, therefore, .09 or about one inch. At Norwich the average error is .20 or less. There is one extreme error of .39. At Ely the extreme error in parallel bays is .22; at Lincoln, it is .34; at Durham, it is .08. There are variations in sequent bays in these last three cathedrals of considerable amount, which probably have local causes at Ely and Lincoln, and which at Durham may have perspective illusive purpose.

These examples seem to prove that English mediæval builders very rarely made an error of over four inches, and that they were very frequently accurate inside the hundredth part of a foot. There are many instances of this last named accuracy at Salisbury and Wells.

Let us now turn to Italian examples. At Borgo San Donnino the parallel bays tally within half an inch, with one exception which is slightly over an inch. At Parma five out of six parallel bays tally inside of variations of about one inch. The sixth pair tally within three inches (in measures which run over fifteen feet). At Modena, the extreme limit of error is four inches. In S. Bartolommeo, at Rome, the limit of error is .3; in S. Pietro, Assisi, it is .2; Arezzo Cathedral, .2; Fiesole Cathedral, .3; S. Frediano, Lucca, .3. In the Pisa Cathedral the limit of error varies between .11 and .03. Comparative measures for a number of churches in parallel and also in sequent bays, as to the height of arches, show that three inches is a fair limit of error in the majority of mediæval churches and that much closer accuracy was frequently reached. The two most important basilicas of Ravenna, for example, show that amount of accuracy. We thus reach the conclusion that quotations of variations in width or height in arches or arcades inside of three inches must be subject to careful study of the quality of the masonry in the individual building before they can be accepted as intended. We also reach the conclusion that all variations in width or height which are very considerably above three inches must be accepted as having an æsthetic purpose unless there is a fair probability that changes of plan took place during construction or other special or local explanations can be given.

Explanations of this latter class have been rendered futile, for a large number of Italian churches, by the discovery of a deliberate system of variations having an obvious optical purpose. The same characteristics recur in so many cases that local explanations are ruled out of court. That such a system existed was suspected by the writer in 1870, and was announced at the close of an article published in *Scribners' Monthly* for August,

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1874. Proofs, however, were not forthcoming until surveys were made in 1895. This system of variations has for its purpose the illusive enlargement of apparent dimensions in the direction of the choir, by a contraction of spacing, or by a lowering of arches, one or both, in that direction. In a Catholic church the attention of the worshipper is especially directed to this portion of the church. The effects of dimension and perspective from the neighborhood of the main entrance, or while the spectator is approaching the choir, or turned in that direction, are those especially considered. The theory, or impulse, is that which led Bernini in the Seventeenth Century Renaissance to construct an artificial perspective in the Scala Regia of the Vatican for the entering and ascending visitor—the theory that the first impressions of a visitor count for most, and that effects when one is leaving a building may be sacrificed in favor of those obtained on entering. It should be added, however, that in many churches the effects are produced by variations in the vicinity of the chancel which are effective for the entering spectator while still near the entrance, but which do not operate in an inverse direction for a departing visitor much beyond the transept.

The most curious feature about these illusive arrangements is the fact that they have been so long overlooked in well-known cathedrals like those of Siena, Fiesole, Cremona, Piacenza and Pisa, and in well-known churches like those of S. Maria Novella at Florence, or S. Ambrogio at Milan. The fact is, however, that the illusions are quite as effective after they have been detected, because the eye continues involuntarily to modify the discrepancies toward the desired result. In other words, the act of detection is simply the act of measurement, or deliberately special examination, carried out for all parts of the building considered by themselves and not essentially the exercise of a preternaturally gifted eyesight, when the building is considered as a whole. The eye is naturally a wanderer and the roaming eye ignores variations in measurement of very large amount. Moreover, the means employed in some churches, for instance, in the interior of the Pisa Cathedral, are so subtle that they are only revealed by measurements and are actually unobservable by the eye even after the knowledge of their existence has been obtained by measurement. That surveyors and architects among others have overlooked these facts is due to their general habit of relying on a single measurement of a single bay, pier, or window, while others of the series are assumed to be identical with it. Thus, in the case of S. Maria Novella, at Florence, where the spacings of the bays narrow thirteen feet in the direction of the choir, we can quote the self-confessed experience of a Boston architect who actually surveyed this church without detecting the illusive trick, and also the plan published by Reynaud in his *Traité d'Architecture*, which records absolutely regular spacings between the piers.

Besides the Italian irregularities which are proven intentional by their dimensions and which are proven to have systematic æsthetic purpose by their schematic recurrence in the same direction in many different buildings, the surveys of 1895 have enormously enlarged our knowledge of the irregularities which were predetermined by an æsthetic preference for variations as in themselves optically agreeable and desirable. Among these irregularities are many predetermined avoidances of parallel lines both in plan and elevation. That these obliquities are very considerable in fact is apparent from the measurements and surveys already published. That they are constructive in the sense that they are not accidents of settlement is self-evident. That they are constructive in the sense that they are not due to carelessness is also self-evident. That they are effective for optical mystification is apparent from the fact that they have been overlooked by so many students. The surveys of the wall-arcades of Troja Cathedral, Prato Cathedral, S. Paolo Ripa d'Arno at Pisa and the Pisa Cathedral are really startling in their implications. That the old-fashioned and time-honored explanations which have been applied hap-hazard to all irregularities in mediæval building can apply to them passes belief. At Durham and at Parma, at Lucca and at Altamura, the masons were capable of building a gallery, a string-course, or a cornice to a perfect level within two and a half inches variation at the two extremities. When horizontal obliquities of an unbroken and continuous line are found to amount to a couple of feet and still to be inconspicuous, as is the case in the Cathedrals of Troja, Prato, and Pisa, it is to be presumed that the masons had a principle in so constructing them. If there was a principle it must have been optical mystification. It is

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under this explanation that we are tempted to range the thirty-five oblique ground-plans which were discovered in Italy in 1895. The existence of a certain number of deflected mediæval plans in northern Europe has been generally ascribed to a symbolism suggesting the bending of Christ's head on the cross. There is, however, no mediæval authority for this. But the plans examined in Italy are oblique from the façade, as distinct from plans deflected in the choir. Experts who are familiar with the Orvieto Cathedral have been surprised to learn that one side of the nave is twelve feet longer than the other. This was also a surprise to the surveyor who took the measures, and the resulting obliquity of the choir was just as inconspicuous after they were taken.

It is a surprising fact that the main axis of a cathedral may be oblique to the extent of thirteen feet without conspicuity. This is the amount of the obliquity at Cremona when the centre of the apse is compared with the main entrance. Here again it is important to test the ability of the mediæval masons to build true rectangles. At Wells, Salisbury, Norwich, Peterborough, Ely, Lincoln, York and Durham, no deflection of plan could be detected. Some deflected plans are, however, known in England. Scores of cathedrals and churches of all mediæval periods have been examined in Italy which are rigidly rectangular. Contempt for the mediæval mason is, therefore, probably mere ignorance of his supreme art. When the details, carvings, and masonry of the obliquely planned churches are compared with those of the above-mentioned English Cathedrals, or with others in Italy which are wholly formal and mathematically rectangular in plan, like the Cathedrals of Milan, Verona, Padua, Bologna, Florence, Arezzo, Perugia, or Monreale, it is impossible to sustain the hypothesis that the masons of the oblique plans were constitutionally inferior to these others in the quality of their work. On the contrary they were generally far superior.

To these various points leading to the conclusion that the mediæval masons were not mere bunglers, has been added the discovery that the entasis of the classic column was employed in the Middle Ages and that it was applied not only to mediæval columns, but to the profiles of mediæval piers. For the first use we will quote the exterior engaged columns of S. Michele, at Lucca, and for the second, the piers of S. Miniato at Florence. The masons who cut the entasis in the green marble piers of S. Miniato also knew how to build to a straight line, and did so in this church. Certain piers of the Fiesole Cathedral also show the entasis. How, then, can we deny the intention of the masons at Fiesole to construct the returning curves of the ground-plan of the piers and clerestory walls, either on the presumption that they did not know how to build to a straight line, or on the presumption that they were indifferent to the beauty of a curve? Such discoveries of curves in Italy are corroborated by at least one French Gothic church. The entire plan of St. Ouen, at Rouen, both in walls and lines of piers, is a delicate returning curve. The fact is not very generally known, though the beauty of the church is generally recognized, but the constructive intention is undeniable, and the sacristan will tell you that the plan represents the body of Christ on the cross. This may be doubted in view of recent observations in Italy, or even without these observations, as there is no mediæval authority for the assertion.

The question of constructed curves in mediæval building is undoubtedly complicated in certain cases by questions as to settlement and thrust, or other accidental movements common to ancient buildings. Therefore, it has been thought advisable hitherto to confine announcements to a few peculiarly convincing cases, of which the Fiesole Cathedral and St. Ouen are the only ones here mentioned. As many of these curves are in plan and not in elevation it may be wise to say that in ancient architecture as well, the curves discovered so far are, by no means, only such curves in elevation as are most frequently mentioned. In the case of these latter the practical tendencies of American and English experts have led them to emphasize the theory that such curves were a corrective expedient against an effect of sagging. But Continental authorities, both French and German, universally consider the Greek curves as having had an æsthetic as well as a corrective purpose. Mr. Penrose, who has given especial prominence to the corrective purpose, has also suggested that the Greeks disliked "the monotony of the straight line." Should the recognition of deliberate purpose in mediæval curves become general, it will undoubtedly react on the theories of the purpose of ancient curves and give still greater prominence to their æsthetic, as distinct from their corrective, purpose. W. H. G.

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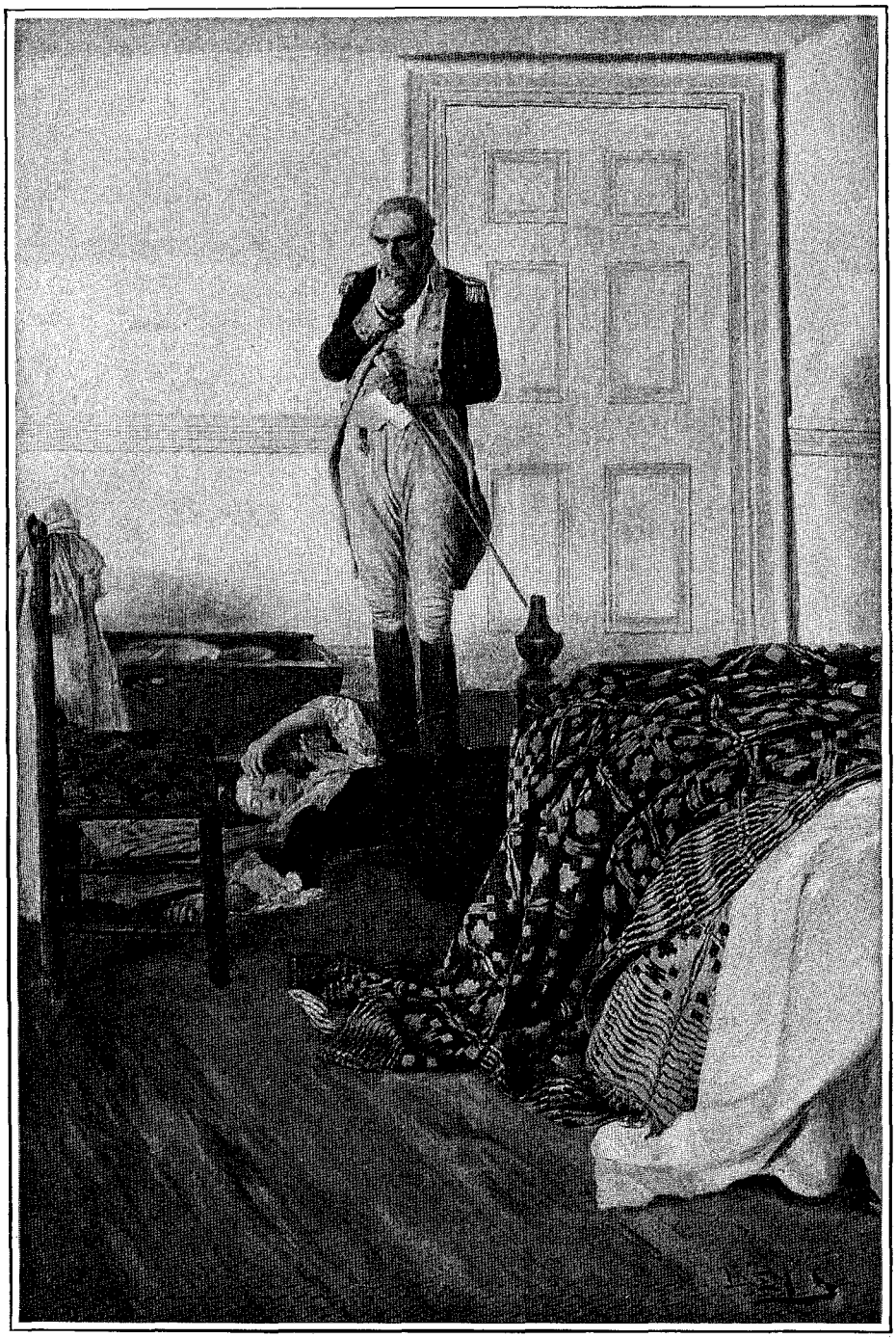

*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*

ARNOLD TELLS HIS WIFE OF THE DISCOVERY OF HIS TREASON.

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